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Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

FEBRUARY
1945

JAZZ
NUMBER

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JOSEPH WECHSBERG
CARL GLICK
CHARLES EDW. SMITH
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INDEX ON PAGE 5
ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 150

FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
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INVEST IN WAR BONDS

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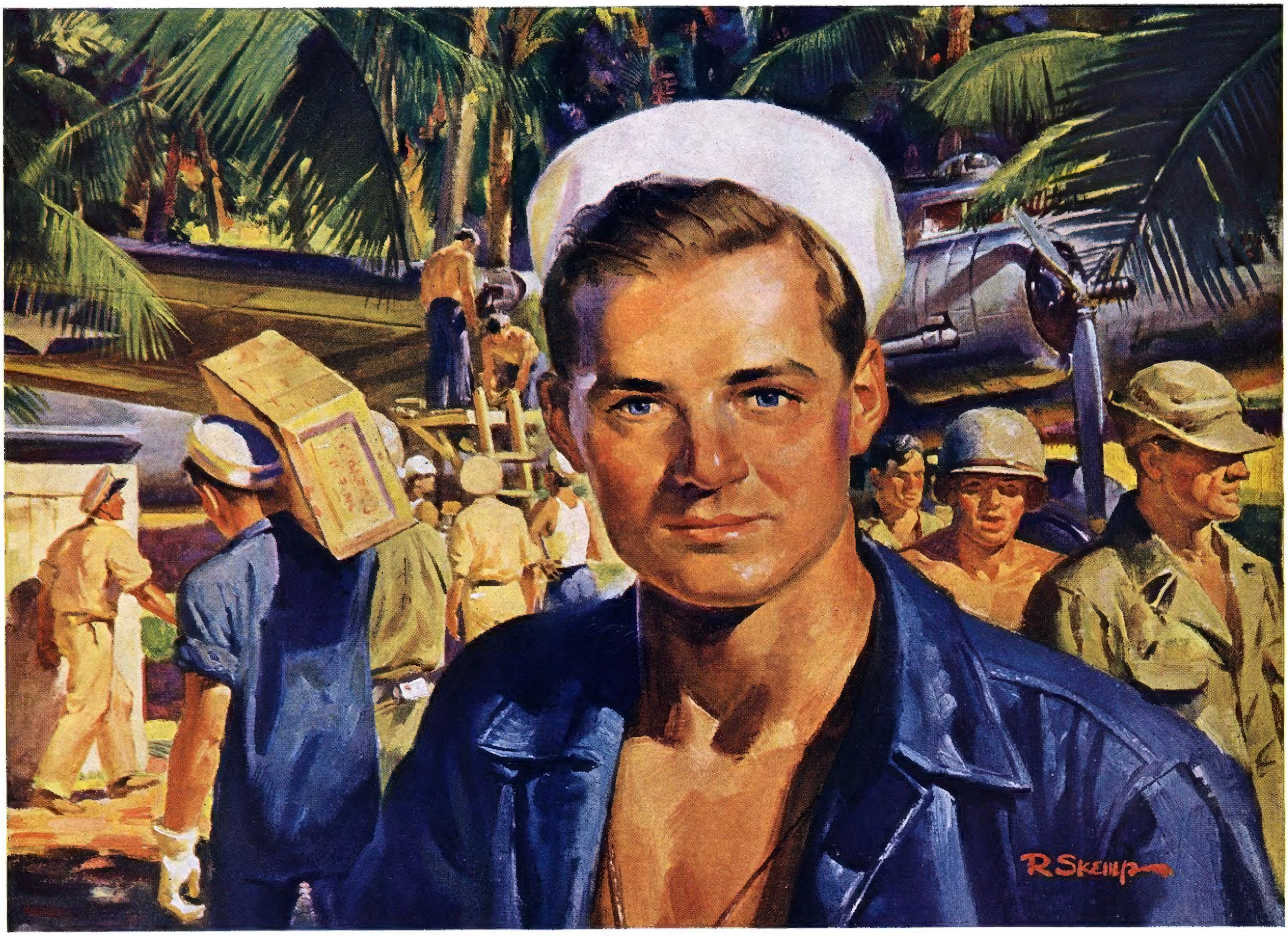

"Seabee" Balaban and his father helped build many a Studebaker in peacetime

And they're comrades in craftsmanship still

Studebaker's Joe Balaban has another son and a daughter in the Navy—Like thousands of Studebaker automotive veterans, Joe Balaban is doing his share for the war effort in one of Studebaker's aircraft engine plants. Other Studebaker automotive employees are busy building big multiple-drive Studebaker military trucks and Weasel personnel and cargo carriers.

KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS AND KEEP ALL THE BONDS YOU BUY!

THE whole nation is justly proud of the accomplishments of our Navy's Seabees, the fighting construction battalions on whose banners is blazoned: "We do the difficult immediately—the impossible takes a little longer."

One fine example of the resourceful Seabees at their best is First Class Seaman Milan Balaban of South Bend, Indiana. He learned his way around with tools as an apprentice millwright in the Studebaker automotive plants—working close by his father who has been a Studebaker employee for more than 26 years.

Today, Joe Balaban, the father, is putting his skill and experience to good account in the Studebaker Aviation Division—from which tens upon tens of thousands of Studebaker-built Wright Cyclone engines for the famous Boeing Flying Fortress have been steadily streaming forth.

It's largely because of the painstaking craftsmanship in peacetime, of numerous Studebaker father-and-son teams like the Balabans, that wartime America is getting such dependable performance from Studebaker Champion, Commander and President passenger cars and Studebaker trucks and commercial cars.

Awarded To All *Studebaker Plants*

STUDEBAKER

Building Wright Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress—multiple-drive military trucks—the Weasel personnel and cargo carrier.

An advertisement

to sell *fewer* Parker "51" pens . . .

NO pen company ever ran an advertisement like this. No pen company ever had to. The Parker Pen Company is in a peculiar and unique wartime position, and because several millions of the pen buying public are involved, we use this public means to explain.

¶ ¶

The public is involved in this way: we advertise our product regularly even though we realize that few Parker "51" pens are now available anywhere in the world. Why then do we advertise?

A business selling a trade-marked article, like Elgin Watch or Frigidaire or Buick, to the general public must keep its name in lights during a lull whether it sells or not. The public forgets unpublicized trade names with disconcerting promptness. It would be very easy to slip from a position of leadership into second or third position and naturally we would not like to risk the shift.

¶ ¶

Then too, we have regularly produced a limited quantity of pens under the War Production Board restriction order, and since its cancellation. At the time of writing, our 1944 fourth quarter shipments are running approximately as follows: Army and Navy 60.02%; export to United Nations 9.45%; U. S. A. civilian retailers 30.53%. While it is necessarily only an estimate, we believe two-thirds of this last quantity are purchased by or for men and women in Service.

Therefore, of our current total pen production (about one-half of 1941 production), approximately only one-tenth has been available to civilians of this country. We believe the few hundred thousand pens rationed to our civilian dealers are equal to only 5% to 10% of the demand. Our calculation is based on an analysis of orders we cannot fill.

¶ ¶

We are printing this public notice because the War Production Board order limiting the production of fountain pens was rescinded September 26, 1944, and the public was duly notified in the press that all restrictions governing the manufacture of fountain pens had been lifted.

Nevertheless The Parker Pen Company will, for reasons given below, continue its strict and impartial quota rationing system indefinitely just as it did while the WPB order was in effect, and just as it did, voluntarily and self-imposed, nine months before there was a WPB order limiting pen production. So the trickle of supply will remain a trickle.

There are thousands of merchants and millions of consumers who want to know why there are virtually unlimited quantities of other brands of fountain pens, but not Parkers. The situation for this company is serious and truly troublesome: we have been warned by loyal dealers that we are perilously losing ground in market position and in dealer distribution, both here and abroad.

¶ ¶

Knowing our uncomfortable market position, the U. S. Navy has given us permission to disclose some information about our munitions manufacturing program.

The U. S. Navy was charged with the development of Rocket Firing, both for itself and for the Army. Rockets are a vitally important evolution in warfare. Rocket firing, in effect, puts heavy artillery into the air. A rocket missile is equivalent in destructive power to the missile fired by a multi-ton gun on the ground. Yet a fighter aircraft can take aloft and fire six rocket missiles.

These rocket missiles have a fuze which detonates the main explosive charge with a certain small delay after the rocket hits the target. The slight delay gives the missile time to "shoulder" into the target armor and then let go with everything. The manufacturing technique involved must be rigorously precise.

The Parker Pen Company was the first manufacturer of these fuzes in the United States. It helped with some of the development work. These fuzes require painstaking precision in manufacture and assembly for they must not explode accidentally or prematurely, yet they must be certain to explode when intended. After a fighter pilot has risked his life to approach within target range, there must be no failure in the missile.

Enemy gun emplacements on Saipan, Guam, Palau, the Philippines and many other invaded areas have been put out of action by these missiles. Many enemy ships lie at the bottom of the Pacific because they met up with American boys in fighter craft armed with rockets. Other fuzes we produce (for the Army) bear official priority rating "*Emergency Urgent Critical.*"

¶ ¶

No commercial considerations could induce us to edge away from this rocket program, or from any other munitions we produce until the requirement for munitions is substantially decreased, or more manpower is available for civilian manufacture. In fact we are currently over-producing by 8.8% above munitions contract requirements.

¶ ¶

We could produce more fountain pens without interfering with munitions output by putting fewer manhours into each pen unit. Every Parker Pen is designed and made to give many years of service, and it is not a product that lends itself to hasty, slip-shod, mass-production methods. The parts are soundly and carefully made and assembled with precision adjustment. They cannot be thrown together and shoveled out.

This is an advertisement to sell fewer pens, rather than more pens. While we privately feel the Parker "51" is well worth waiting for, we see little likelihood of your dealer's rationed quota being substantially increased. This public notice is therefore both a blanket apology, for advertising a product not generally available, and a statement of policy to which we hope you will understandingly subscribe.

Copr. 1945, The Parker Pen Company

Kenneth Parker
President

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

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The VIKING

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$10.50 and $11

Florsheim *Shoes*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · CHICAGO · MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

After the Battle of Tinian

The other day we received a letter from Sergeant Bob Cooke, a Marine Combat Correspondent on Tinian, in the Marianas. It struck us as a beautiful piece of realism—coming straight from the fighting Marines, who know about realism, firsthand. We smiled at first nostalgically and settled back to read what we knew would be provocative criticism. We read the last part with awe. As the Sergeant remarked, who would have dreamed, in 1934, that the story would end as it did?

"During the Tinian campaign a few Fourth Division Marines and I were resting behind the lines. Under some branches the Sergeant found a magazine. It was a September, 1934 Esquire. After six weeks on Saipan and the Tinian deal, we were starved for anything in English. Everyone went for it and finally the Sergeant, Mike, commandeered the book and read aloud.

"The first 26 pages were missing. Page 27 showed an Eskimo, obviously feminine under a thick coat of fur, standing in a field of ice. We were practically on the equator and the sun was frying us. We looked at the ice, and Smitty said, 'Aw—I bet that out of them furs she'd look just like those skinny geishas over on Saipan.'

"Mike started reading Rockwell Kent's story about Greenland. He came to 'go to Greenland and find the simple, carefree life complicated by unreasonable yearnings for the most serious complication of them all: for Her. It's wholesome to get off and yearn; good medicine.'

"Tex growled, 'Get on to the dames, Mike.'

"Mike turned to 'Our Literary Nudism,' by Edwin Balmer. This, we thought, should be good. Mike read the part where Balmer bewailed the influx of certain four letter words in 'refined writing.'

" 'Nuts,' said Tex.

"Then there was a story about a man who was always leaving his girl to seek adventure. Giff, who hails from Indiana, said sadly, 'Any man who'd leave his girl when he didn't have to is a fool.'

"The next story, by Jack Morrow, was called, 'Japan Plays at War.' Morrow predicted we would have trouble with the Japs in the Pacific. Ten years ago, it must have been sensational. More sensational had anyone dreamed that this copy of Esquire would be read—after the fact—by a handful of tired Marines on Tinian.

"The story of Jap treachery was there: the knifing of a U. S. Naval Officer; the seizure of Russian defense installations; the beating of foreign civilians. Could we have guessed in 1934 all this would blossom into bombs over Pearl Harbor, and into the row of dead Marines awaiting burial not so far from where we sat?

" 'That guy Morrow sure as hell knew his stuff,' said Mike.

"We wondered how the copy of Esquire got to Tinian. Perhaps some Jap picked it up in the U. S. A. along with a college degree, and left it here on his way home to serve the Emperor."

Most of these Marines in the South Pacific are kids who played no part in the time of appeasement between wars. But in the postwar era, they will have the sense and the courage to recognize enemies of liberty, and to destroy them. There is a way to stamp out this evil—and this time, the Marines will be telling it to us. No one can ever again be quite so naive as we were in 1934, when Esky and the rest of the world were young.

David A. Smart

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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

February, 1945 Vol. XX III. No. 2 Whole No. 135

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1945

ARTICLES

Page

The Blues for the Times . . . *The music that arose in slave ships attained its twelve-bar form early in this century in New Orleans* . . . . Barry Ulanov 27
All-American Jazz Ballot, 1945 . . *A statement of general aims, together with the low-down on twenty-two sages of swing who chose the stars* . . Leonard G. Feather 28
The Victory of The Resolute . . *In 1920 it appeared that after thirty-one years of trying, Sir Thomas Lipton would win the America's Cup* . . . . Grantland Rice 30
The Concours D'Élégance . . *While promoting automobiles is not the same as applauding operatic arias, Schostal's claque was adaptable* . . . . Joseph Wechsberg 35
Irfan Wants a Wife . . . . *It was flattering to become the adopted father of this clever and charming forty-nine-year-old East Indian* . . . . Carl Glick 46
Down to the Fire in 'Chutes . . *Most of the 120 volunteer Forest Service smoke-jumpers in the Northwest last year were conscientious objectors* . Alan MacDonald 60

DEPARTMENTS

Correspondence: The Sound and The Fury . . . . *The readers' page* 10
Contributors: Backstage with Esquire . . . . *Purely impersonal* 22
Opinion: This Man's World . . *All hail the valiant vicar of Ipswich* . . . . Paul Gallico 52
The Lively Arts: The Old Hokum Bucket . . *Of tricks in all arts, from Jolson's to Dali's* . . Gilbert Seldes 68
Books: Esquire's Jazz Bookshelf . . *Citing the best literature on hot music* . . . . . . Charles Edward Smith 73
Jazz: The Rhythm Section . . *An estimate of Nicksieland* . . . . . Leonard Feather & Paul Eduard Miller 74
Theatre: First Nights & Passing Judgments . *Soft cheers for* I Remember Mama . George Jean Nathan 76
Edibles: Man the Kitchenette . . *Dining down yonder in New Orleans* . . . . Iles Brody 84
Potables: A Dip in the Classics . . *How to mix the simple Manhatten, Daiquiri, et. al.* . . . Lawton Mackall 89
Humor: Going the Rounds With Esquire . . *Observations of a Tattoo Artist* 90
Wearables: Lined for Comfort . . *Civilians keep warm in the military manner* . . . . O. E. Schoeffler 101
Discs: Esquire on the Record . . The Lonesome Train *and* Doubling on the Ivories . . . Gilbert Seldes 108

FICTION

In Chicago They Do It Different . . *Riley tried to make the colonel see that all he had done was try to build a little business on the island* . . Philip Cyrus Gunion 36
Old Times There Are Not Forgotten . . *The young corporal said that he came from Georgia and hadn't seen his girl for a mighty long time* . . MacKinlay Kantor 43
Gertie and the Pied Piper . . *She and Morty were just hangers-on with one thing in common: they were forever barred from the temple of jazz* . . . . . Henry Steig 44
The Well-Trained Cat . . . . . *With Anna's personality and diversified talents, she was sure to be the hit of Broadway, the sensation of the air* . . . Maurice Zolotow 50
Buzzy and the Baby Mug . . *He had lived the sheltered life of a moneyed expatriate and his daily pleasures left little time for thinking* . . . . . . Richard Reynolds 58
Ace Bentley Is Dead! . . . . . *Not till the morning edition appeared would the stunned readers accept the fact that their hero was not immortal* . . Gilbert Hammond 66

SEMI-FICTION

Black Sheep No. Five: Clarence . . *His cup seemed to run over: his house and his wife were striking pictures; his desk bore his name in gold* . . . . Theodore Dreiser 49

PERSONALITIES

Church Spires and Flying Steeds . . *Fantasy pervades Raymond Breinin's paintings* . . . Harry Salpeter 81

PICTORIAL FEATURES

The Victory of the Resolute . . . . *Painted especially for Esquire by* Melbourne Brindle 31
Varga Girl . . . . *Long-Distance Love* . . . . *Verse by* Phil Stack; *Painting by* Varga 33
The Esquire Canteen . . . . . . *Two girls from* The Boys from Boise . . . . . . *Photograph by* Anton Bruehl 47
American Beauties, Western Style . . *Marion Bell* . . . . *Photograph by* Hurrell 48
American Beauties, Eastern Style . . *Joyce Gates* . . . . *Photograph by* Elliot Clarke 53
Among Hollywood's Nebulae . . *Annelle Hays* . . . . *Photograph by* Henry Waxman 54
Broadway for the Boys . . . . Song of Norway's *Olga Saurez* . . . . *Photograph by* James Snyder 61
Hollywood . . . Set to Music . . *Ziegfeld Follies* . . . . *Photograph by* Eric Carpenter 63
O the Times, O the Customs! . . *Cartoon Portfolio* . . . . *by* Irving Roir 70
Esquiregraph No. 4 . . . . *Walt Disney* . . . . *Photocollage by* Ravitz-Palazzo 77
On Wings of Steel . . . . *The Conestoga* . . . . *Painting by* Alexander Leydenfrost 78
A Group of Six Paintings . . *Courtesy of the Downtown Gallery, New York City* . . *by* Raymond Breinin 80
Judged Best in the Group . . *At the Westminster Club show* . . . . *Painting by* Leslie Saalburg 88

SPORTS

Skiing the Natural Way . . . *Arguing that the parallel system is based on common sense* . . E. Fritz Loosli 38
Golden Gloves' Golden Trail . . *Charity gains while incipient pugs learn to box* . . . . Ed Prell 57
Basketball Hits the Big Time . . *And startling changes may occur after the war* . . . . . Stan Baumgartner 65
The Esquire Sports Poll . . . *Debating the benefits of college football* . . . . Herb Graffis & Ralph Cannon 82

TRENDS IN DRESS

Clothes and Accessories, *sketched by* Goodman, Murley, Runnette, Fenton and Fellows *beginning on* 85

EDITORIAL: Calling all jazz fans for the big bash on the Blue

As the front cover intimates, this is another Jazz Number, celebrating for the third year in a row Esquire's selection of an All-American Jazz Band, and signalizing the eleventh year of the magazine's expressed interest in jazz as an art form.

These special issues present a special problem. If we were to follow the dictates of the jazz addicts, who constitute the most impassioned pressure group we know, there would be nothing but jazz features between this issue's two covers. As against this, we know that there are a lot of people whose interest in hot jazz is no more than lukewarm and who would naturally resent an undue dislocation of the magazine's normal complement of regular features.

Under the circumstances, the indicated solution is a compromise, that form of settlement which leaves everybody just tolerably dissatisfied. We hope this issue achieves that precarious balance.

We use the word "hope" advisedly. We'll never know for sure. The jazz fans, both in and out of the Armed Forces, are demon letter writers, so the answer would be a foregone conclusion if we were simply to ask whether more or less space should be devoted to jazz in this issue which coincides with our annual jazz awards.

Happily, there is a safety valve in the form of ESQUIRE'S 1945 JAZZ BOOK, to which all devotees are referred for further sustenance after they have wolfed down the few jazz features for which we have been able to provide space in this issue.

The celebration of Esquire's 1945 All-American Jazz Awards has expanded threefold since last year. For one thing, the radio audience across the nation will get more than three times as much network time. For another, the event itself, which was confined last year to one concert in one place, the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, will this year embrace three cities and span all America. Also, for the first time, the awarding of the Esky statuettes will be extended beyond the confines of occasions sponsored directly by Esquire. In addition, the scope of the awards themselves has been greatly enlarged.

All these developments are so gratifying, as signs of the increasingly general recognition of this long-despised native American art form, that they warrant separate and detailed comment and explanation.

First, this year's counterpart of last year's concert at the Met will be Esquire's Second All-American Jazz Concert, held at the august and stately Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles on Wednesday evening, January 17th, as a benefit for the Volunteer Army Canteen Services. This concert will serve as the grande finale of the concert season of the Duke Ellington Orchestra, which has appeared in a dozen cities from coast to coast in its All-American Awards Tour, in token of its selection by Esquire's Board of Experts as the best band in the country. At this concert in Los Angeles, Duke Ellington will be doubly honored and featured, having duplicated Louis Armstrong's feat of last year in winning two awards. In addition to the Gold Award for the best band, Duke Ellington won the Gold Award, also offered this year for the first time, as the best arranger. With this double-win by its leader, the Ellington aggregation this year captured seven of the forty-five All-American Awards, a truly remarkable achievement. Gold, Silver, and New Star Awards were won by the following members of the Ellington band: Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Lawrence Brown, trombone; Harry Carney, baritone saxophone; Billy Strayhorn, arranger; and Ray Nance, violin. Featured at this concert along with the Ellington award winners will be a number of the other 1945 All-Americans, including Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Art Tatum, piano; Billie Holiday and Anita O'Day, girl vocalists; Al Casey, guitar; and Big Sid Catlett, drums. Since any Ellington concert appearance represents the peak of any one night's normal offering in the realm of modern jazz, the presentation of such a wealth of individual all-star talent against the unique orchestral backing of the entire Ellington band is enough to assure that musical history will be made in Los Angeles on the night of January 17th.

But that is only one aspect of this year's truly All-American celebration of the Esky awards. For that same night, in New Orleans, the birthplace of jazz, there will be another concert of perhaps even greater historical importance, featuring the great New Orleans jazzmen of today and yesterday, celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of jazz. There, in the Crescent City's beautiful, big Civic Auditorium, fronting on storied Congo Square, a great reunion of the pioneer New Orleans jazzmen will be held, presenting a unique program that amounts to an almost literal re-enactment of the evolution of jazz. Included will be performances by some of the old-timers of now almost legendary fame in jazz annals, culminating in the appearance and performance of the greatest single figure in all jazz history, the incomparable Louis Armstrong. There in his old home town, King Louis will receive his third Gold Award at this concert sponsored by the National Jazz Foundation, Inc., a New Orleans civic nonprofit organization actively devoted to the recognition and acknowledgment of the city's unique role in relation to the development of American music. That the prophet should be so honored in his own country, a round dozen years after he converted the Capitals of Europe to American jazz, is sign enough, if any were needed, that this native music has both come of age and is here to stay. Featured with Louis in New Orleans will be some of the men with whom he made some of his greatest records, a decade and a half ago, such as Sidney Bechet and Jay C. Higginbotham, who is himself a Gold Award winner this year.

Third, on this same evening of January 17th, as if to create an embarrassment of riches, there is the New York contingent to be heard from featuring four stars of the first magnitude, all Gold Award winners, and all bound to the metropolis by radio or theatrical ties. They are the King of Swing, Benny Goodman, appearing in the new Billy Rose show, *The Seven Lively Arts*, where his quintet includes our All-Americans Teddy Wilson and Red Norvo, and the inimitable Rockin' Chair Lady, Mildred Bailey.

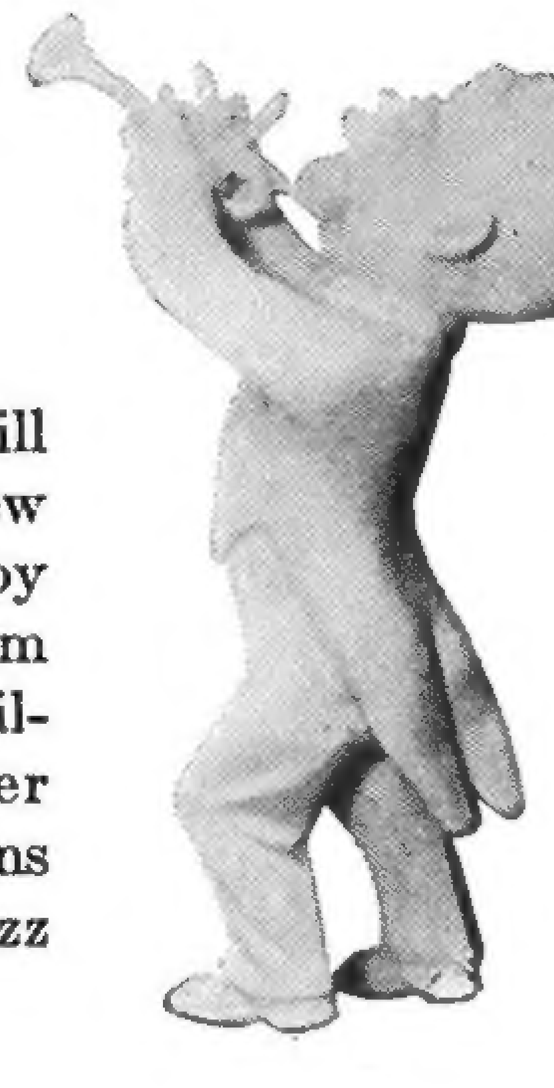
In a broadcast lasting a full hour and a half, the Blue Network will bring you, as the greatest jazz event ever broadcast in a single evening, a simultaneous three-way hookup that will enable you to hear these truly All-American presentations of Esquire's 1945 All-American Awards. Louie and New Orleans small band jazz, Benny and the chamber music of jazz as exemplified by the Quintet, and Duke with the augmented band representing the ultimate in modern orchestral jazz—there's a three-ring circus that has never before been brought together under one tent—or, to put it more accurately, on one network. The big Blue Network broadcast, to be heard on 185 stations, will begin at 11:30 New York time, 10:30 New Orleans time, and continue until 1:00 A.M. New York time, midnight New Orleans time, and 10:00 P.M. Coast time. (Due to the time differences, the broadcast will begin with New Orleans, and the West Coast contribution to the three-way hookup will not commence until 9:00 P.M. Pacific Coast time, or 11:00 P.M. New Orleans time and midnight New York time).

Esquire's Annual All-American Jazz Awards

Hear them on . . .

The Blue Network Broadcast,
January 17th from 11:30 P. M.
to 1:00 A.M. Eastern War Time

In this three-way broadcast, Esky statuettes will be awarded in Los Angeles, New Orleans and New York. Duke Ellington's Band, augmented by other award-winning soloists, will be heard from Esquire's All-American Jazz Concert at the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles, and other All-Americans will be heard from New Orleans and New York, in the greatest coast-to-coast jazz program ever offered on the air.



Read about them in . . .

Esquire's 1945 Jazz Book, on sale at
your newsstand, or your record shop

If your interest in jazz is more than casual, you'll want to know a lot more about this year's All-American Awards than the brief summary on pages 28 and 29 tells you. You'll want to see just how and why each of the 22 experts voted on each of the 45 awards. You'll get the whole story, along with a yearbook of the jazz scene and a wealth of jazz information never before found between two covers, in this year's JAZZ BOOK, which you will find described in greater detail on page 119 of this issue.

In addition to the Gold and Silver Awards, represented by the gilded and silvered Esky statuettes which are to jazz what the Oscars are to the movies, this year's elections by the Board of Experts included one entirely new category, the New Star Awards, calculated to accord recognition to those performers who have come to prominence, or at least to the attention of the critics, since 1940. Unlike the Gold and Silver Awards, these citations cannot be accorded to the same person twice. Aaron Sachs, for instance, the incredibly young and talented clarinetist, discovered and developed in the past year by Red Norvo, will not again be eligible for New Star recognition next year. Thus this third category is a sort of insurance that Esquire's All-American Awards will always be open to the recognition of new talent as it first appears. Since the Awards have had a demonstrably great value, both in bookings and billings, it is important to see that their assistance and encouragement is always open to newcomers.

You will note that among the jazz features in this issue there are, in addition to the explanation and announcement of the All-American Awards on pages 28-29, and the regular *Rhythm Section* on pages 74-75, a jazz story by Henry Steig, author of *Send Me Down*, the best novel on jazz to date, on page 44, and a feature article by Barry Ulanov on the Blues, on page 27. Righteous readers will howl, before they even read that one, that we have sold out to *Metronome* and the modernists. But *if* they read it, and if they're honest, they will admit supreme surprise, for *Metronome's enfant terrible* has here shown a remarkably sympathetic understanding of jazz fundamentalism. However, we still hasten to point out that the righteous Charles Edward Smith has also shown, on page 73, a no less surprisingly conciliatory attitude in his introduction to *Esquire's Jazz Book Shelf*. So maybe the breach between the long-embattled camps of "modernist vs. purist" experts is not so irreparable as it has lately seemed. If that should be true, then the jazz millenium would have arrived at last.

By the way, the guest book department, devoted to books on jazz, is a special feature for this issue only, utilizing space made available when the indefatigable Bennett Cerf, that many-sided man who seemed somehow to find time for everything, finally found that he couldn't find time for the many new ventures he has undertaken and still do *Esquire's Five Minute Shelf* every month as well. This evidence, even at long last, that he is only human after all, will be reassuring to his many friends in and out of the book trade, who must have been beginning to wonder.

Next month, in this space, we will announce the name of the next conductor of the book column.

But meanwhile, don't miss the big bash on the Blue Network, the night of January 17th. And here's wishing you happy listening!

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In a New Beautifully Illustrated Edition

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and
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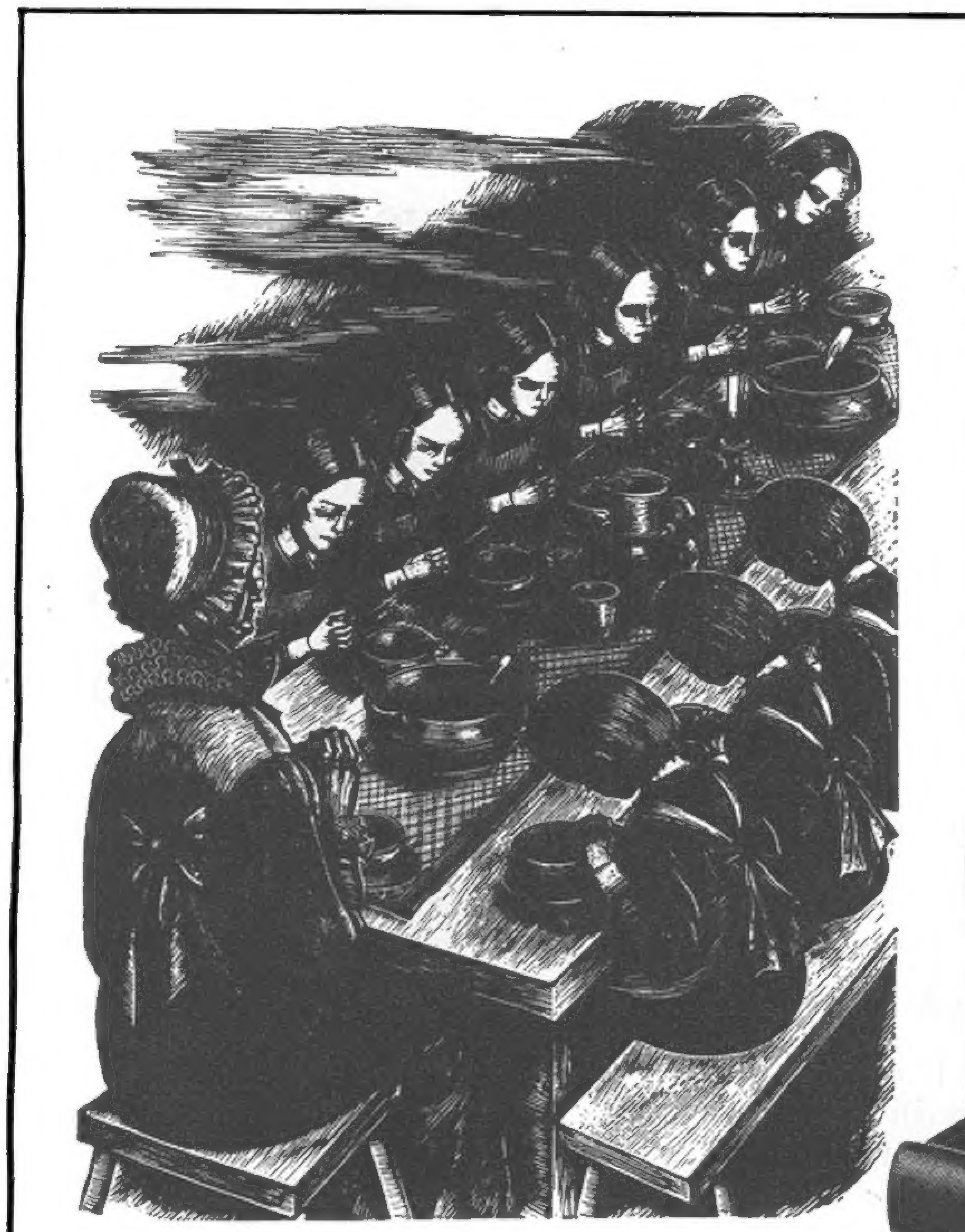
by Emily Brontë



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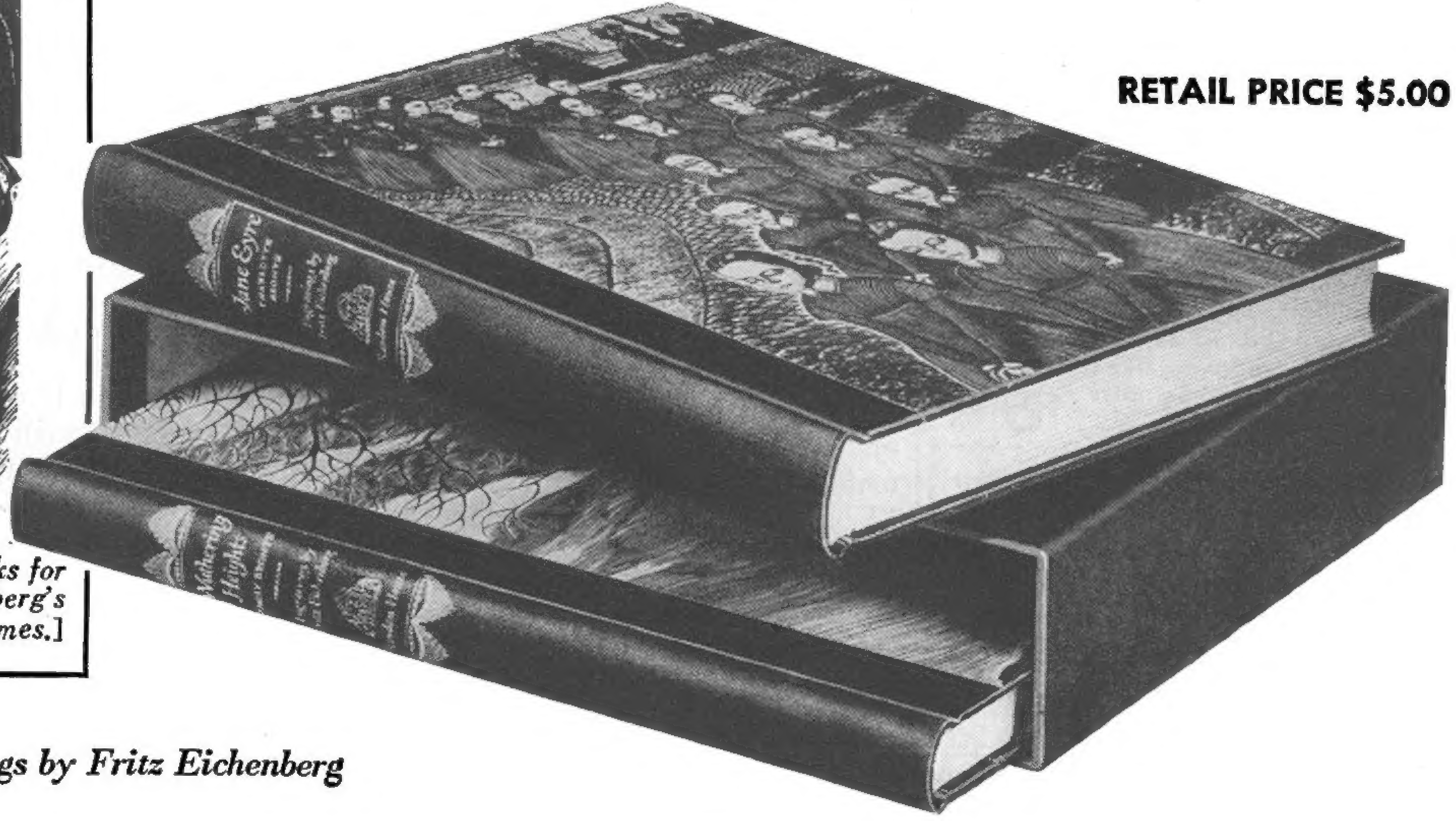

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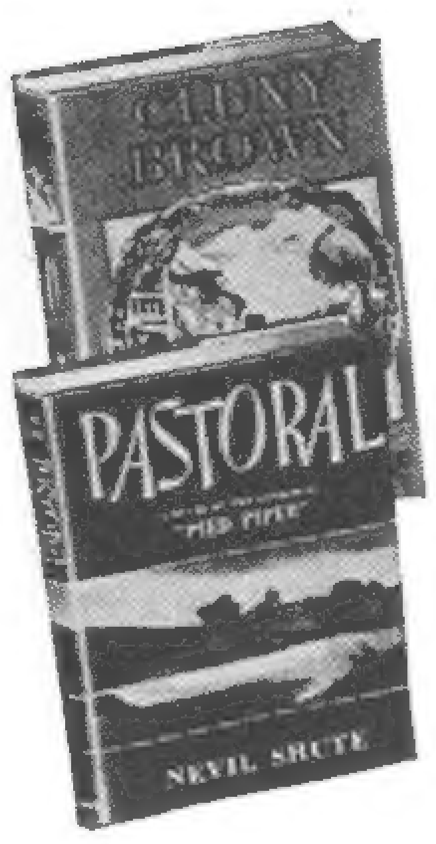

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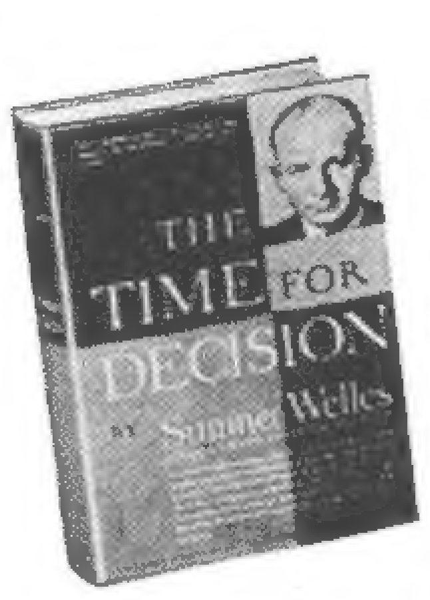

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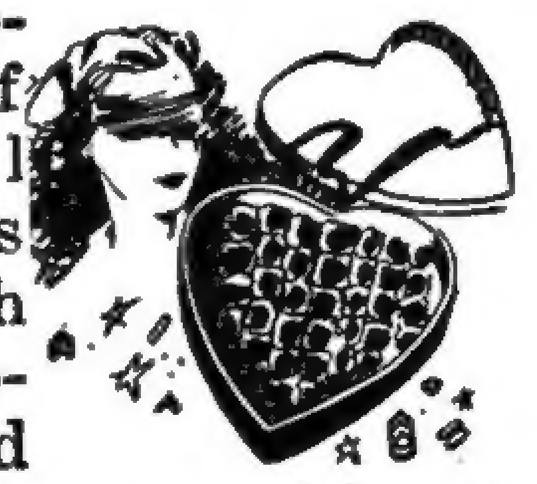
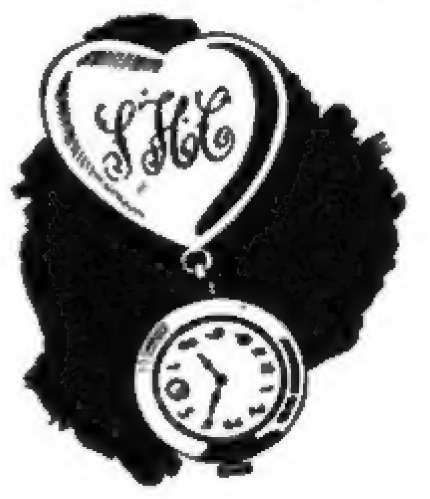


VALENTINE'S DAY, FEB. 14th . . . so send her your heart! Could be a huge red satin heart filled with home-made chocolates. Centers of nuts, tropical fruits, liqueurs and coated with bittersweet chocolate. Or a record album bearing a large red heart on the cover. And inside, 4 records composed of such tunes as "You're always in my heart"; "I love you"; "I'll be seeing you"; "Goodnight wherever you are", etc. Cute gag.



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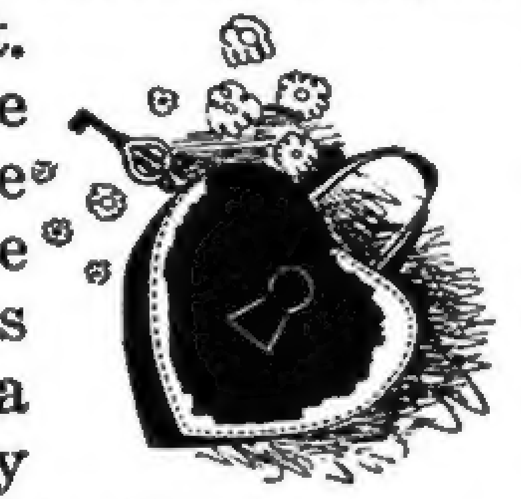
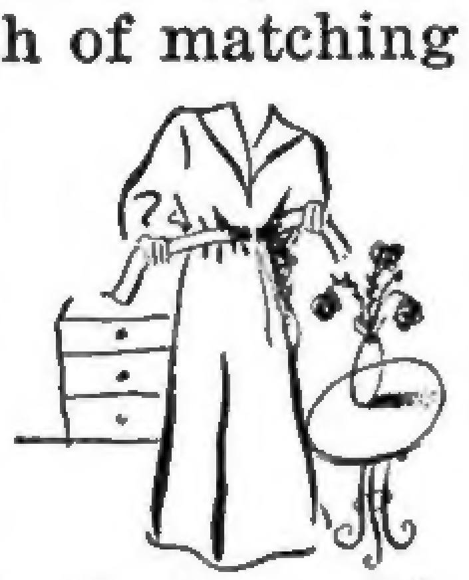
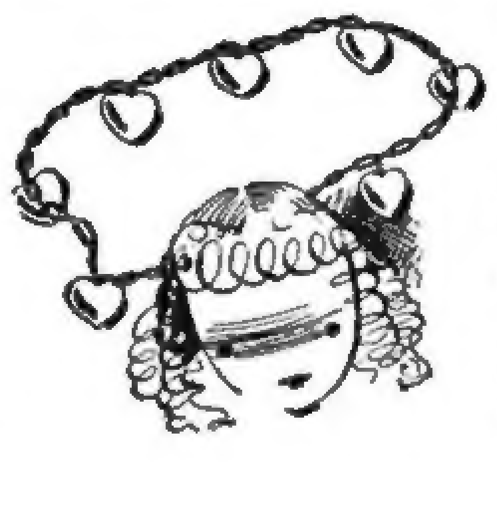


HEART HANDBAG. Squeals of feminine joy will greet this one. A handsome suede handbag shaped like a big heart. There's a fake satin lock in the center, and the zipper top opens and shuts with a husky brass key puller. In red or black.



FOR MOM . . . a light as down all wool bathrobe with revers, turnback cuffs and sash of matching satin. And such flattering colors as lilac, light blue or dusty pink. Because the robe is made by the same people who make a famous line of blankets . . . it's washable.



FOR MOPPETS. Little girls will love a midget size identification bracelet just like yours . . . and in 14 kt. gold. Or a bracelet strung with six tiny sterling silver hearts; or a fine 14 kt. gold chain with small gold heart.

Ranger

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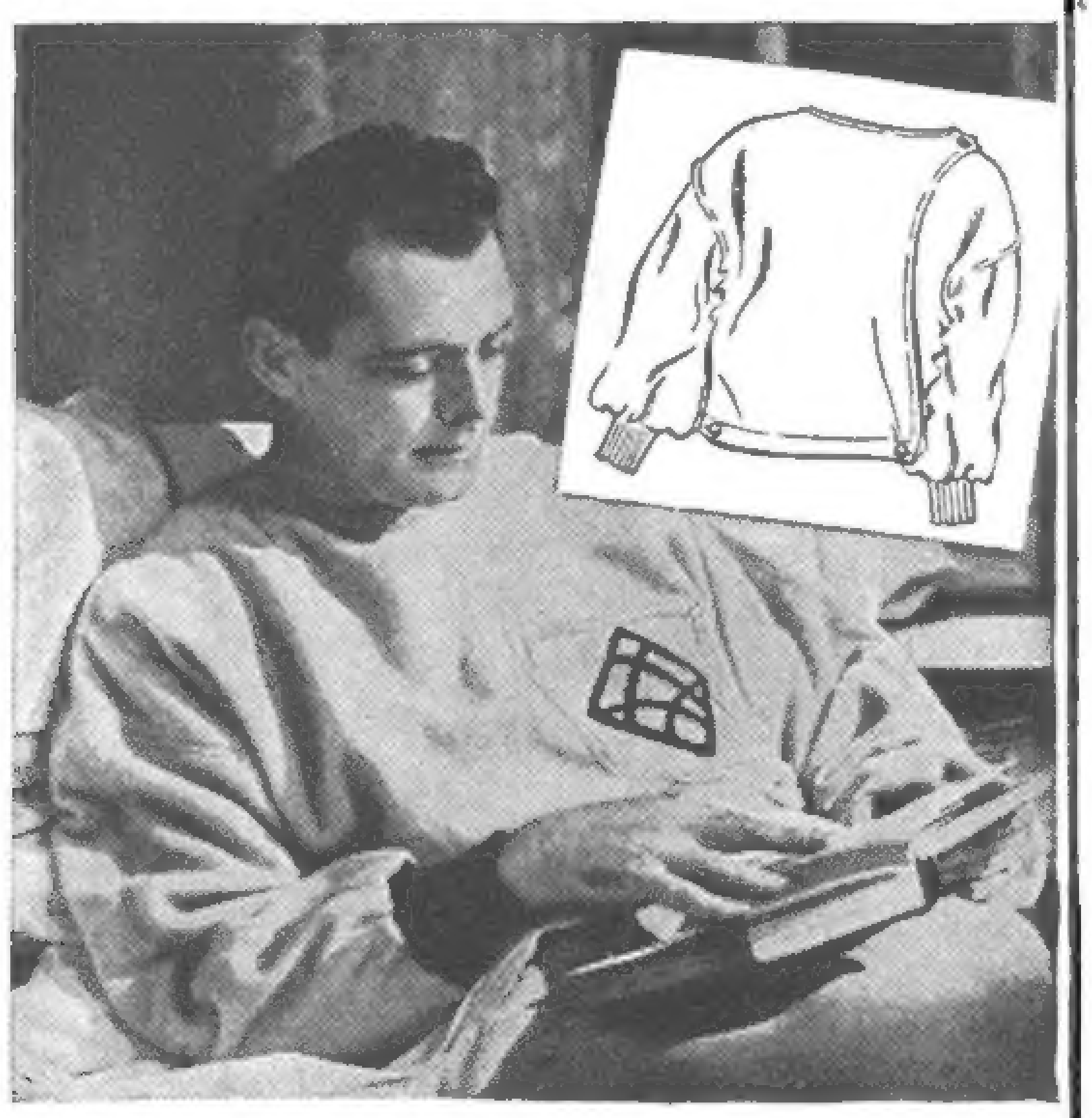

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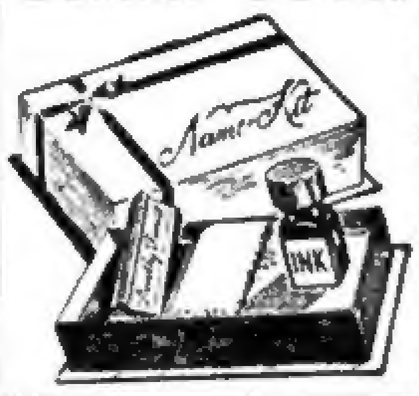

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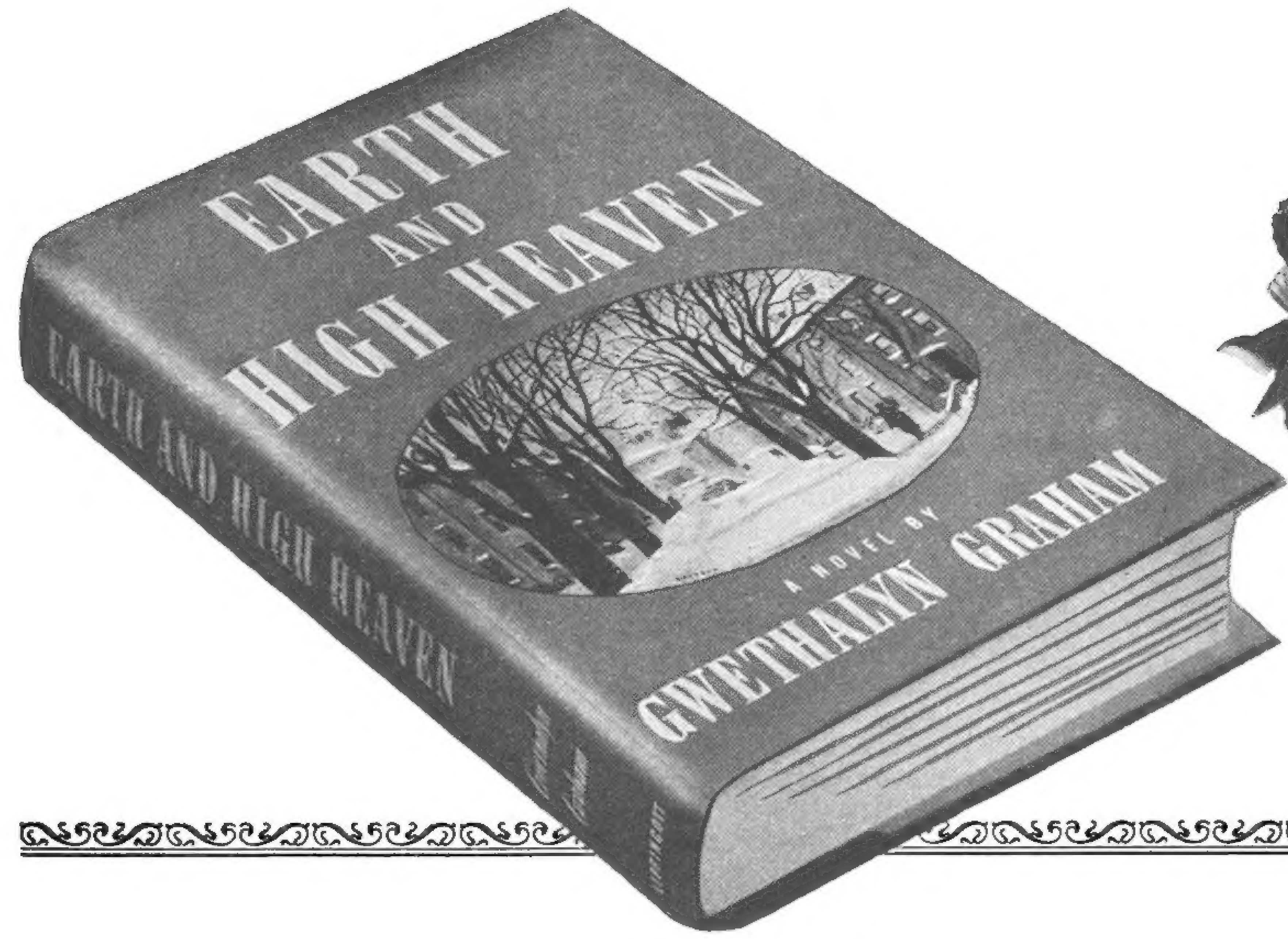
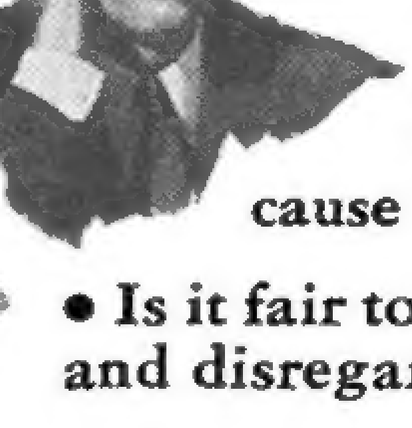


Afraid to Love—Afraid to Part

UNTIL THEY FOUND THE ANSWERS



He

- Will she become a social outcast?
- Will she come to hate me because of her sacrifices?
- Is it fair to defy her parents and disregard her friends?
- Is our love always sure to be stronger than pride, prejudice, jealousy, fear?
- Will our children blame us for placing them in a "no-man's land", socially?

She

- Does he secretly believe my parents and friends will come first?
- Will he always think I am living a life of sacrifice?
- Will he be hurt constantly by what people may say about him—and us?
- Will he quarrel and bicker about imaginary "insults"?
- Is he as sure as I am that I will never regret this step?

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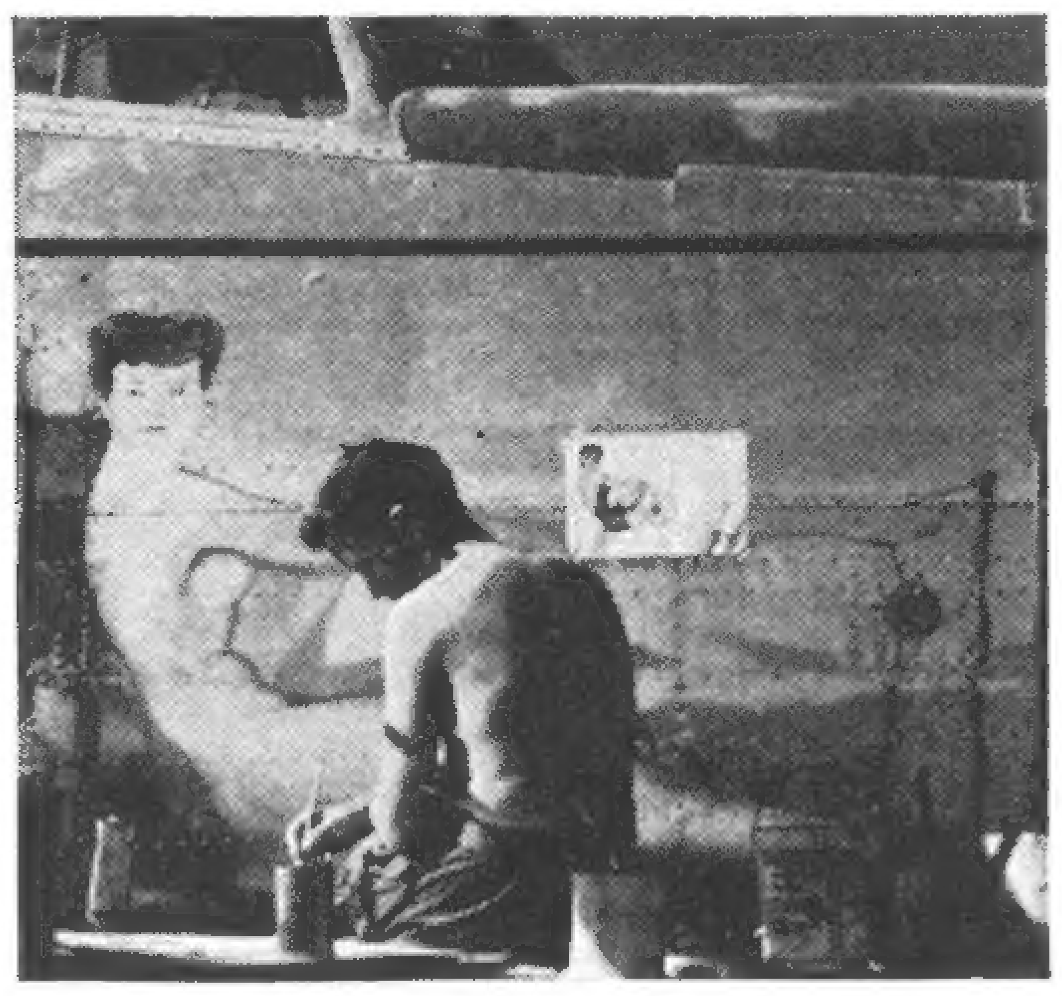
THE SOUND AND THE FURY

VARGA GIRL IN THE WILD BLUE YONDER

We thought you'd like to see this picture of "Leading Lady," a B-24 Liberator Bomber, being touched up by mechanic Corporal William M. Scott. A commercial artist in civilian life, Scott keeps in practice by painting such "morale builders" as shown above on the new bomber just entering combat.



Yours truly,
Corp. Royal S. Denton
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REMINDER ON BROTHERHOOD

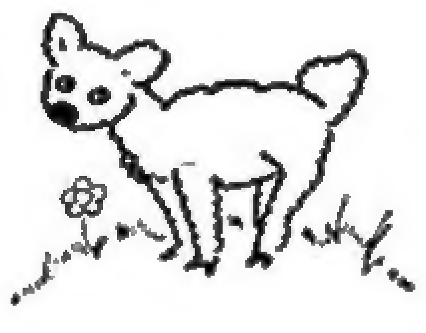
Being one of many Chinese-American readers of your splendid magazine, I may truthfully say that your November editorial was very comforting. First, I am American; then I am Chinese. Perhaps not too late, but rather belatedly, we Americans realize that China's battle was our battle; a Chinese life given against Japan was an American life saved. An American dollar contributed to United China Relief is multiplied into salvation of a life and not a mere contribution to charity. All this China, this huge hulk of a nation, feels a deep love for America and its fine people, Americans. So, to those who have declined to contribute to this truly worthy cause, to those who may say, "Those poor Chinamen," may I say that Chinese people are just as human as you, just as able to feel pain as you. Contribute now to the aid of your fellow man.

Sincerely yours,
Peter Y. Wong
San Antonio 7, Texas

LAMB'S LAMENT

We appreciate your fight for mailing rights for your magazine, and hope the powers that be will lay off further restrictions on our reading matter. Personal censorship should suffice.

We are fighting, the orators say, to protect American institutions and the people of our country. Then why can't we have a look at what we are fighting for? We are fighting for American girls too, but soon you won't dare to show us more than their face and shoulders and watch that neckline!



If you have any influence on the Council on Books in Wartime, could they liven up the selection a little? Our friends and relatives are giving good money to send us books for our leisure hours, but I'll be damned if we are getting what we want. Someone carefully combs through the "Good" books and sends out the Pollyanna series, scientific and travel books, and *some* rousing books. But very few.

I'll admit I have read some fine stuff that I would not have touched otherwise, but we miss a lively book once in a while. If these same persons are so concerned about our minds and morals, they should come on out and help us end the war, then we could get back to the states and be directly under their thumb a good deal sooner; as it is, I fear we will be lost lambs, both morally and mentally, before their influence can be brought to bear on us 24 hours a day.

Esquire's case has received the most publicity, but you are all suffering. And we are too.

If they just ram prohibition through before we get back everything will be lovely. I am up the pole personally, but not from choice. We are not rationed, but there is no need for that when the stuff doesn't get here. But I want to be able to get a drink *someday.*

Sorry to take your time, but you should know how some of us feel; no doubt you do already.

Yours truly,
Q.M.Sgt. Albert L. Snyder
u.s.m.c.
South Pacific

AND NOTE THE TRUMPET MUTES

Numerous high school, college and popular dance bands in this country have taken unto themselves at some time or other the name of Esquire. This is the story of an Esquire band that went to war. The men are conducted by W. O. John P. Cochrane and are now with our troops in Northern Italy.

They went overseas in April, 1943, landing at Oran in Northern Africa. Composed of two sections, a military band, and a dance band, later to become the Esquires, they played for reviews, parades, ceremonies, "live" shows and dances.

In early August of that year they packed away their instruments in preparation for the invasion of Italy. They landed with the division at Salerno on D Day, September 9, and acted as infantry men with the principal job of furnishing command post security. The band was in combat for two weeks, for which all the members received the infantryman's badge. Two of them received the Purple Heart.

Getting under way again as a musical organization they were kept busy playing at some place or function every day. A "live" show interspersed with plenty of good swing music was found to be the G.I's choice. At various times professional entertainers were attached to the band for short periods.

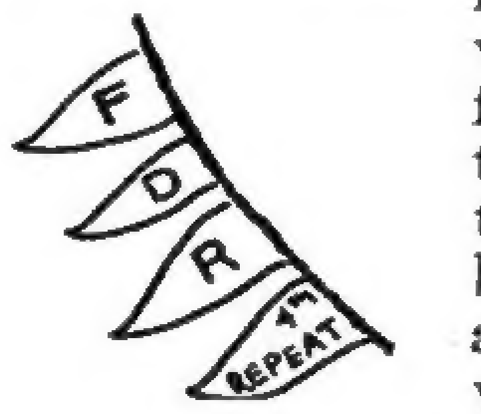
The Esquires are still going strong, providing music for the boys over there. Just recently they furnished the music for, and were an integral part of the All Army Production, "BY-PASS TO BERLIN," soon to go on tour of all the fronts under the auspices of the 5th Army Special Services.

Yours truly,
Sgt. D. O. Connell
Chanute Field, Ill.

ROGER

It was typical of election day stunts. But to have it happen away out here in Nipponese waters gave the act just a little more zing. It took a Chicagoan to think of it, and what's more, to follow it through.

It was this p.m. that we received the news that the Roosevelt Fellow, and his friend, Fala, had won the right to bury their respective bones of contention and sustenance within the White House shelter for another hitch. We were well out to sea when the results buzzed over the ether. It would be easy for me to tell you the exact number of ships and what they were carrying. However . . .



Our Captain was the Chicagoan of this deal. Of course, only he would have the right to have pulled the trick and he "dood it." It was just after the Skipper had beamed with joy when he heard the results of the election. I felt kind of rosy too—'cause, as it turned out, only the Skip and myself had done right by the Pennsylvania Avenue permanent resident when the trans-Pacific votes were cast.

Perhaps if the ship ahead in our column hadn't had a bum radio, we would have left well enough alone. But no, they couldn't keep their minds on the business of war. They had to semaphore back and give us an "Int?" (interrogation) on the outcome of the election.

As the Skipper contemplated the message I could see an idea in his eyes, in a kind of prenatal state. He called the signalmen. There was a quick order. It was the first time the men had ever been called upon to trice-up such a flag-hoist. One attempted to question the captain, but then thought better of the idea. Another tried to sneak over to the signal book to learn the meaning of the unusual hoist.

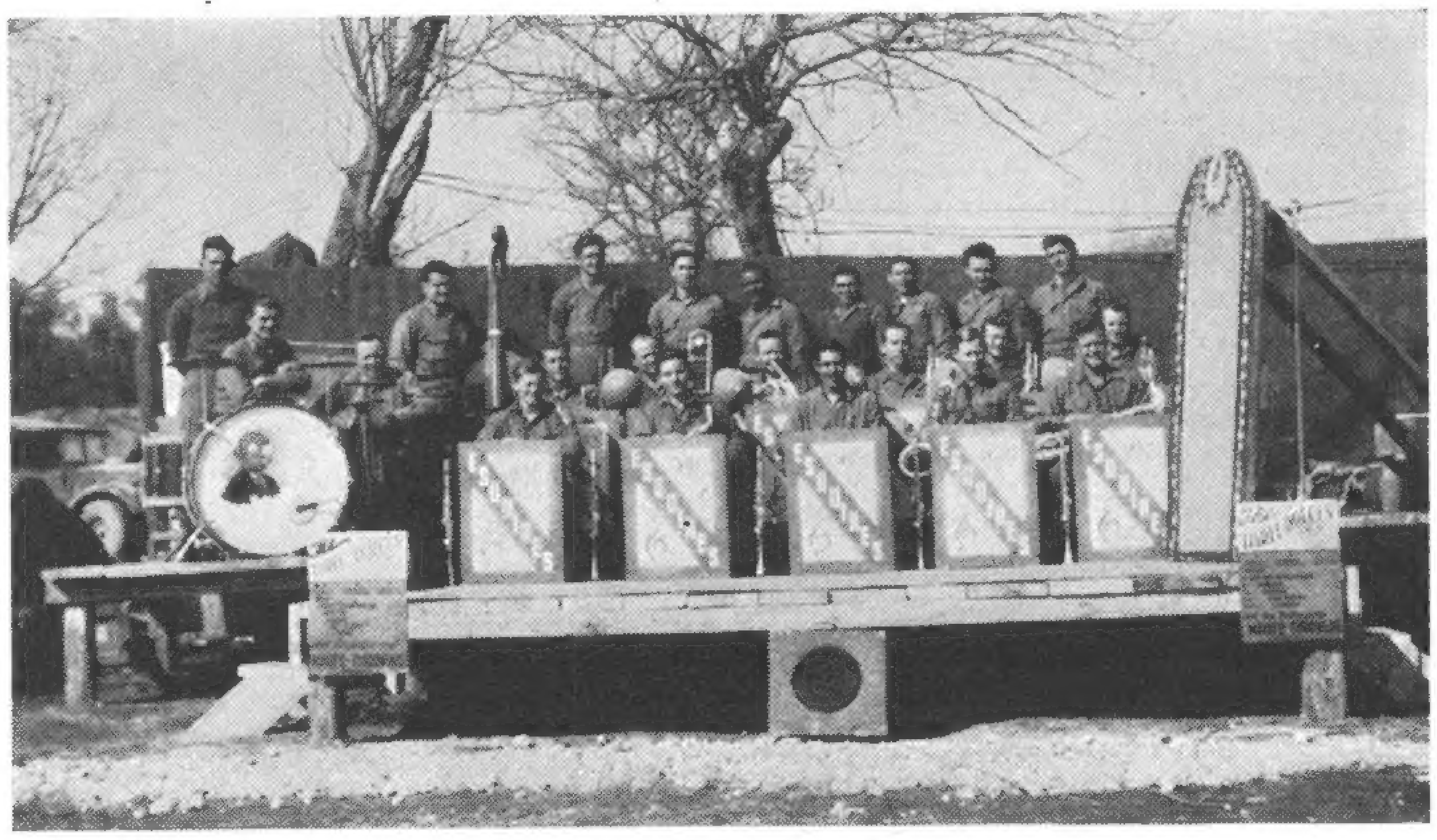
Maybe far out on that blue Pacific many another signalman and skipper blinked too when they saw the unorthodox furl of flags. For there, flying in the tropical breeze, was the cocky Democratic declaration, the harbinger hoist of the day: "Fox-Dog-Roger-Fourth Repeat." For landlubbers it meant: "F.D.R. 4th repeat."

We dared to fly the news for only a short time. Otherwise every damn ship in the echelon might have strung it on its halyards. (Except, of course, those with Republican Skippers.)

One ship was so bold as to give us a "Roger" on it. (An affirmation or acknowledgment of the message.) However, we found out later that the Captain of that particular ship was a Dewey Boy and there was no doubt but that he interpreted the hoist as follows:

"Fox—For Franklin is certainly a wise one."

"Dog—And he's that too—in many minds, no doubt."



"Roger—Well, the Jolly Roger was always a symbol of pirates!"

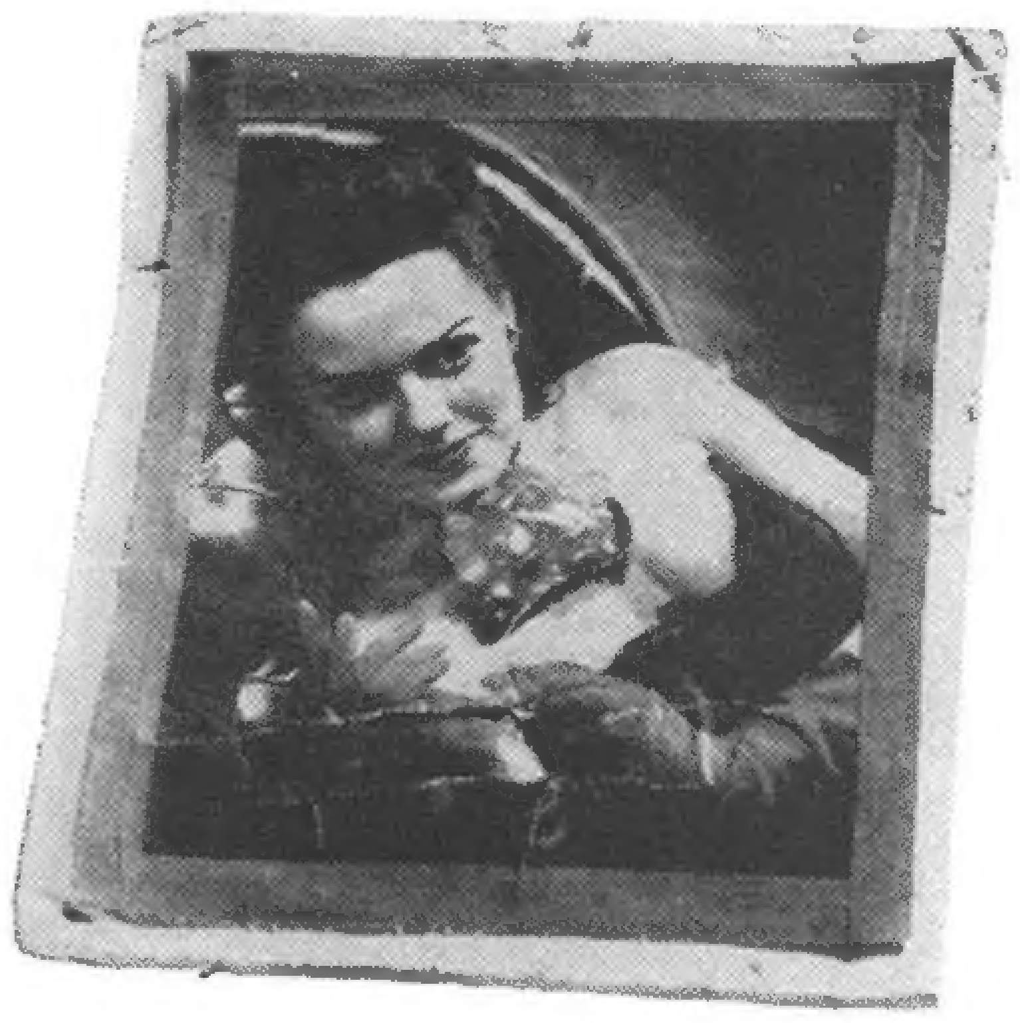
"Fourth repeat—That's the last repeater in the flag bag. Ah, no more repeats!"

George J. McGuane
Lt. (jg), u.s.n.

SEND THE SHRAPNEL TO REBEL RANDALL

Esquire magazine has a duty to perform! At least, we think so. By we, I mean the leading fighter squadron in the u.s.a.a.f., "The Head-hunters." Ever since we've reached this station, we begged, borrowed and stole back issues of Esquire magazine to obtain their luscious "pin-up gals" to grace the barren walls of our "Alert Shack."

Last night, the Nips paid us a visit, and this morning, imagine our consternation and displeasure on seeing one of your "bevy of beauties" ripped asunder by an indiscriminate hunk of shrapnel.



I suppose you're asking "Well, what's that got to do with us?" Just this, we would appreciate it very much if you would forward the picture to the girl whose face appears on it. Unfortunately, when the picture was brought in by some ardent admirer, he failed to give us her name. And as the source of supply where this one was procured is no longer available, she is unknown. If it is possible, we would like the girl herself to send us one of her best autographed photos. If she would like to have the piece of shrapnel that wounded her, and made her our first "Pin-up Casualty," I will gladly send it to her. I'm keeping it as a souvenir myself.

Yours for bigger and better Pin-ups.
John J. Hester, Jr.
Somewhere in the S.W.P.A.

AMENDMENT TO THE G.I. BILL OF RIGHTS

With the European war nearing its climax, and Japan soon without enough navy to do a decent job of tarpon fishing, the problem of the discharging of enlisted men and officers becomes more acute. Our gracious government has recognized in this and the accompanying problem of readjustment, a call to be answered. They have provided the G.I. Bill of Rights.

But what of the overlooked process of physical conversion? We G.I's know that clothes make the man, but how will that prospective employer be impressed with our antiquated and mouldy *suit, civilian, M1941?*

Even a Purple Heart looks dull on the purple waistcoat that was worn at Princeton, prewar. What, then, to buy?

May I offer a timely suggestion? Namely, that each G.I. be equipped, upon discharge, with the latest copy of Esquire. And besides, if you haven't seen a pretty girl in sixteen months, what better way of reorientation than the latest inspiration of Varga?

Lieut. Barry Wrigley
U. S. Army
Fort Sheridan, Ill.

How they made a Toddy hot in 1830

IMAGINE a little antique locomotive whose sole function in life was to make a Hot Toddy!

We found one. It looked just about like this . . . spirit lamp, spigot, and all.

But, of course, the real secret of the perfect Hot Toddy isn't *how* you make it hot.

The secret of the most soul-satisfying, heart-warming Hot Toddy you ever raised to your lips can be told in two words: *Four Roses!* For the whiskey you use is the heart and soul of this glorious cold-weather drink.

How to make the world's finest Hot Toddy

Put a piece of sugar in the bottom of a glass and dissolve it with a little hot water. Add a twist of lemon peel (bruise it firmly), four cloves and, if you wish, a stick of cinnamon. Pour in a generous jigger of Four Roses... and fill the glass with steaming hot water.

FOUR ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY

—the same today as before the war

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies, 90 proof.
Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City

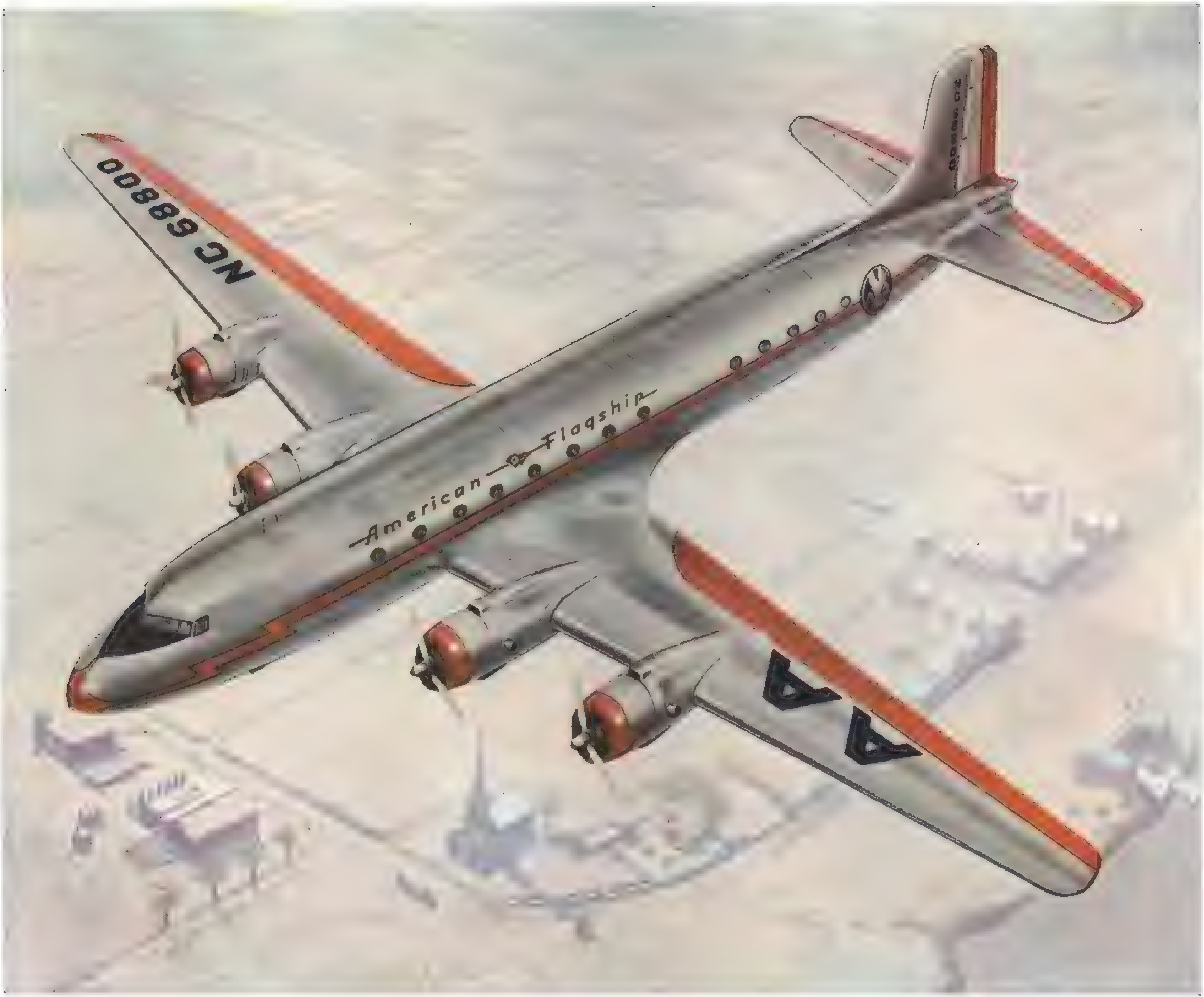
RAWLINGS-VOGUE STUDIOS WHITE MINK BY ESTHER DOROTHY

Wherever smart accessories are seen

So individual! So smartly advanced in design, so jewel-like in craftsmanship, so delicately attuned to every feminine instinct for style-rightness—compacts by inevitably evoke admiration—and just a twinge of envy. The perfect gift.

Elgin American
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

COMPACTS, CIGARETTE CASES, DRESSER SETS



NEW DC-6 FLAGSHIP

New Flagships for a New Year in a New World

Postwar work must be done posthaste!

People who go forward in 'forty-five with air transportation will accomplish more in less time.

The world's work necessary for reconversion and reconstruction is stupendous. More than ever, time is of the essence. Air transportation conserves time and energy and increases efficiency. It is the modern method that multiplies productive man hours to incalculable proportions.

Giant new airliners, such as American's new DC-4's and DC-6's, are the symbols of the Air Age, which offers greater opportunities than were possible in any period in history.

With their trans-continental and trans-Atlantic non-stop range, the new 5-miles-a-minute Flagships open vistas for the enrichment of everyone, in every phase of human activity.

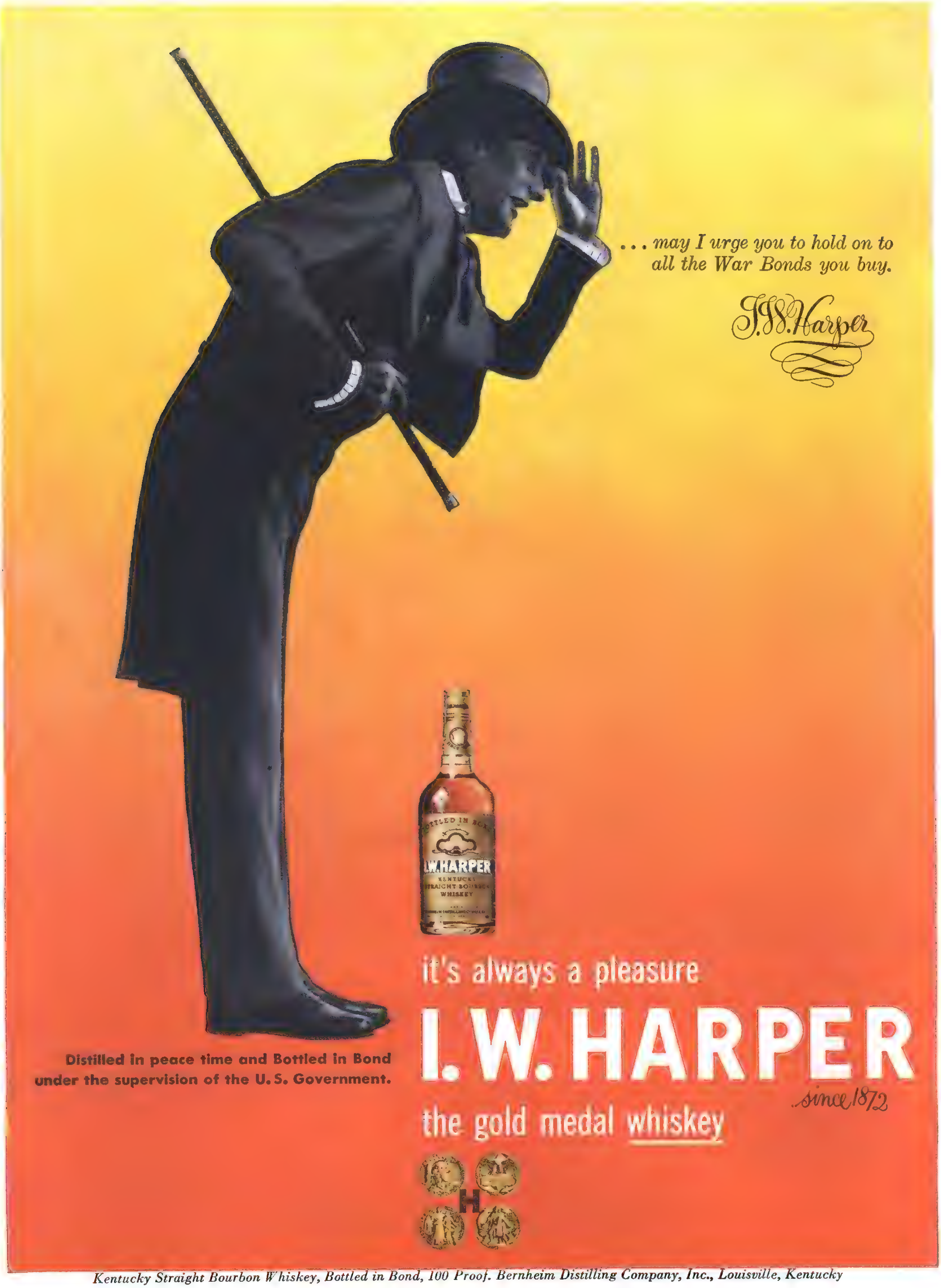
As people expand their travel in the boundless ocean of air they gain in commercial, political, cultural and spiritual exchange never before possible. We invite you to go forward in 'forty-five with American Airlines.

* * *

American Airlines Inc. has ordered 55 four-motored Flagships—DC-4's and DC-6's. Deliveries of the DC-4 Flagships are scheduled to start about June. The DC-4 will accommodate 44 passengers; the DC-6, 56 passengers. The DC-4 will cruise at 250 miles an hour on scheduled flights, and the DC-6 at more than five miles a minute. We plan to operate DC-6's on regular schedules from coast to coast in approximately 8½ hours and on all of American's other national and international routes. The new Flagships will provide the most modern refinements in passenger appointment for maximum comfort.

AMERICAN AIRLINES Inc.

THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS


BOTTLED IN BOND
I.W. HARPER
KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT BOURBON
WHISKEY
H

. . . may I urge you to hold on to all the War Bonds you buy.

I. W. Harper

Distilled in peace time and Bottled in Bond under the supervision of the U. S. Government.

it's always a pleasure

I. W. HARPER

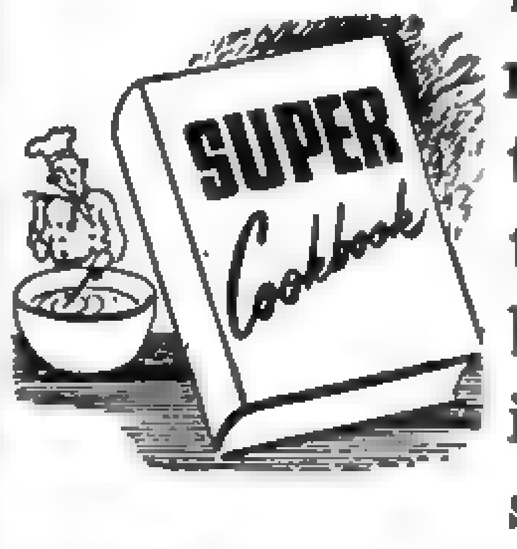
since 1872

the gold medal whiskey

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof. Bernheim Distilling Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky

Talking Shop with Esquire

"ON THE TIP OF MY TONGUE". Marse Brody, Esquire's own food editor, has written a super cookbook for gourmets. You will find therein, recipes that have never before appeared in print, culinary secrets the intrepid Brody has wheedled from famous chefs all over the world. Down to earth, too, no tea-room whip-creameries, but strictly masculine concoctions such as beef tongue or oxtail stew cooked in rich Burgundy. More than a series of recipes, the book has plenty of urbane chatter plus nubs of valuable information.



MOM'S HOME-MADE BEANS. If you run out of meat points, how about giving homemade beans a whirl? Dished up in party style in a glorified earthenware bean pot with wicker handles. Comes with two tops, a pottery top for actual cooking and a handsome wooden top with matching spoon for the table. Holds 4 quarts and it's a pip.

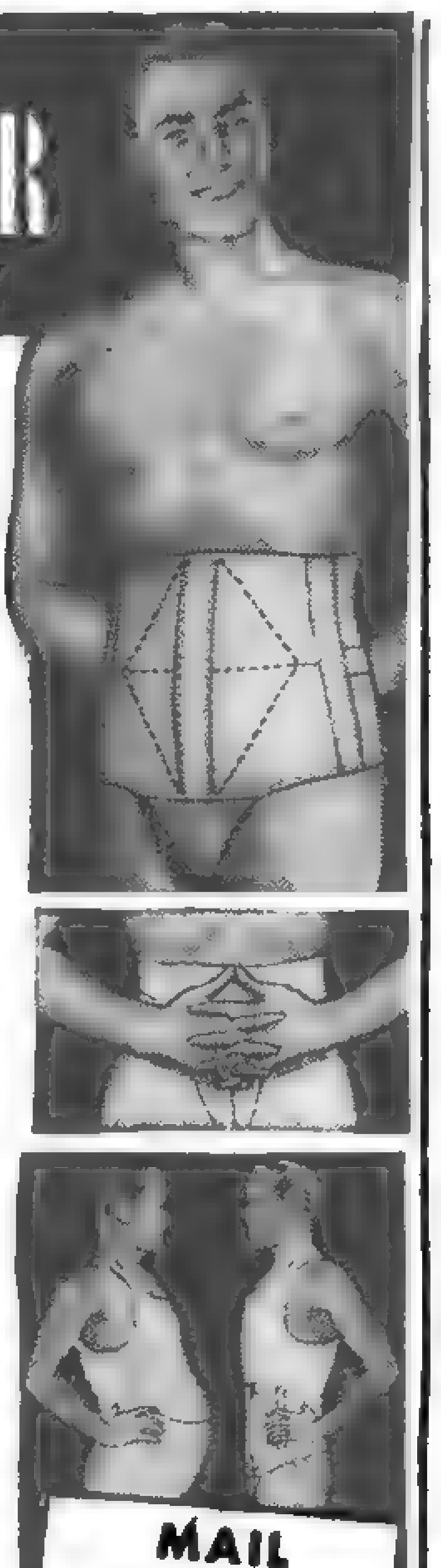
ATTENTION CARVERS! If you *should* achieve a roast, don't hack it to bits with a dull knife. Rely on the precision sharpener. Just adjust the blade to the abrasive wheel at the proper angle; hold the knife on the guide and pull it through. Presto . . . a perfectly bevelled edge.

SALAD DRESSING FOR THE CORPULENT. Don't deny yourself those big globs of mayonnaise. You can have your fill without fear of extra poundage with a new series of bottled dressings made with mineral oil bases so skillfully and tastefully flavored they disguise the oil. There's a mayonnaise done with lemon juice and Cuban honey; a French dressing flavored with tomato juice, onion and spices; and a Hollandaise sauce all ready to serve by simply heating the jar in hot water.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

APPEAR SLIMMER INSTANTLY!



Look BETTER feel YOUNGER with the New GOVERNOR BELT

Now feel alive—have new confidence in your smarter appearance! The New Governor Belt—built on the amazing "Elasti-Grip" principle-streamlines your waist and flattens that embarrassing, sagging "bay window" instantly! It takes weight off tired feet—wind seems longer—back is braced! Clothing fits better—you look taller and slimmer.

➤ Make This Test! →
Test the amazing "Elasti-Grip" principle this way. GRIP HANDS ACROSS ABDOMEN now lift UP and IN. Feel better? Of course you do! And you'll feel still better wearing The Governor.

Amazing "Elasti-Grip" Principle Holds You In 3 To 6 Inches!
The Governor's exclusive "Elasti-Grip" principle—HOLDS IN the abdomen 3 to 6 inches, and even more, because it is self-adjusting. No bothersome laces, steel slabs or ribs to gouge you! "Jock" type pouch gives improved "stay-up" control. YOU GET perfect fit, relaxed or in action!

10 Day Free Trial Offer
Wear the Governor ten days FREE—if not satisfied, return it and purchase price will be promptly refunded. Ward Green Co., 342 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

MAIL 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW

Ward Green Company, Dept. G-532
342 Madison Ave., New York 17, New York
Send the Governor Belt on 10-day Free Trial. I will pay postman $3.98 plus postage. If not satisfied with results I may return Belt in 10 days and purchase price will be promptly refunded.
Waist Measures .... Height ....
NAME ....
Address ....
City .... State ....
( ) Check here if $3.98 is enclosed and we pay postage. Same refund offer applies.

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KEEP 'EM SHINING.

FOR THAT BOOTMAKER'S FINISH

Your shoes are precious, extend their life by using Hollywood Stain Polish, redyes and restores their color, with the soft mellow glow of richly polished leather. Keeps leather healthy. Available in Antique Walnut, Antique Redwood, Dark Brown, Tan and Black....For sale throughout U. S. by leading stores, Strawbridge & Clothier, Phila.; Wagoner—Marsh, Akron; Gertz, Jamaica, N. Y.; Leeds Shoe Stores, Denver, Albuquerque, Phoenix, Tucson; Roe Shoes, Beverly Hills, Glendale, Burbank, Pasadena; Airport Pharmacy, LaGuardia Field, N. Y.; Cannon Shoe Stores, and Roy Logan Stores from coast to coast.

Hollywood
Hollywood
BOOTMAKERS Stain POLISH

★Send For Set Of Five Colors
Send $1.50 for complete set of 5 colors, plus a secret process for shining shoes, sent postpaid, if not sold by your dealer. Unconditionally guaranteed.

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Brokers wanted: territories still open

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May Cause Fatal Infection

Use KLIPETTE
NEW INVENTION

You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. Use of scissors is also dangerous and impractical. There is no better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Rounded points cannot cut or prick skin.

SO SIMPLE! Just turn the end. Surplus hair comes out easily and gently. Never pulls.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back $1 Made from finest Surgical Steel. Chromium plated

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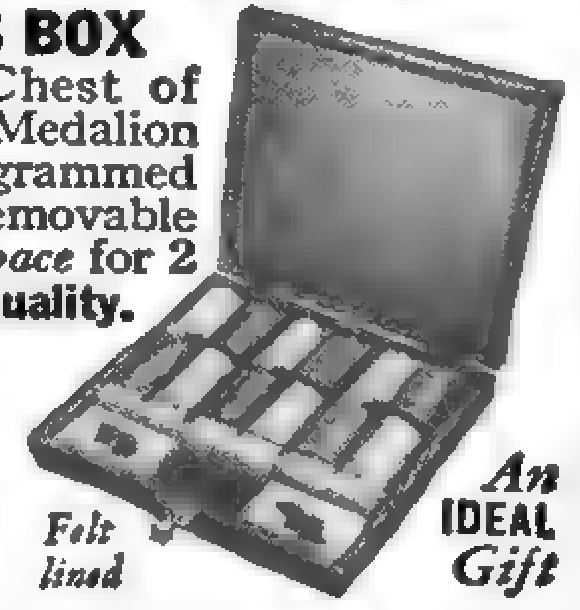
Enclosed is $1.00 for KLIPETTE. If not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.
Name______
Address______

New INTERLOCKING Poker Chips WITH YOUR 3 INITIALS on Every Chip

25 RED • 25 BLUE
50 WHITE CHIPS

Particularly fine poker chips of gleaming, unbreakable plastic! Chips mesh for neat stacking, separate quickly for easy play. Perfect weight, pleasant "feel" . . . *a joy to handle.* State 3 initials desired. **Set of 100, Postpaid, $4.85.**

Deluxe BANKER'S BOX
Luxurious Walnut Chest of Chips. Monogrammed Medalion inset in lid. 300 monogrammed chips (see above) in 3 removable trays. 11x11 inches. *Space* for 2 decks of cards. **Superb quality. $24.50 Postpaid.**



An IDEAL *Gift*

HOME EQUIPMENT CO.,
360 N. Michigan Ave.
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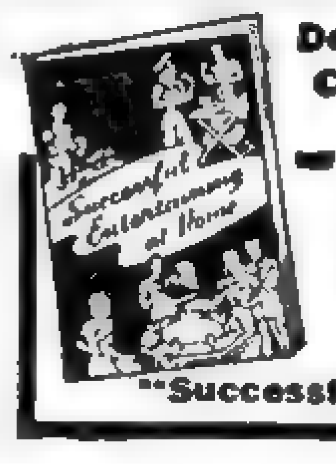

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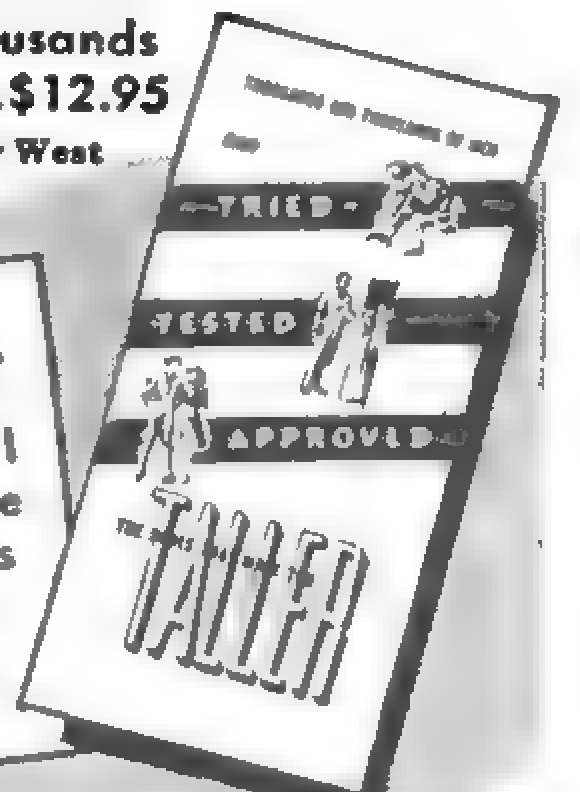
...the amazing shoes that increase your height instantly. *"Elevators"* look like any other fine shoes—*but what a difference* they make in your appearance. *Worn* and *approved* by thousands of successful men. $12.95
Slightly Higher West



Write for this . . . FREE BOOKLET about original "Elevators" — the handsome shoes that make you TALLER. Mail the coupon today.

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I Want to be TALLER. Please send me your Free Booklet and name of nearest dealer where I can purchase "ELEVATORS".
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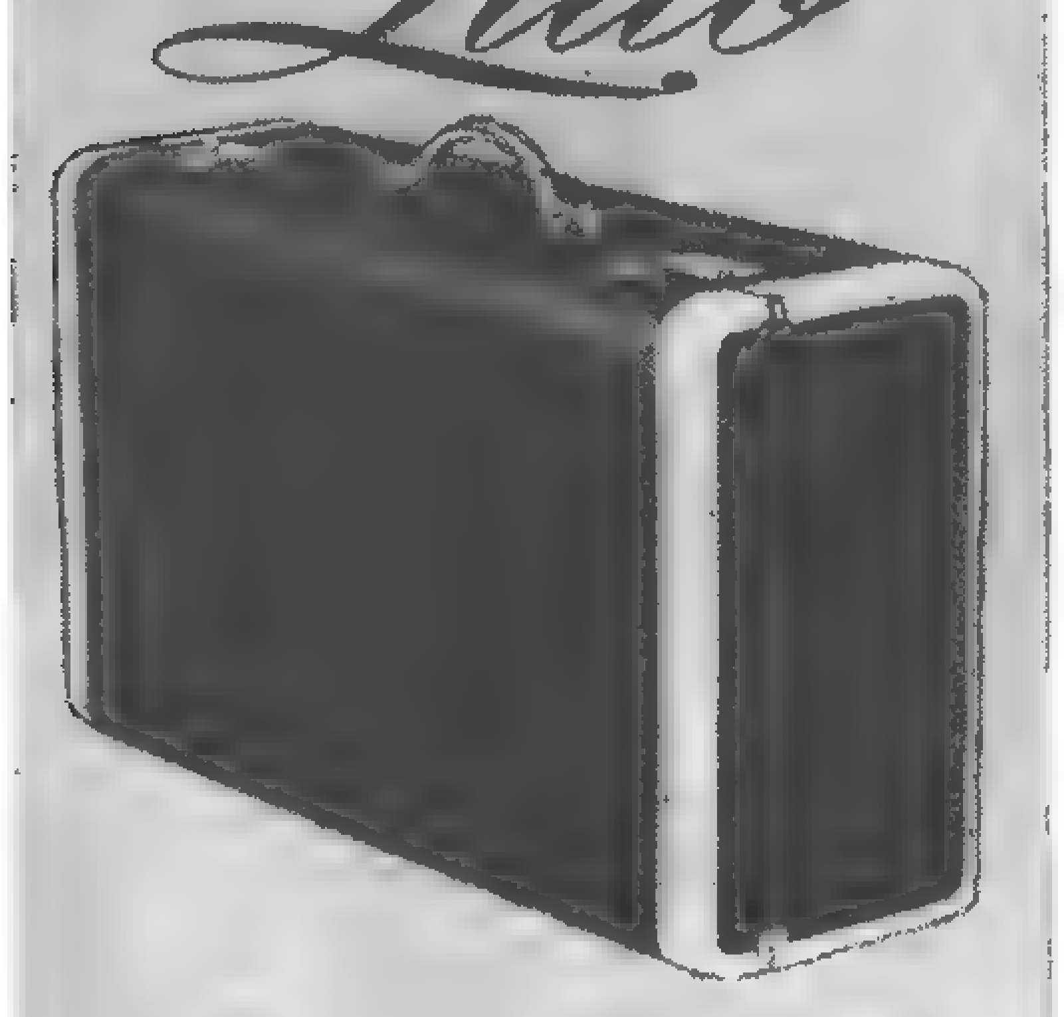
STONE-TARLOW CO., Inc.
EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF "ELEVATORS"

LUGGAGE BY

*Lido**



Soon you will again know the supreme satisfaction of owning superlatively fine leather luggage by Lido. Even now, under today's limitations, Lido wartime luggage is distinguished for its quality.

Illustrated: Lido's 26" Pullman Case. A favorite of particular travelers, $22.90 plus tax. Other sizes and models, $16.85 to $35.20. At leading luggage and department stores.

Quality that lasts
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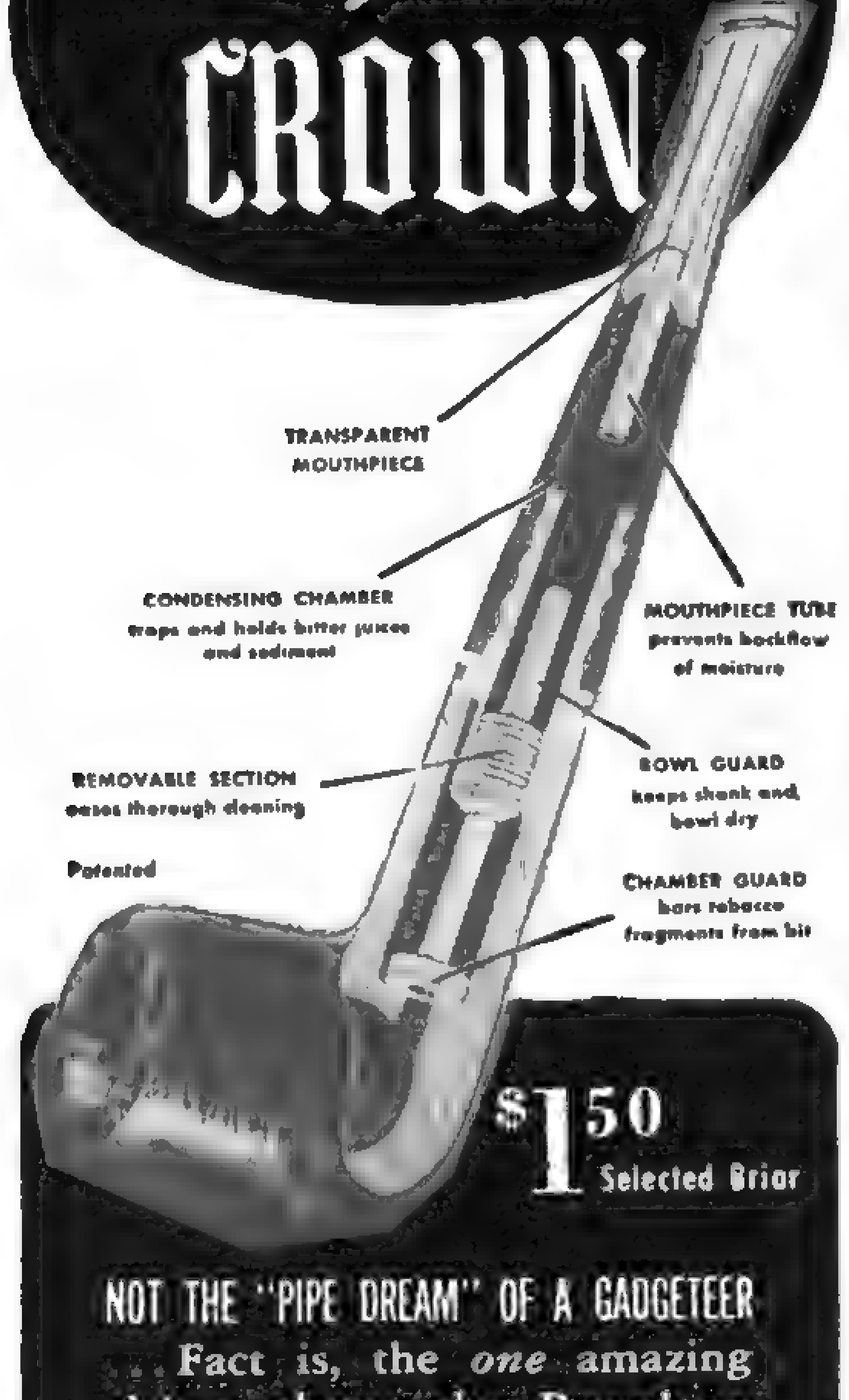
FREE TO SADDLE HORSE OWNERS

Why pay fancy prices for saddlery? Write for FREE Catalog that has saved real money for thousands of horsemen. Describes over 400 popular items of English and American "tack". I ship saddlery on approval. Write today. WIESENFELD CO., Dept. EM, 112 W. North Ave., Baltimore 1, Md.

FOR MEN WHO REALLY KNOW PIPES

Royalton
CROWN


TRANSPARENT MOUTHPIECE
CONDENSING CHAMBER traps and holds bitter juices and sediment
MOUTHPIECE TUBE prevents backflow of moisture
REMOVABLE SECTION eases thorough cleaning
BOWL GUARD keeps shank and bowl dry
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CHAMBER GUARD bars tobacco fragments from bit

$1.50 Selected Briar

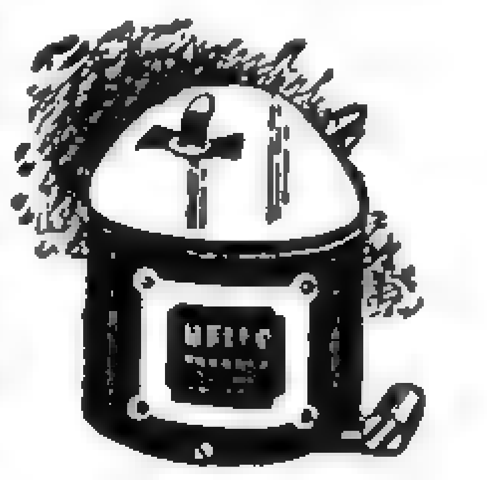
NOT THE "PIPE DREAM" OF A GADGETEER

. . . Fact is, the *one* amazing thing about the Royalton Crown is its ability to keep everlastingly dry. You are not annoyed by acrid juices or slugs—these gremlins can't bypass the condensing well and other patented Royalton Crown safeguards. Every pipeful gives you added dividends of smoking pleasure. Cleans in a jiffy.

HENRY LEONARD & THOMAS, INC. • OZONE PARK, N. Y.

Talking Shop with Esquire

STROPS AS IT SHARPENS. Safety razor users who estimate 5¢ to 20¢ a week blade cost, might do well to invest in an abrasive strop blade sharpener. The gadget hollow grinds and strops 4 blade edges simultaneously. The surface of the grinding rolls are treated with an abrasive element which need only be renewed once a year. The makers claim they get letters from service men who are well on their way to their 200th shave with the same blade—due to the sharpener.



HOW'S YOUR FILING SYSTEM? Out of wartime priorities has emerged a nail file that uses no metal . . . durable, flexible and 7 inches in length. The new type fine emery does a professional job in filing. If you're doing your own digits these days here are a few pointers: 1. Use both sides of the emery, the rough side for shaping, the fine side for bevelling. 2. File from side to center in one direction only. Follow shape of your finger in filing. 3. In bevelling, hold file at right angles to the nail for a smoother, cleaner edge. You're welcome.

SOAP LEAVES. Occupied territories over yondah seem to be notoriously lacking in soap. Here's where the "Soap Wallet" comes in. It's a genuine leather wallet, 3½" x 4¼" when closed, and it holds 50 paper thin soap leaves. Just pull out a leaf, apply to wet hands and the specially treated paper works itself into a terrific lather pronto . . . and in ANY kind of water. You can get re-fills.

"THAT SCHOOL BOY COMPLEXION". The ladies aren't the only sex to covet a smoother skin. Winter winds and artificial steam heat really do a job on drying out the natural oils of the skin. Now no guy wants a dried prune complexion. To help guard against this condition, there's a skin oil normalizer to be used before and after shaving . . . or to rub in before hitting the hay. There's a skin oil soap to be used avec.

Ranger

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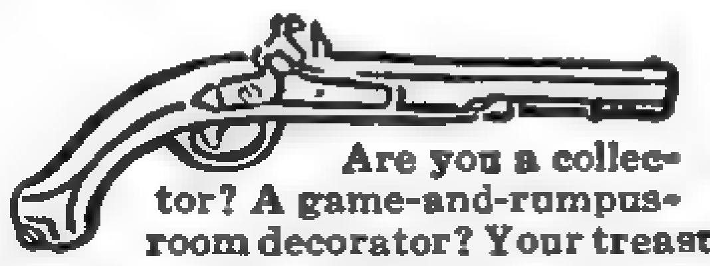
GUNS & SWORDS



Are you a collector? A game-and-rumpus-room decorator? Your treasure hunt ends in our catalog, listing 1400 authentic items. Typical values:
45-70 Breech Loading Springfield Musket . $16.00
Fine Civil War musket made by Colt Co. . $25.00
To get your Illustrated Catalog of over 100 pages, send 25c to cover postage and handling, to **Robert Abels, E-860 Lexington Avenue, New York 21, N.Y.**

Borrowed from the Barber
and dressed up in an enchanting way. It's a shaving mug (the handle is in the back), comes in blue or black with gold trim and is handsomely hand decorated with any first name painted in gold. (Specify year date if desired.) Wonderful for small fry's milk, cigarettes, ivy, pencils on your desk, or sheer decoration.

$3.75 Postpaid

Extra name 50c *West of Miss. 25c additional*

No C. O. D.'s please

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CHAMPION OF BLENDS

A skillful blend of choicest imported and American tobaccos, its full-bodied flavor and rich bouquet make the best pipe better. At all good tobacconists.

1 oz., 20¢; 1¾ oz., 35¢.
Glass Humidors: 8 oz., $1.50; 16 oz., $2.85

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★ ★ ★ AND ★ ★ ★
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New! LIQUIDS CAN'T SPILL IN SUITCASE!

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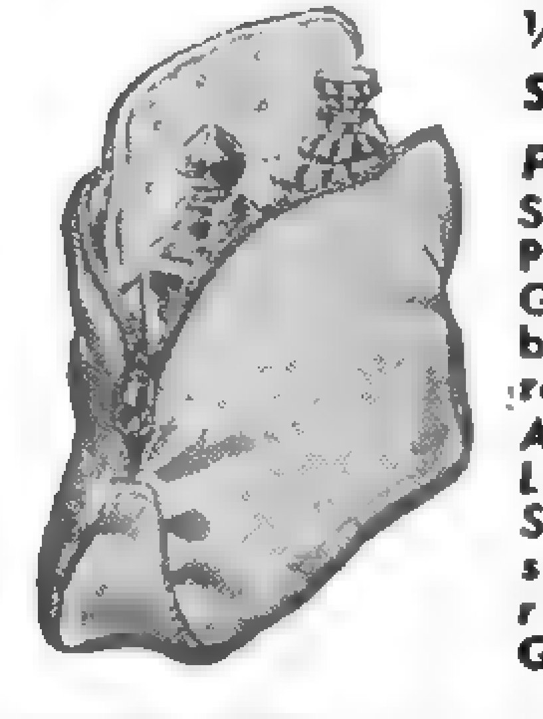
VENUS BOTTLE GUARD
protects bottles while travelling

No More Bottles Breaking, Leaking or Spilling in your Bag. A Smart Looking, Practical Gift for Every Traveller.

You can now travel safely with bottled liquids—liquor, hair tonic, medicine, etc. Venus Bottle Guard protects bottles from breaking, leaking, spilling. Patented design of special suede-like, liquid-proof material. Highly absorbent padding. Zipper closing. Compact. Saves time and bulk in wrapping. Saves emergency cleaning of ruined clothes. In Quart, Pint and ½ Pint Sizes.



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Special Venus Perfume Bottle Guard carries two bottles in separate pockets.

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VENUS CORP., 1170 B'WAY, New York 1, N. Y.

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FAT MEN'S SHOP, INC
"WE FIT ANY SIZE MAN!"
SHIRTS (Business, dress & formal) to size 21; SPORTSHIRTS, SLACK SETS, SWEATERS, CASUAL JACKETS and WINDBREAKERS to 66. UNDERWEAR—*all styles*—to 66; PAJAMAS, to 70; SWIM SUITS, Beach & Lounging Robes, XLONG ties, RAINCOATS to size 60. Mail orders filled. Request illustrated booklet E-8 FAT MEN'S SHOP, Inc. (Sig. Klein Est. 1865)
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AT LAST, LONG-LASTING
All-Elastic
BOSTON BRACES

• Real elastic webbing . . . s-t-r-e-t-c-h with plenty of snap . . . the new BOSTON All-Elastic Braces . . . made by the makers of the famous **BOSTON GARTERS.** Fittings, workmanship, choice of colors, patterns and widths . . . all you'd expect of the name, "Boston". George Frost Company, Shirley, Massachusetts, affiliated with President Suspender Company.

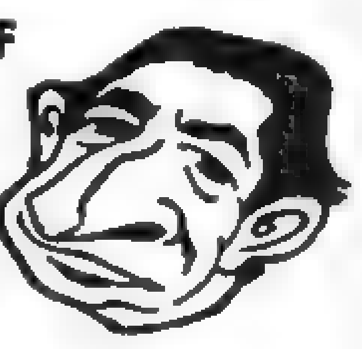
Gantner WIKIES

"Native Life" print..actually designed in the South Pacific for Gantner! Of Zelan water-repellent poplin, with shirred elastic waist, de luxe supporter. At America's top stores!

GANTNER & MATTERN CO., San Francisco

WILLIE HOWARD

IN A RIOTOUS ALBUM OF COMEDY & SONG



A brass monkey with the mumps would laugh at this collection of Willie's most hilarious songs...his most devilish dissertations. Here is sophisticated entertainment you'll never tire of!

French Taught in a Hurry (2 sides); Tyrone Shapiro, The Bronx Caballero; Impressions of Moscow Art Players; Imitations of Jolson, Cantor & Jessel; & the famous "Comes The Revolution." Three 10 in. double-faced records in album, only $2.85 (add 45c for packing and postage in U. S. A.)

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BRACES
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Nationally Advertised
ON SALE AT LEADING MEN'S WEAR AND DEPT. STORES
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Talking Shop with Esquire

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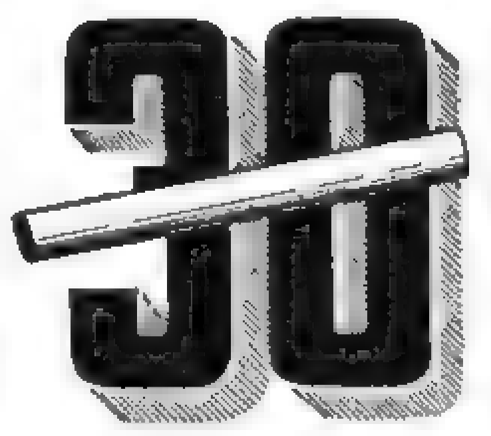

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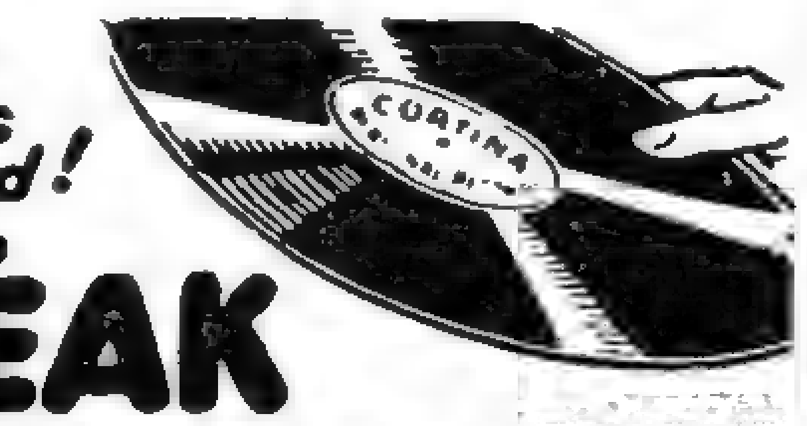

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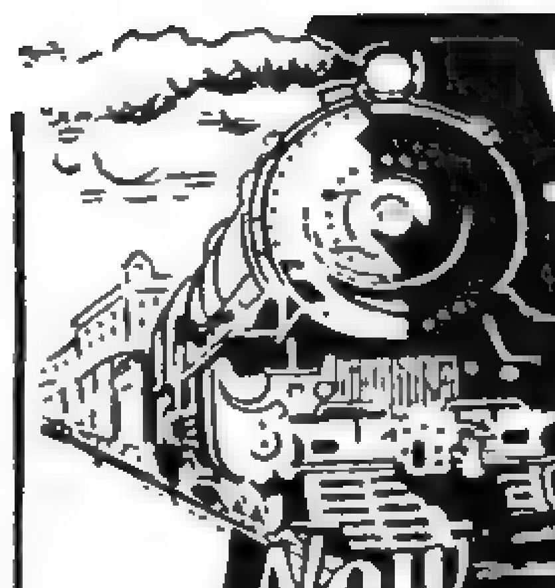

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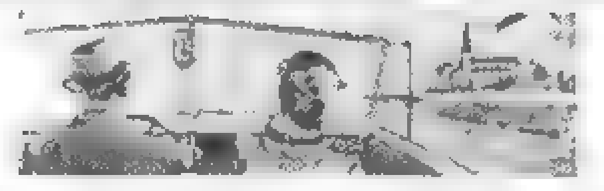

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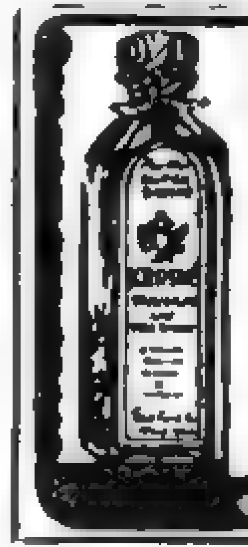

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Painting the Town with Esquire

TRUE to the traditions of old New Amsterdam is the placidity of the worthy burghers dwelling on the banks of Lower Fifth Avenue and its tributaries. A highball at neighbor Barney Gallant's, a game of dominoes with a spot on the side at the Lafayette, the latest murder mystery and they're ready for shuteye. But week-ends, when that loose-ends feeling comes over them, they're different people and something has to be done about it. Accordingly, the Fifth Avenue Hotel, Amen Cornered at 9th St., holds Saturday Night Carnival in its Salon Madrid, floorshowing a string of performers and providing Oscar Walzer and his orchestra for dancing into the wee hours. Fling is flung and by Monday the whole area is placid again and due to remain so till another Saturday brings outbreak.

PROUD PEOPLE hate to be underestimated which was what happened to the denizens of the lordly-soaring Hotel Carlyle, Madison Ave. & 76th: the architects figured that a cute little bar would suffice them. But Manager Harold Bock is a man of justice. Ousting pettiness, he's given them a fine *big* bar . . . As per its annual custom these 62 years, chow-wonderful Luchow's, 110 East 14th, is dishing up venison and fresh roasted goose . . . Now that the Zanzibar has hopped across Broadway into quarters twice the size of those it had, and with Franklin Hughes' mirror-and-drape illusions making them look even larger, guesses are rife as to where next. Madison Square Garden?

A GROANING board well entitled to cry, "Help! Murder! Grand larceny!" is the huge smörgasbord table at the Castleholm, 344 West 57th, where so many adventurers get their freeboot training in smoked eel spearing, salami stabbing, salad scooping, shrimp snatching, olive juggling, jellied tongue filching, fish mousse mauling, pearl onion pouncing, pickled herring snaring and so on. This is just the preliminary to whet your appetite and hone your thirst. The latter is attended to in competent Castleholm fashion, first with aquavit, then beer, then claret or burgundy and finally Swedish punch and brandy, so that by the time you have dined you feel confident that you haven't been merely going through the motions.

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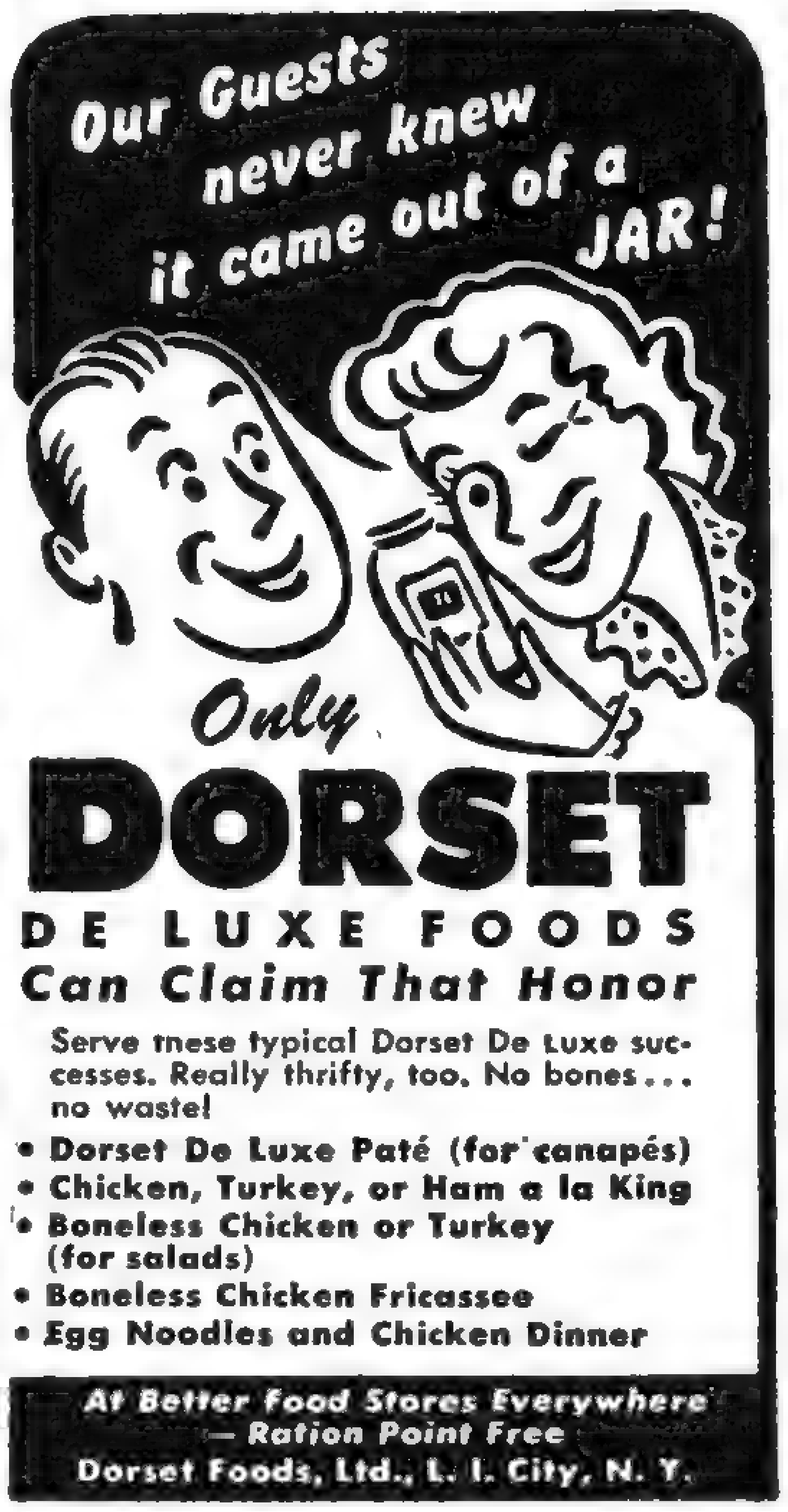
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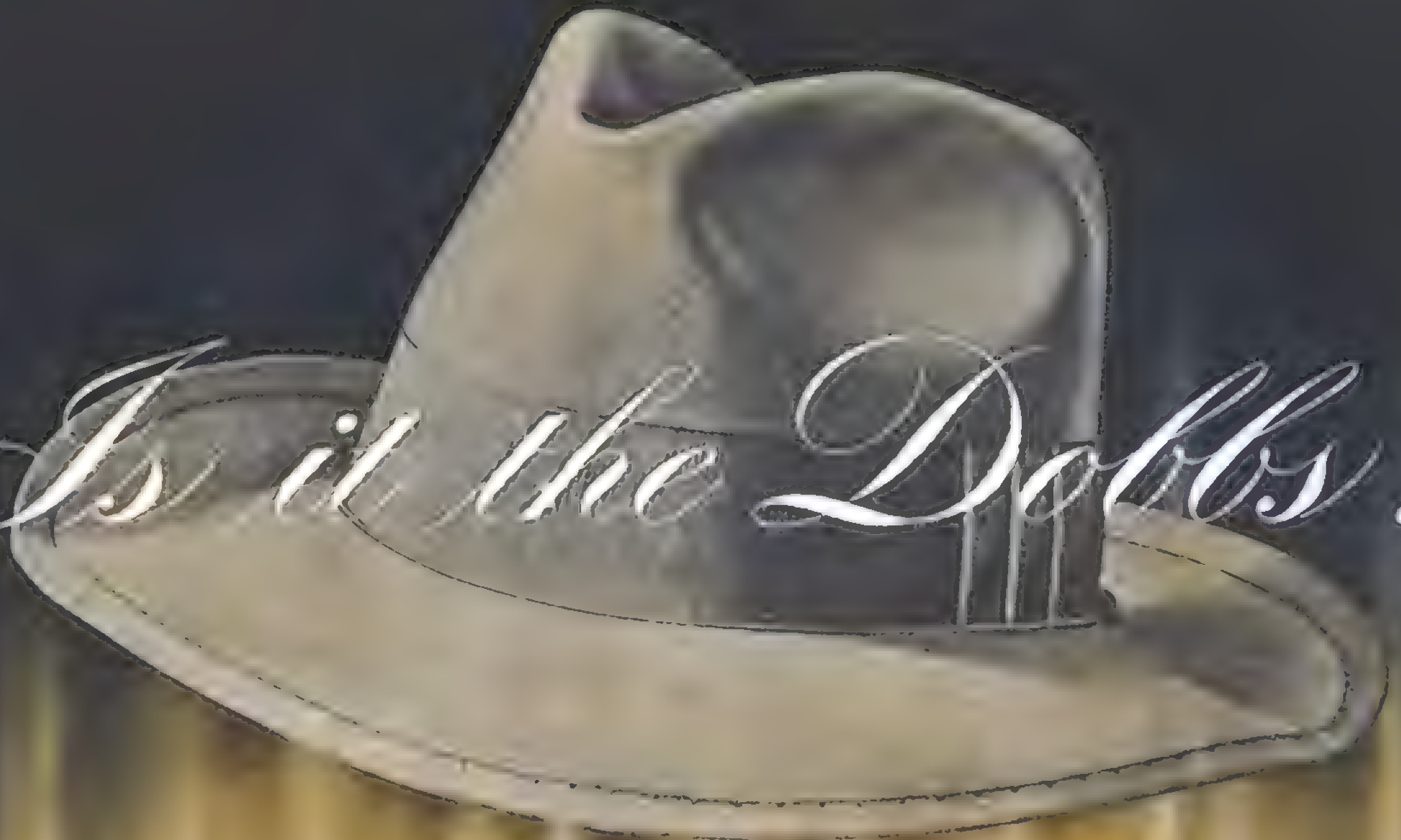

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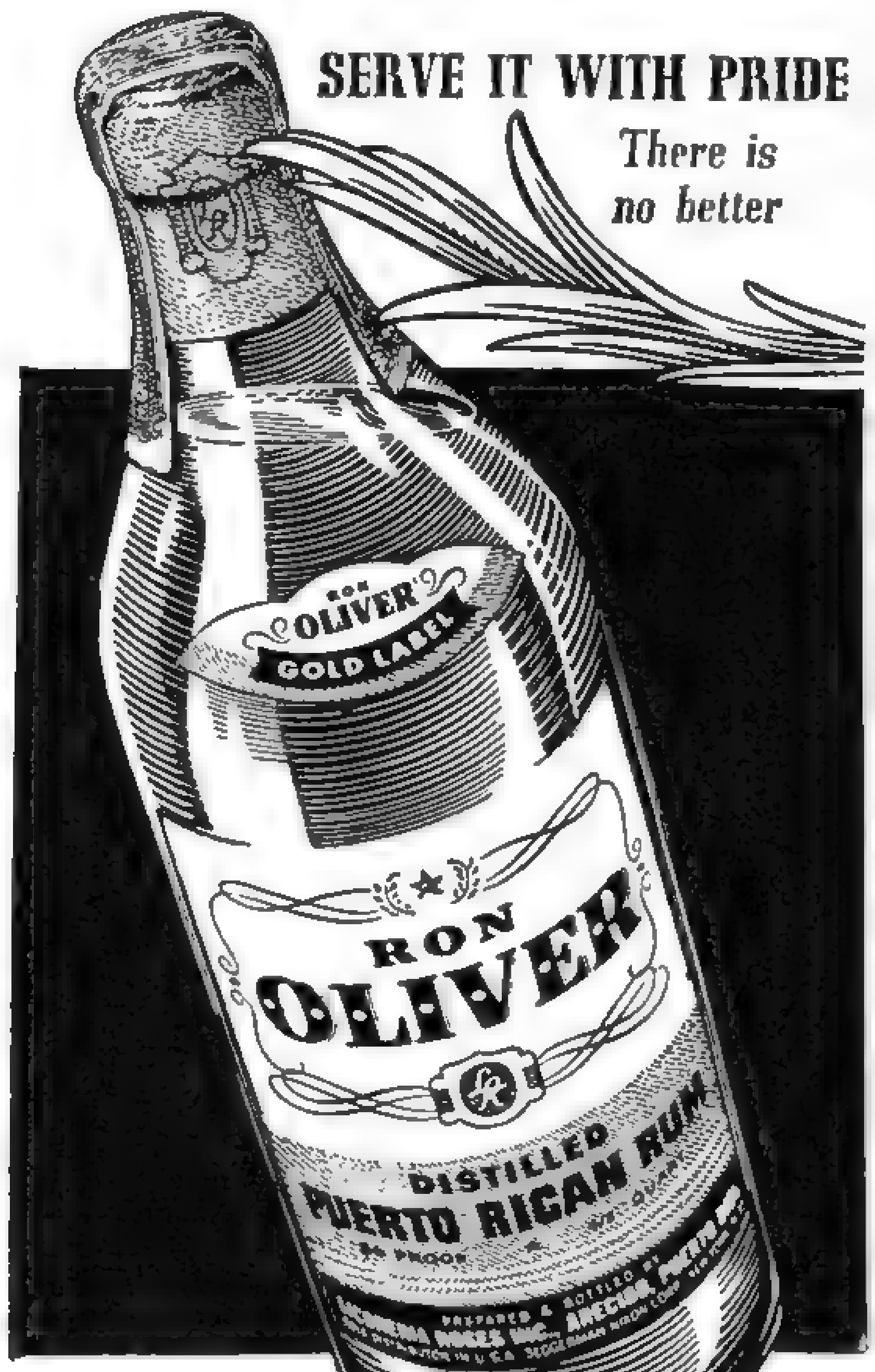

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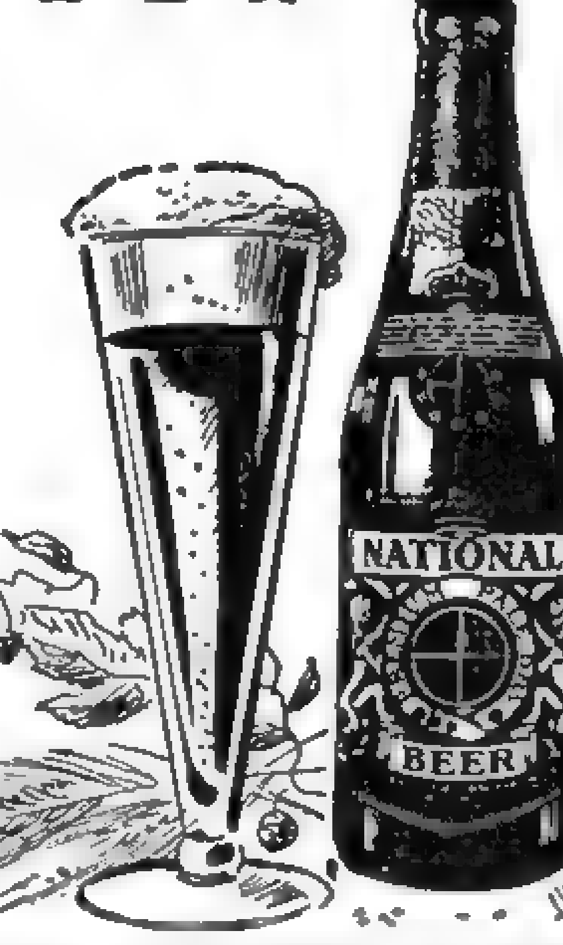

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Painting the Town with Esquire

GALA with new furnishings, new lighting and a grand new service bar, the oh-so-social Palm Court of the Hotel Plaza is thick with sables and shoulder-bars these afternoons and eves . . . Shankwork at the Century Room of the Hotel Commodore is instigated by the music of Hal McIntyre and his tempestuous toot ensemble . . . The Blue Danube and considerable wine flow pleasantly at the nostalgic Vienna Café (50 West 77th) under the suasion of fiddler Fred Fassler and his men, with blonde Rosalie Grant visioning in song. The whole Museum of Natural History, across the street, contains no creature as lovely . . . It's Jerry Wald and his big band at the ice-showed Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, but don't be too optimistic about getting in . . . The new Casino room (it's got movies) of the Monte Carlo is so gorgeous you would forget to eat if the food weren't so lusheroo too.

TO ACCOMPANY the suggestion, "And now what do you say we go down to Jimmy Kelly's?" with a nudge in the ribs isn't compulsory but it's customary, for an expedition to this treasured spot down below Washington Square is supposed to be a bit devilish and unreportable to one's Aunt Emma. Yet no boîte in all the town is more reliably conducted, more correct in its unconventionality, more warm-hearted in its mood, with ageless Jimmy Kelly, dean of night hosts, beaming at the revels. He is a fellow who wanted to be liked, and he has had his wish ever since the days when Irving Berlin and Jimmy Durante used to pound the keys for him. Joe Capello has maestroed the melodies here for more than 20 years. Joe Carter and his musical tambourine-pogo-stick rhythm contraption has been cutting loose ever since Jimmy knows when. Smooth baritone of John Rockwood has been fielding every good song that comes along, and an endless procession of shapelies have tapped, pranced and fanned themselves. Chef "Solly" loves his work, and so do the customers, and the waiters are attentive fetchers and carriers. A G.I. and girl friend can have a swell feast and entertainment for a few bucks, and a big business dealer can pull the princely.

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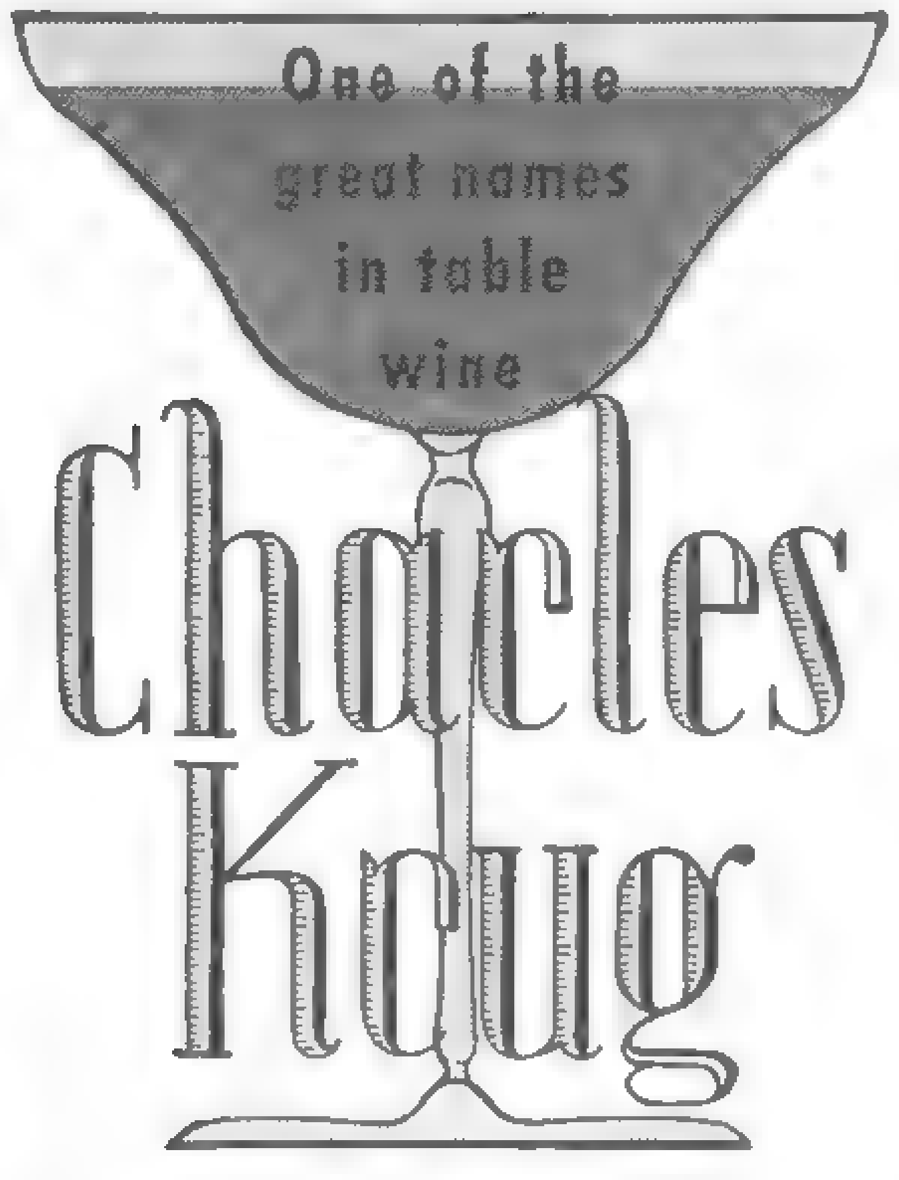
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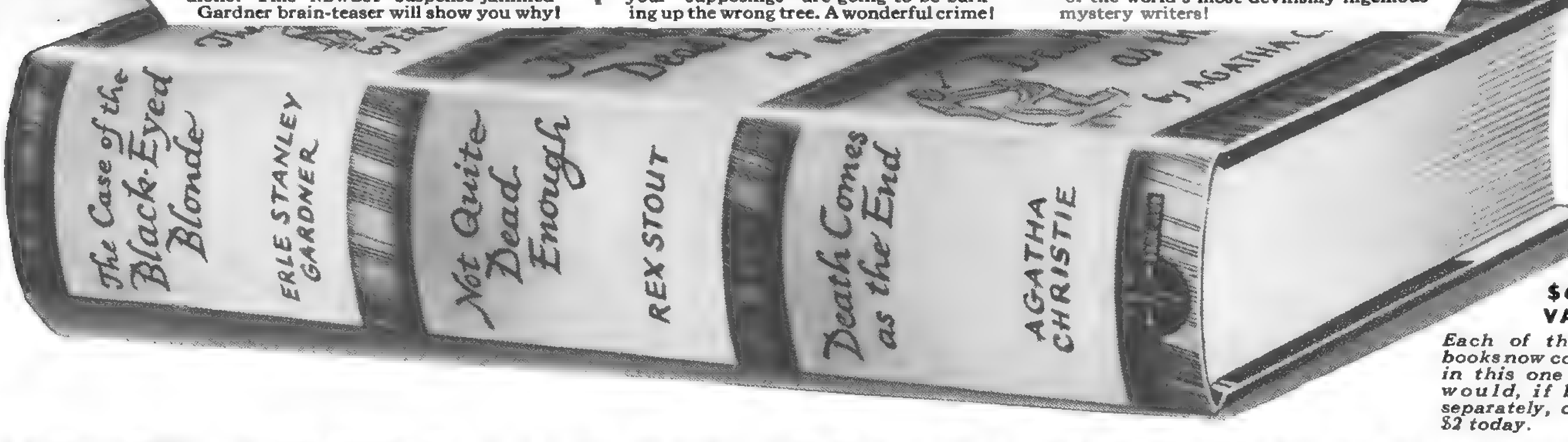
The clues are all before you in this NEWEST Agatha Christie masterpiece. Yet if you can piece them all together in a logical pattern before the last chapter, you may count yourself more clever than one of the world's most devilishly ingenious mystery writers!



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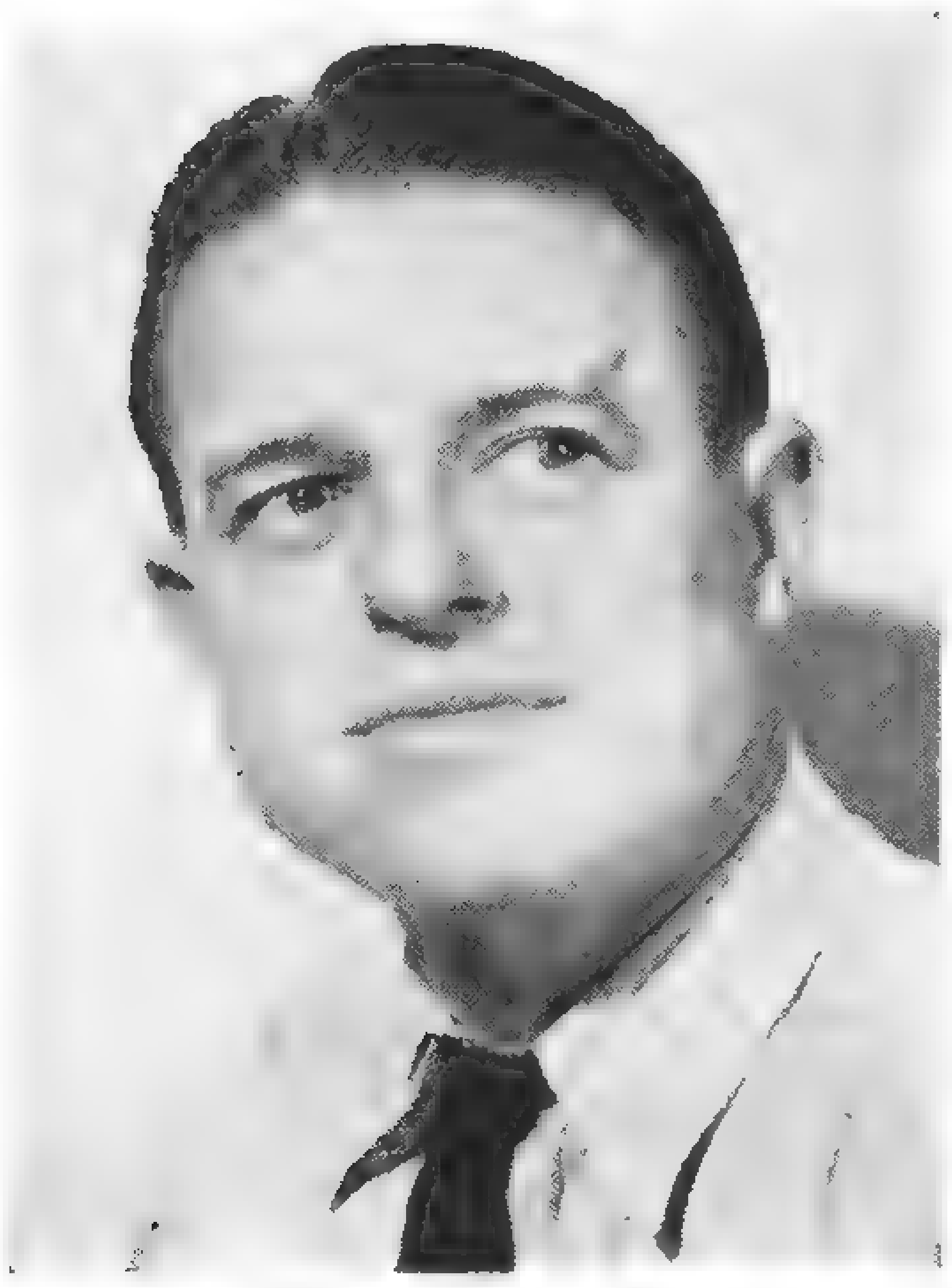


Richard Reynolds

Buzzy and the Baby Mug is Richard Reynolds' first published short story—making him our Discovery of the Month. After attending the University of Illinois, Mr. Reynolds started working on newspaper weeklies, so widely recommended to young reporters as an enriching school of experience. On one of these he supplemented his duties of writing and editing with washing windows, selling ads, sweeping out and feeding the "rock crusher" press. This apprenticeship sold him on dailies and he became in turn, a reporter, swing man, copyreader and make-up editor for a paper in California. He is now copyreader for one of the Los Angeles sheets. Like Buzzy, he has the wanderlust, and he and his wife go south of the border whenever funds permit. Their last jaunt took them to several South American countries: Costa Rica and Guatemala will come next. They have one small, lively son.

•

Aside from playing father to a forty-nine-year-old Indian seaman, (See *Irfan Wants a Wife*, page 46) Carl Glick has lately written a book called *Double Ten Day: Captain O'Banion's Story of the Chinese Revolution*, which Whittlesey House will publish this spring. He has been an actor and a director, and has written a number of plays, among them *The Laughing Buddha*, *Shake Hands with the Dragon* and *Outclassed*, as well as a novel, *The Unconquered*.

Carl Glick

•

Iles Brody, who makes food so fascinating that checking his department, *Man the Kitchenette*, before lunch has always been a kind of torture for our proofreaders, has whipped his articles into a book, called *On the Tip of My Tongue*, published by Greenberg.

•

Philip Cyrus Gunion, a meteorologist with the U. S. Army Air Forces, is somewhere in the South Pacific, doing as nicely, we hope, as the hero of his story, *In Chicago They Do It Different* (page 36). He began writing four years ago after several seasons as an actor and as a radio copywriter. Before going overseas he was midway in the preparation of a novel dealing with the period leading up to this war. He is chiefly known, it says here, for having a beautiful wife.

Philip Cyrus Gunion

•

The career of Grantland Rice has inspired many a clear-eyed young sports writer, most of whom learn it can't always happen here. He was born sixty-four years ago in a village in Tennessee, attended Nashville Military Academy and Wallace University School. His newspaper connections ranged from the Nashville *News* to the New York *Tribune* (now the *Herald-Trib*). His column, *The Sportlight* has been syndicated since 1930, and he is president of Grantland Rice Sportlights, Inc., a motion picture company. He served with the A.E.F. in France in 1918-19 as a first lieutenant. He is a Phi Delta Theta, a Phi Beta Kappa, presumably a believer in predestination, and a Democrat.

•

Ed Prell (*Golden Gloves' Golden Trail*, page 57) is currently covering professional football for the Chicago *Tribune*. He started writing sports for the local paper when he was in high school at Pittsburg, Kansas, continued on various Kansas and Oklahoma papers, and became sports editor of the Omaha *Bee-News*. In 1932 he joined the Chicago *American* as a baseball staff writer, eventually landing on the *Trib*. He lives in Evanston with his wife and two sons, contributes articles to *The Sporting News*, and takes pride in his ability to pronounce the names of all professional wrestlers.

•

Gilbert Hammond was born in 1904, divided his boyhood between Vermont and Nebraska, has spent most of his working years in New York and is currently in Boston, with the Boston *Traveler*. He did some magazine fiction before getting his first newspaper job on the Bronx *Home News* but dropped it, more or less, for the city room life. He worked for the New York *Journal* for a time and was managing editor of the Burlington (Vermont) *Daily News*. Recently he spent about a year overseas as war correspondent for the Boston *Traveler*. He says: "When I got back, I felt like doing some general writing, but not about the war, except when I had to." *Ace Bentley Is Dead!* was the result.

Gilbert Hammond

•

Barry Ulanov, a twenty-six-year-old New Yorker, writes: "While at elementary school, I wrote some pastiche impressions of Toscanini conducting *La Mer*, under the illusion that this was music criticism. Ever since, I have had the strong conviction that I am a music critic—hence *Blues for the Times* [on page 27]. For about twelve years, before college, I kicked the violin around. But when I arrived at Columbia that redoubtable instrument revolted at the ministrations of a weak left wrist, and I was forced to confine my frustrated musical expression to writing. At Columbia, I ran a jazz column in the *Jester*, the university humor magazine, and took advantage of my job as editor of the literary magazine, *Review*, to run a monthly piece on all aspects of music. After college, I edited *Swing*, a jazz magazine, *Listen*, a record magazine, and *Metronome*, the oldest magazine in the popular music field in this country (sixty-one years) which I still edit. I also conduct a column for *View*, the quarterly of Surrealist persuasion. Married, I have several projects under way: a novel; a children's book; a biography of Duke Ellington; a History of American Music in collaboration with Dr. J. T. H. Mize; a child."

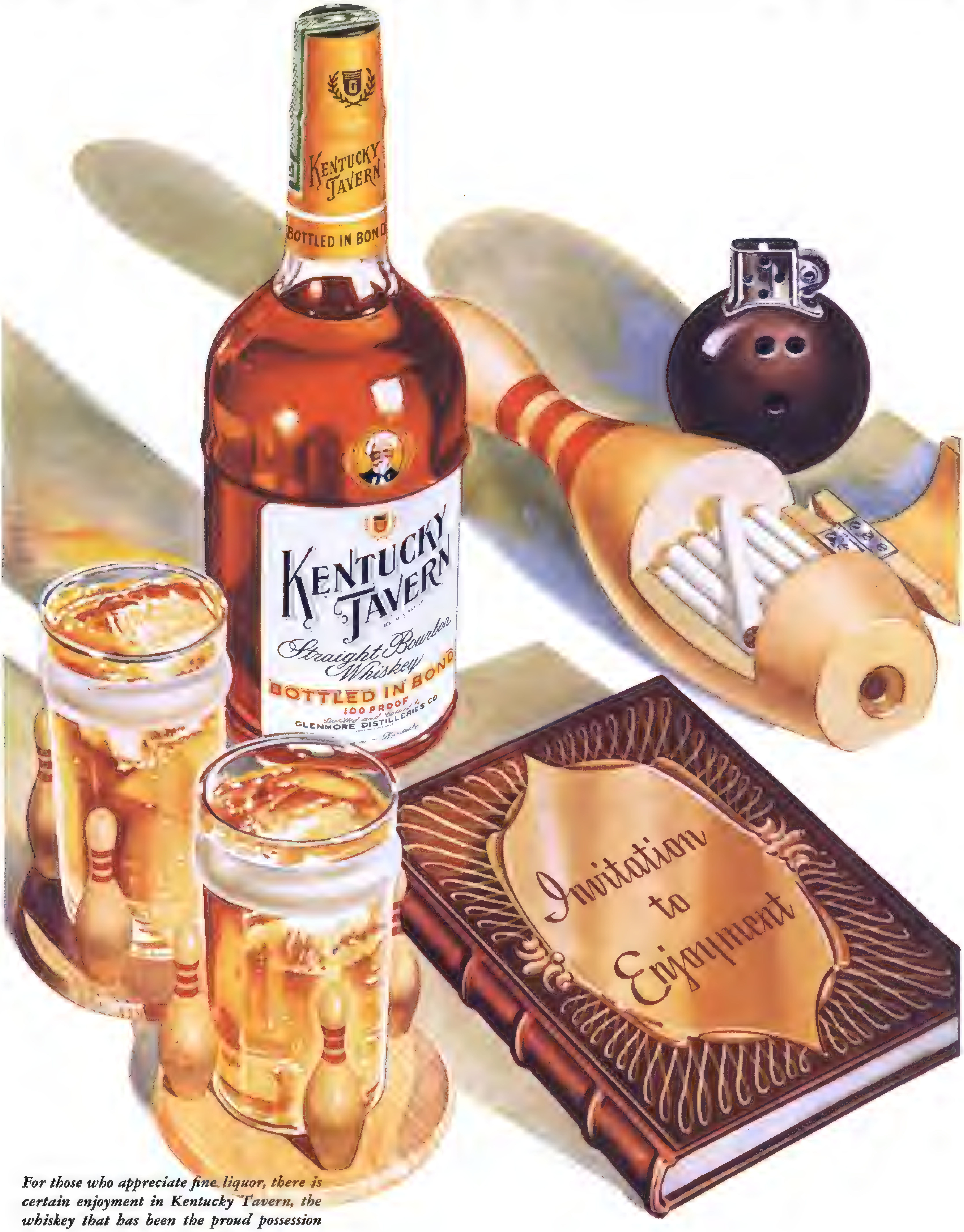
Barry Ulanov

•

Henry Anton Steig, who contributed *Gertie and the Pied Piper* to this month's fiction department, wanted to write when he was still a school kid in the Bronx. But before he settled down to it in earnest, he was, in the order named, a lifeguard, a jazz musician and a cartoonist. He has had stories in *Collier's*, *The New Yorker*, *Cosmopolitan*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Liberty* and other magazines including this one. He has also written a novel, *Send Me Down*, published by Knopf; has had a Hollywood period; and an interesting year and a half in war work as a toolmaker.

Henry Anton Steig

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS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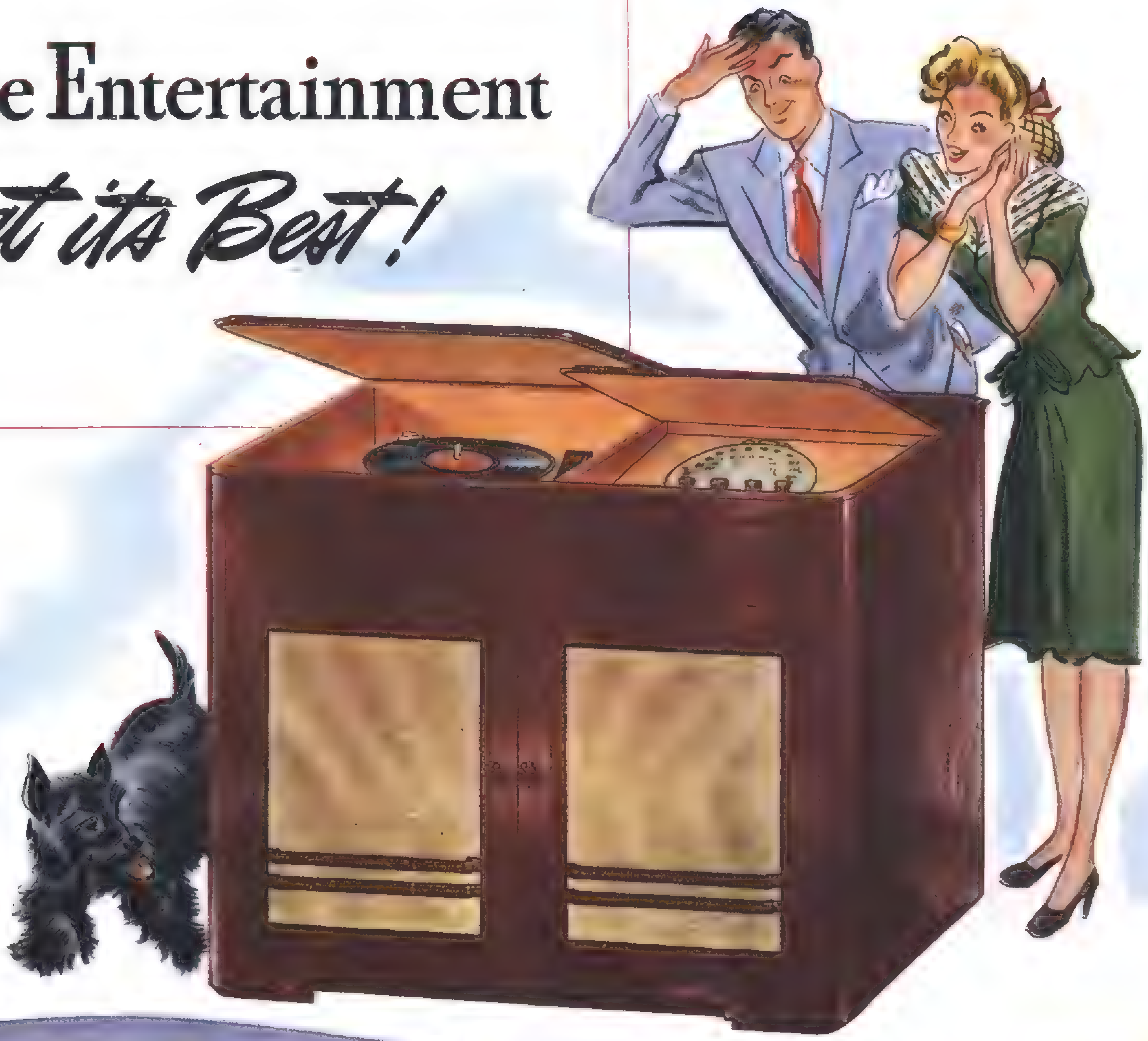

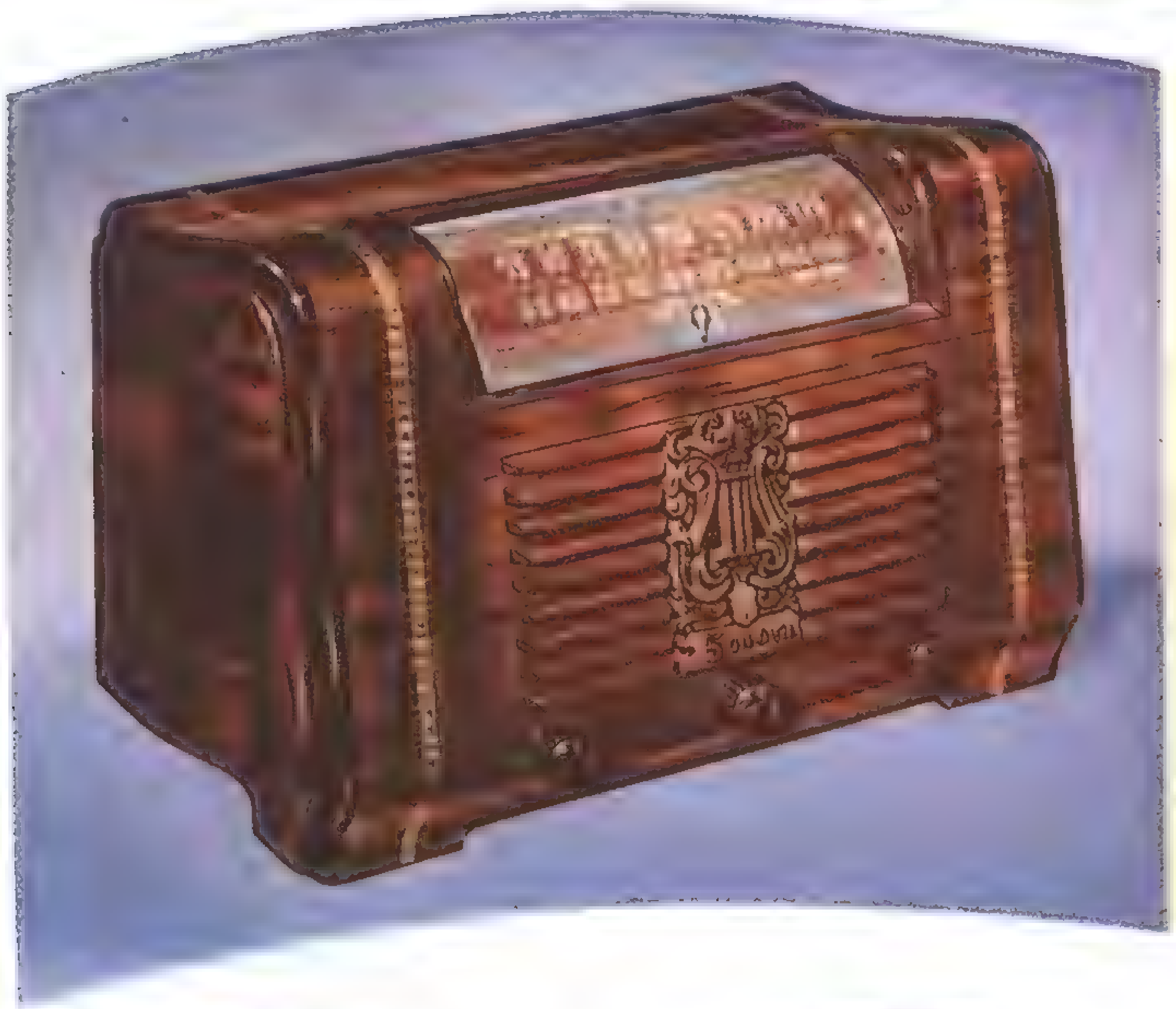

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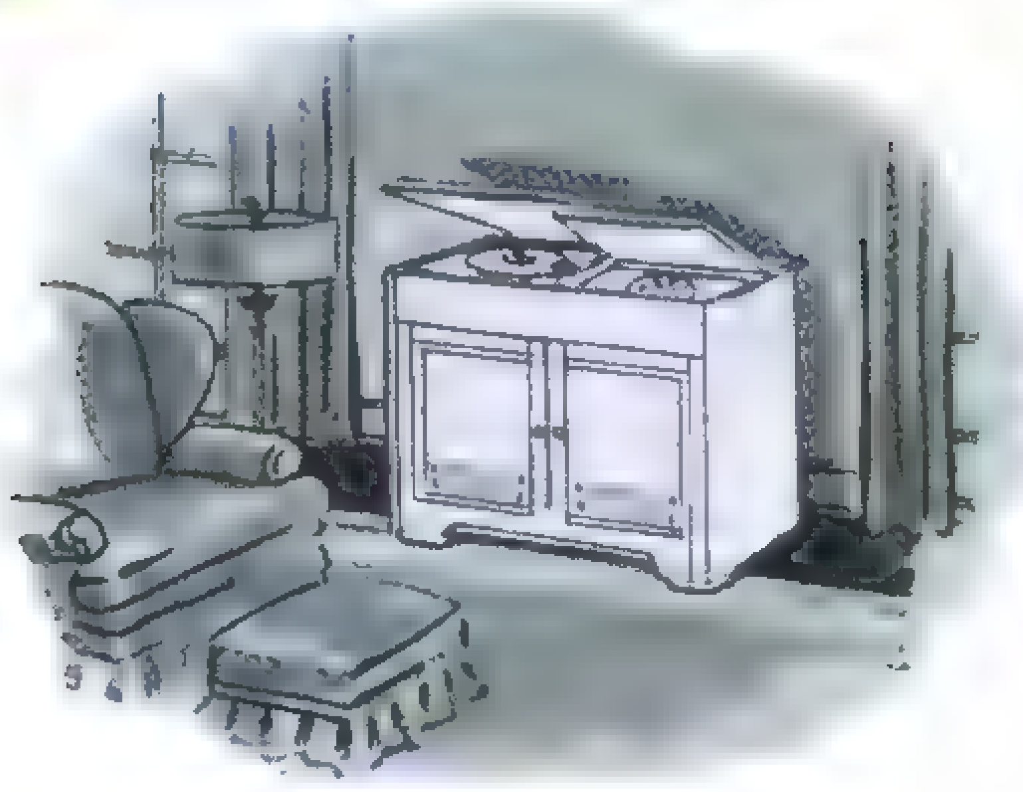

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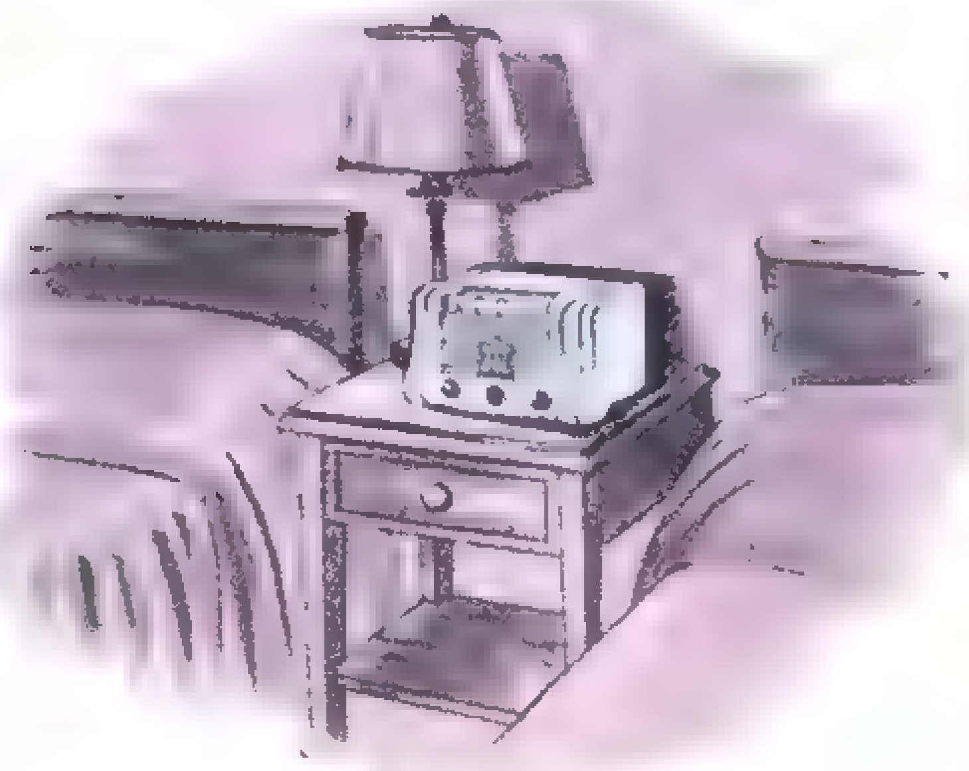

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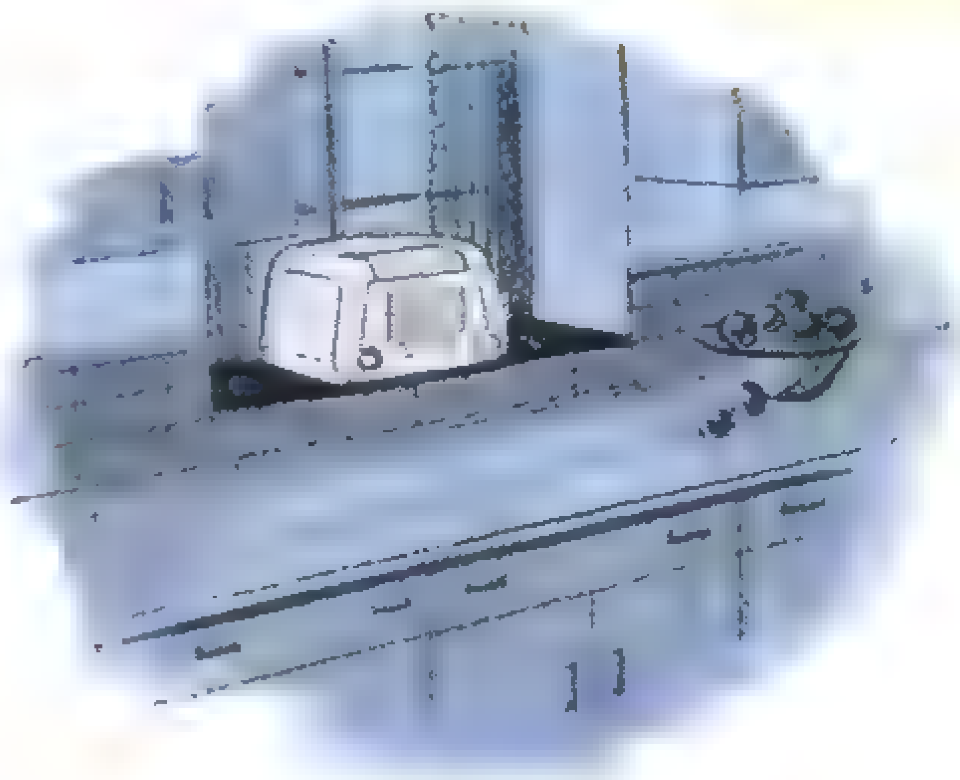

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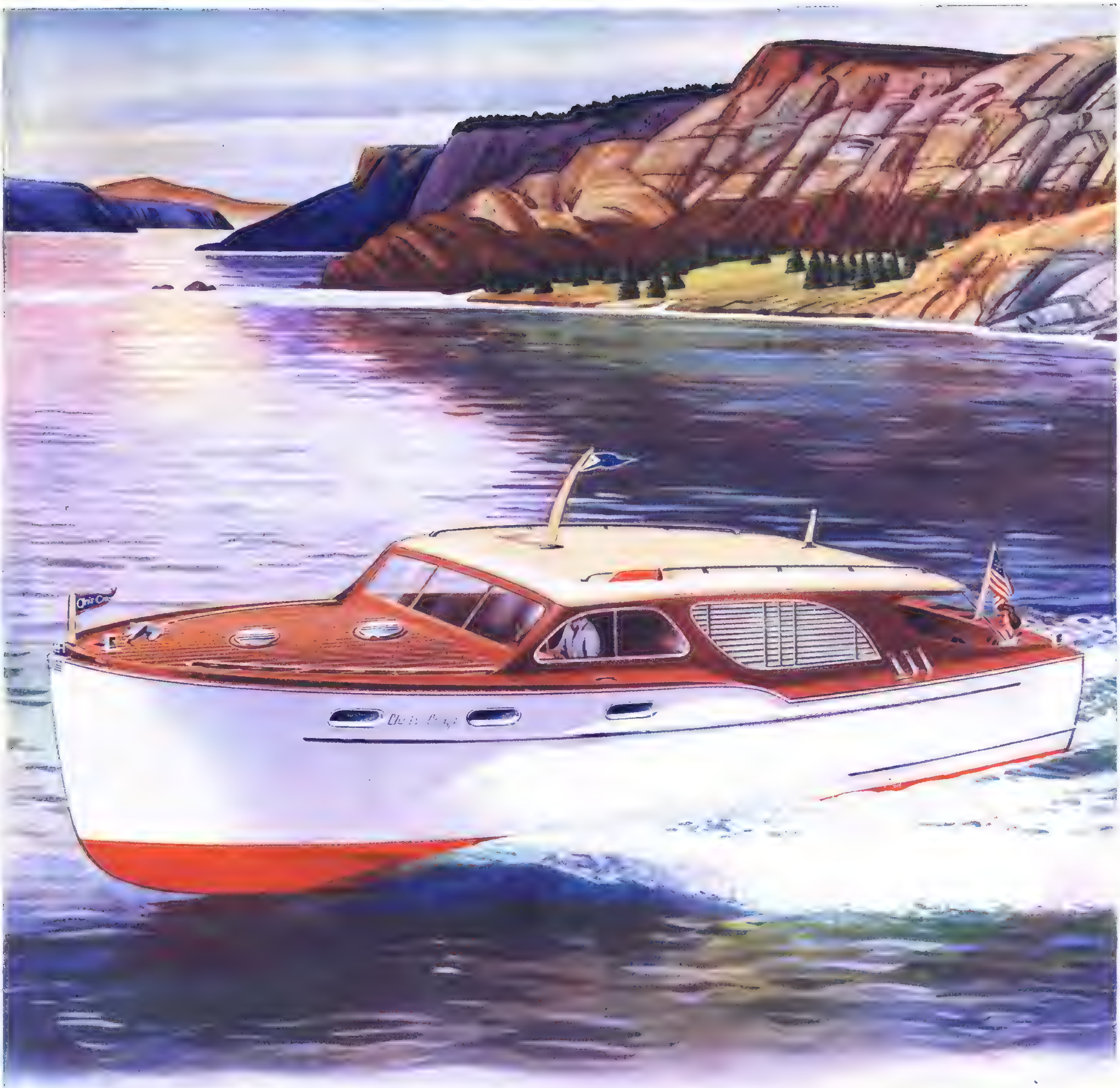

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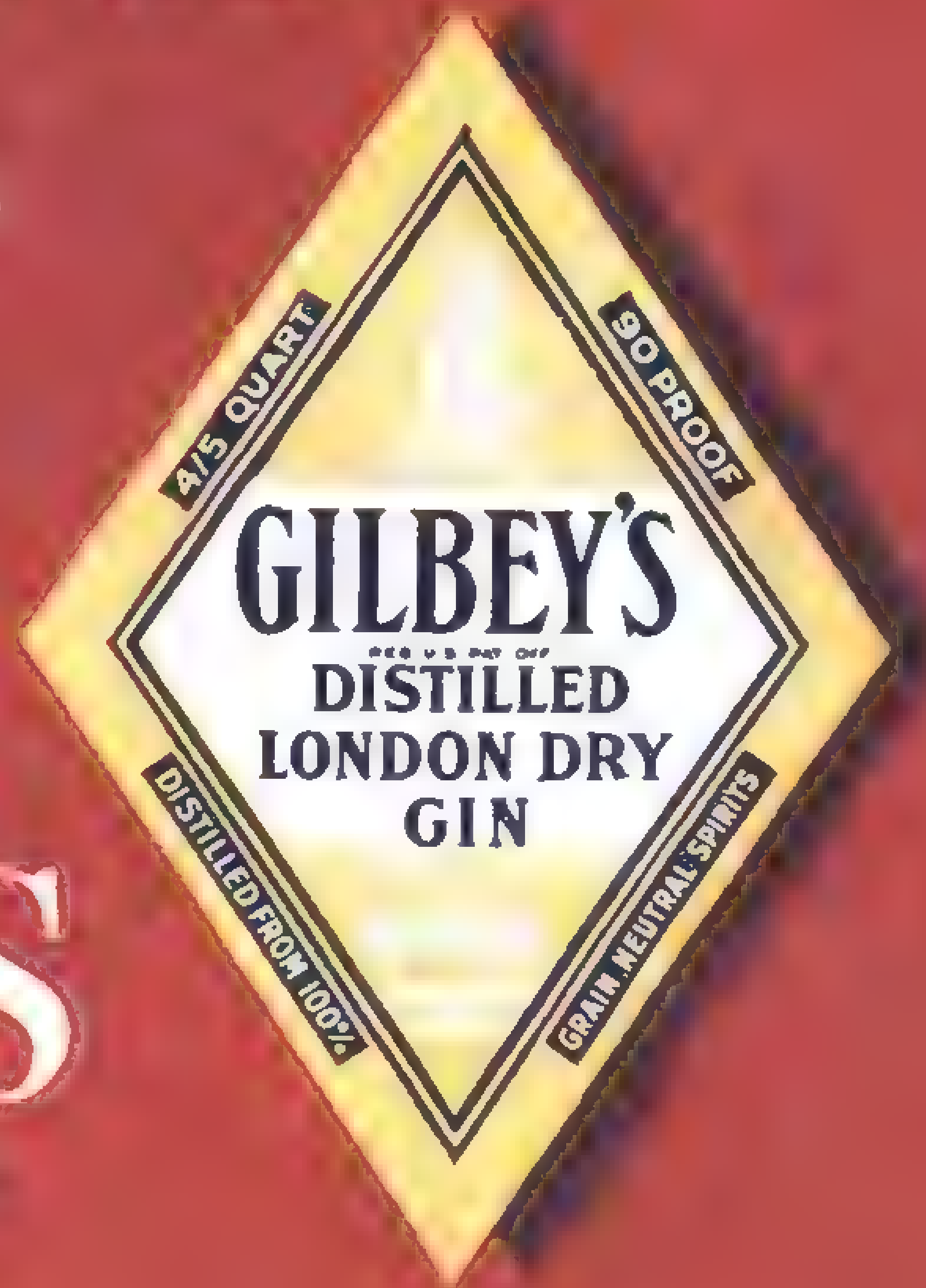
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The Blues for the Times

This most vital form of music adapts its mood to the needs of the moment, claims all creation for its subject

by BARRY ULANOV

▪ ARTICLE ▪

One of the most familiar plaints in the more intellectual musical circles (that is, the circles of men who talk about rather than play or write music) is the lack of contemporaneity in contemporary music. They find it missing from Tin Pan Alley, New York, to Cos Cob, Connecticut, and Hollywood, California, and back to Yaddo, New York, from all the places where the modern composers of America gather. True it is that these moderns have captured much of the raucousness, the blatant dissonances of contemporary life. True it is that they are a well-trained, articulate group of composers. But their most distinguished articulations are verbal rather than musical. They can damn musical audiences, salons and sponsors with superb oratory and practiced rhetoric, but they don't seem to get very far toward the reasonable goal of supplying audiences, salons and sponsors with agreeable music, with music that goes fairly easily down the ears.

Right or wrong, the music of the moderns is a veritable musical calculus. Provided with the ciphers, particularly erudite auditors may be able to piece some meaning out of this esoterica. The more simply equipped masses must seek humbler fare for that touch of the times that we demand in our arts. So the masses go to the movies and whistle the tunes built for them on the conveyor belts of Manhattan's and Hollywood's music factories. More often than not these tunes are vapid, badly constructed after the lowest mental patterns of the huge group that perks its ears and lifts its toes after the march of the Hit Parade. A kind of musical law of marginal utility makes it possible for songs like *Pistol Packin' Mama* and *They're Either Too Young or Too Old* to capture the imaginations of so many million Americans. These novelties, and the fantastic pile of songs re love on the dole or love on the dough, love in spite of war or love because of war, come and go each year with scarcely a distinguished measure among them.

What about this? Is ours a second-rate music which depends on the tritest manifestations of the American intelligence for its inspiration?

Not in the least! We've got the jazz hot. And we've got the most enduring and the most persuasive of jazz forms, the blues; the blues that made jazz possible, as its evolution toward modern forms sped away from ragtime and brought the six-piece Dixieland music of pre-war New Orleans to the same audiences that later crowned, successively, Paul Whiteman, Ted Lewis, Guy Lombardo, Kay Kyser and Sammy Kaye the kings of the commerce of popular music, with time out for Benny Goodman, a mistake they later regretted in favor of Glenn Miller and Harry James. The blues, I say, is the music for the times. Contrary to the average conception of the form, the blues claims all creation as its subject, ranges impressively from Mississippi floods to New Orleans *maisons* to the W. P. A. for its points of departure.

The blues is not only a music for melancholia. There is great joy in the blues, too, a joy that sometimes retains a strain of nostalgia or carries a thread of yearning for money, for romance, for the moon. But the joy is still there, and so too is the great cry there that identifies these songs as songs of the times. Floods and floozies, unrequited love and unemployment, the blues describes them all and adds a flavor of the life as it is strong and wholesome, if in some moralities questionable, that is an undeniable reflection of the world we live in, the world we make.

If you go back far enough, you'll find the blues originated in the piercing cries of hurt and shame and fear that sprang from the holds of slave ships running the South Atlantic, from South Africa and South America to our own South. You'll find these cries mingled with the shouts of joy and the wails of pain which rambled through the crazy-quilt songs the immigrants brought from England, Ireland, Wales and Scotland to Virginia and points further South. These songs were adaptations of the Morris dances, the jigs from Kerry, the hops from Glasgow. In these adaptations there was a successful mixture of laughter and tears, the pains and joys of life in the antebellum South set to a dance. Combined with the slave music, there came into being a strange, almost formless kind of song that finally grew up into the spiritual. This is the Negro spiritual still sung today in little Carolina towns and the backwoods of Tennessee, not the highly arranged, sentimentalized preachments of Carnegie Hall programs and radio sermons.

Through a nineteenth century fraught with musical temporizing that chastened American classical music to the banalities of Edward MacDowell's lesser works and all of Ethelbert Nevin, the spiritual strode on. Not many of the proprieties that made the performances of Negro music on the Chautauqua circuit and the vaudeville stage and the radio such poor parodies of the real thing, imposed their restrictions on the music that was to become the blues. The good people who sang these songs left them free to say anything they felt, open to the improvisation that makes them, in retrospect, a kind of living history of the hinterlands of America.

With the early years of this century, the twelve-bar form we know as the blues came into its vigorous own. Up and down the Mississippi, with its major sources in New Orleans, the blues was sung and played by the black musicians of 1910 and 1920 and 1930. To white America, in showboats, in New Orleans and Chicago and New York night clubs, the Negroes brought their tales of weal and woe. The blues was the base of the early, great recordings of Louis Armstrong, the orphan from New Orleans, whose trumpeting genius formed, in turn, the base for most of the hot jazz that came afterward. His early records are magnificent examples of the blues and the vocal and instrumental vitality of its composers and lyricists and performers. Unlettered, morally but not musically undisciplined, these wild musicians of Louis', Kid Ory and others, and King Oliver, created great jazz, great music. *Gully Low Blues*, *Wild Man Blues*, *Potato Head Blues*, out of the happy chaos of the New Orleans Negro quarter before and during and after World War I, tell you much about the life and times of the fabulous men who made that music.

The history of the blues goes on through the great singers: the five Smiths, Bessie, Clara, Trixie, Mamie and Laura; Ida Cox; Coot Grant; Ma Rainey. This impassioned history gives you rough, untrained voices with a majesty and a power that has scarcely been equaled by the top Wagnerian singers. These women were alternately impoverished and

Continued on page 93

"He may be just a little boy at heart, but you can't amuse him with lollipops and marbles"

All-American Jazz Ballot, 1945

Introducing the new kings of swing to the average reader with information on the twenty-two critics who chose them

by LEONARD G. FEATHER

ARTICLE

ESQUIRE'S ALL-AMERICAN JAZZ BAND

GOLD AWARD

Cootie Williams, trumpet
Jay C. Higginbotham, trombone
Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone
Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone
Benny Goodman, clarinet
Teddy Wilson, piano
Al Casey, guitar
Oscar Pettiford, string bass
Sidney Catlett, drums
Red Norvo, vibraharp
Louis Armstrong, vocal
Mildred Bailey, vocal
Duke Ellington, arranger and band
Buck Clayton, trumpet (Armed Forces)

SILVER AWARD

Roy Eldridge, Trumpet
Lawrence Brown, trombone
Benny Carter, alto saxophone
Lester Young, tenor saxophone
Edmond Hall, clarinet
Art Tatum, piano
Oscar Moore, guitar
Slam Stewart, string bass
Dave Tough, drums
Harry Carney, baritone saxophone
Joe Turner, vocal
Billie Holiday, vocal
Billy Strayhorn, arranger
Count Basie, band
Willie Smith, alto saxophone (Armed Forces)

NEW STARS

Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet
Bill Harris, trombone
Herbie Fields, alto saxophone
Flip Phillips, tenor saxophone
Aaron Sachs, clarinet
Eddie Heywood, piano
Remo Palmieri, guitar
Chubby Jackson, string bass
Specs Powell, drums
Ray Nance, violin
Eddie Vinson, vocal
Anita O'Day, vocal
Johnny Thompson, arranger
Lionel Hampton, band
Mel Powell, piano (Armed Forces)

What is the object of Esquire's jazz ballot?

The object, dear average reader, is manifold. As a member of the general public, you probably think in terms of bands rather than of individuals. You know Tommy Dorsey and Duke Ellington are bandleaders and you know what instruments they play, but you're probably more than a little fuzzy when it comes to identifying the members of their orchestras.

Esquire's ballot helps to bridge this gap between public and performer. It tells you something about musicians whose names and careers had for the most part eluded you, though you may often have been unwittingly impressed by their music.

A hundred years from now, if some musical historian should want to make a survey of the jazz scene in the 1940's, of the real top men in this field and what they did to achieve recognition, he will be able to consult Esquire's annual jazz polls and Esquire's equally annual Jazz Book, as the definite source of authoritative information.

Is the ballot the same as last year?

No, we've made numerous changes. Last year the board of experts, sixteen strong, included several men who are not currently active as jazz critics and a few who had a doubtful claim to a place on our board in the first place; they were well-meaning *aficionados* with no technical knowledge of the subject. They have been taken off the list of experts, but a number of new voters have been added, bringing the total to twenty-two as against last year's sixteen.

Last year, too, we lumped all the saxophone voting into one department, an unnecessarily telescopic gesture. Since the alto sax and the tenor sax both have their own personalities as instruments and their own exponents, we have split them into separate voting sections this year.

Last year the voters were asked to select their favorite instrumentalists and singers. This year they have additionally picked their favorite orchestra and their favorite arranger.

Last year there were only two teams of winners. This year, in addition to the Gold Award and Silver Award teams, we have elected a team of New Stars, composed of the younger artists who had relatively little recognition until recently, and who may be the Goodmans and Hawkinses of tomorrow.

Our concert, which in 1944 set a precedent at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York (first jazz concert ever held there) is set this year for January 17 at the Philharmonic in Los Angeles. The focal point of the affair will be our dual winner, Duke Ellington, the No. 1 man both as bandleader and arranger. He will feature the other winners who happen to be members of his organization, as well as several others who don't.

Who are the judges?

Our board of judges this year embraces every possible shade of critical opinion in jazz. The only two groups of people who are likely to try to claim that this isn't a completely fair and representative list are: (a) those critics most of whose favorite musicians failed to win, (b) those musicians who failed to win. Aside from these two disgruntled groups, there can be no beefing about our ballot. Among the twenty-two critics are men who believe passionately in the jazz of today (Levin, Ulanov, myself) and men who believe no less passionately in the jazz of an earlier generation and who feel that the only passport to jazz immortality is a New Orleans birth certificate with a nineteenth-century dateline (Avakian, Russell, Williams).

This latter group of atavists caused some amusement this year. After clamoring loudly about being left out of the voting last year, two more of them were admitted; whereupon they promptly wasted the privilege accorded them by sending in ballots on which thirty-four of the forty-five voting spaces were left completely blank!

A condition of the voting this year was that the experts must vote only for musicians whom they'd heard often enough in 1944 to be reasonably sure of their present ability. If you know how much a man can be affected from one year to the next by the ravages of a depressing job, a bum lip or a chaotic family life, you can see how this condition helps to maintain the genuinely annual character of the ballot. It also eliminated many votes by critics who either can't or won't spend enough time studying all the present-day musicians.

The musicians had to be selected on the basis of what they had been heard to do in their normal musical environment; *not* on the basis of what they might sound like if they were thrown together in a band with all the other winners.

The twenty-two people who made these selections are an amazingly variegated crowd. They include experts from Batavia, Brooklyn and Belgium; from London, England; Lexington, Kentucky and Laramie, Wyoming; from Connecticut, Chicago, Cleveland and Canton, Missouri.

Dan Burley, about whose jive language ability we carried a feature story last June, combines the functions of editor, sports writer and gossip columnist on Harlem's *Amsterdam Star-News*. He's a veteran blues and boogie-woogie man, a Chicago buddy of Albert Ammons and other early kings of eight-to-the-bar; he's a member of Local 802, American Federation of Musicians; has written syndicated columns on jazz for the American Negro Press.

Mal Braveman, youngest member of our board (21) started jazz criticisms only this year and represents *Orchestra World* on our board. Inez Cavanaugh, representing *Band Leaders*, sang on Victor records with Timme Rosenkrantz (one of our 1944 board) and is the only feminine member of the jury. Dave Dexter, former editor of *Down Beat*, is the California representative, voting for musicians he heard on the Coast during the year. Robert Goffin, a frequent contributor to these pages, has been writing about jazz on and off for just a quarter century and is the author of a book on Louis Armstrong to be published soon.

John Hammond, still in the Army in New Orleans, is a New Yorker who studied at the Institute of Musical Art, New York City and has aired his views on jazz through such channels as the New York *Times*, the *New Masses*, the *Nation* and the *New Republic*, as well as several musical publications. George Hoefer, now in a war plant, writes for the *Needle*, *Jazz Quarterly* and *Down Beat* and is one of the leading figures in the circle of old jazz record collectors. "Jax" (John Lucas) reviews records for *Down Beat*, to which Mike Levin, now in the Army, contributes a column. Harold Jovien, one of the few white writers for the Associated Negro Press, is a *Billboard* man. Harry Lim, from the Dutch East Indies, is a free-lance writer and supervises jazz recordings for Keynote.

Dr. J. T. H. Mize is the most

remarkable new addition to our board. Before entering the Army a few months ago he was head of the music department at Rye High School, New York, where he conducted weekly classes on popular music. Through his efforts, the world première of Duke Ellington's *Black, Brown and Beige* was performed in Rye High's own theatre. Dr. Mize's degrees include B.M., B.A., M.A., M.S. and ED. D. He plays saxophones and clarinet, has had instruction books, pop songs and arrangements published, is co-author with Barry Ulanov of a forthcoming book on jazz.

William Russell, an inveterate adherent of the Olde Time Jazz, has a long history of musical education to his credit, starting in 1915, plays numerous instruments and has had several compositions published. George Simon, now producing V-discs for the Army, is the editor-in-service of *Metronome*. At one time he was an 802 member; he played drums with Glenn Miller's band on its early Decca records. Charles Edward Smith, a contributor to this issue, is best known as coeditor of *Jazzmen* and *The Jazz Record Book*.

Frank Stacy writes for *Down Beat* and *Band Leaders*. He has the distinction of having sent in the ballot that coincides most closely with the final results. Bob Thiele, recently discharged from the Coast Guard, produces Signature records and plans soon to revive his *Jazz* Magazine. Barry Ulanov, editor of *Metronome*, makes his Esquire debut on another page this month. He has one of the broadest musical backgrounds of all our jazz critics, including twelve years of violin study and courses in music at Columbia College. Eugene Williams, now employed at Decca, volunteered no information about himself, but is known to all record collectors through his magazine, *Jazz Information* (now suspended).

In addition to these twenty there are Esquire's two jazz editors, Paul Eduard Miller and myself. Paul has a remarkable record as a jazz historian, some of the fruits of his painstaking research having appeared in his own *Yearbook of Popular Music* and in the 1944 and soon-to-be-issued 1945 edition of Esquire's *Jazz Book*. Me, I'm assistant editor of *Metronome*, do a column in *Look* and have around fifty compositions to my debit, recorded by Ellington, Lunceford, Waller, Goodman et al; have dabbled in arranging for Basie and other bands and am still trying to learn about music in general and jazz in particular.

Who are the winners?

Cootie Williams is the Ellington alumnus who has had a great band of his own for three years. Jay C. Higginbotham spent the whole of 1944 in Chicago with Red Allen's sextet. Johnny Hodges is Ellington's perennial star. Coleman Hawkins and Benny Goodman have been the respective idols of fellow-musicians on these instruments for many years. Teddy Wilson, who gave up his own sextet during 1944 to rejoin Goodman, was unplaced in last year's poll, probably made it this time through his return to radio (via Mildred Bailey's program) and records (Blue Note, Keynote, etc.)

Al Casey, leader of his own trio, Oscar Pettiford, of Boyd Raeburn's fine band and Sidney Catlett, who has his own quartet in Hollywood, are all repeats from last year's Gold Award team. Red Norvo, who tied with Lionel Hampton last year, pulled away to an emphatic solo victory this time, possibly owing to his permanent switch from xylophone to vibraharp, more probably because he, like Teddy Wilson, came back to the air and the shellac in a big way. Mildred Bailey and Billie Holiday, placed second and first last year, switched places, no doubt also on account of Mildred's weekly broadcasts. Duke Ellington, who won both as bandleader and arranger, has had America's greatest jazz orchestra since at least 1928. Sgt. Buck Clayton, elected best musician in the Armed Forces, is the former featured trumpeter with Count Basie and was last reported playing in the band at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey.

In our Silver Award team, Roy Eldridge jumped in for his first award. He was one of the major hits of the memorable jazz concert at the Met last year. He led his own big band for awhile in 1944 but gave it up to join Artie Shaw. Lawrence Brown is another Ellington cornerstone. Edmond Hall, formerly of Teddy Wilson's band and now leading his own sextet in New York, was one of the year's most prolific recorders. Benny Carter, who won on alto sax, is also famous in musical circles as bandleader, arranger, trumpeter. Lester Young left Count Basie's band for the Army shortly after the voting took place. Art Tatum was the subject of a feature in our October

Continued on page 102

"You have won your three thousand camels"

The Victory of The Resolute

Of that exciting race off Sandy Hook twenty-five years ago when Sir Thomas Lipton almost won the America's cup

by GRANTLAND RICE

• COMMENTARY •

It was July 21, 1920, and it seemed to be a sure thing that Sir Thomas Lipton, after trying for some twenty-one years, was on the verge of taking the America's Cup back to Great Britain. For Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock IV* had won the first two Cup races off Sandy Hook and he needed only one more victory to take the famous mug back home.

This was a contest between skippers as well as between boats. The skipper of *Shamrock IV* was William P. Burton, Great Britain's best. The skipper of America's defender, *The Resolute*, was Charles Francis Adams of Boston. And on that July day, twenty-five years ago, it looked as if Skipper Burton had Skipper Adams practically submerged.

I recall covering those 1920 races with Ring Lardner and Bill McGeehan. Our entire and combined knowledge of yacht racing could be packed into a cockleshell. Having been at sea for two days before, our unpatriotic hope was that Skipper Burton and *Shamrock IV* would clean up the series promptly and so permit us to leave the sea and find dry land again.

This seemed to be a sure thing on that July day twenty-five years ago. For *Shamrock IV* had won a hollow victory in a light wind in the first race, *The Resolute* being disabled by the parting of her throat halyard just a quarter of a mile before the windward mark. It was no contest—except for Lardner, McGeehan and myself after two bad thunder-squalls arrived. We looked whiter than the canvas spread on the two yachts.

In the second completed race on July 20, Skipper Burton and *Shamrock IV* again defeated Skipper Adams and *The Resolute* in a close finish by the margin of two minutes and twenty-six seconds.

Everyone now conceded victory to Lipton. But it wasn't to be that way. For not quite everyone had given up—merely everyone except Skipper Adams and his crew. The third race was the closest and most exciting ever sailed for the Cup. It added a great new chapter to the history of sports and a memorable footnote to the study of that scientific phenomenon known as American guts. *The Resolute* won on time allowance, as the actual time of the two boats was exactly the same to a second. This was the first of the races sailed in a true breeze. *Shamrock IV*, of course, was still heavily favored with the series at two to one. But there was a sudden upsurge of nationwide interest in this great contest when *The Resolute* won the fourth race by a margin of two minutes.

Now it was all different on July 27. The two boats were all even at two and two. National pride, among millions who had never seen a yacht, came to the front. Here was the dawn of a new age. Radio was flashing its messages for the first time in any big event. There were airplanes flying against the sky. A dirigible fell into the sea with seven or eight occupants, who escaped safely. Phototelegraphy of the race was cabled to London. And there was no longer a confident smile on Sir Thomas Lipton's usually friendly and placid features.

On the morning set for the fifth race, there was a fresh sou'wester blowing and both boats came out to the lighthouse under shortened canvas. Then the *Shamrock* lost her chance by agreeing to a postponement to July 27.

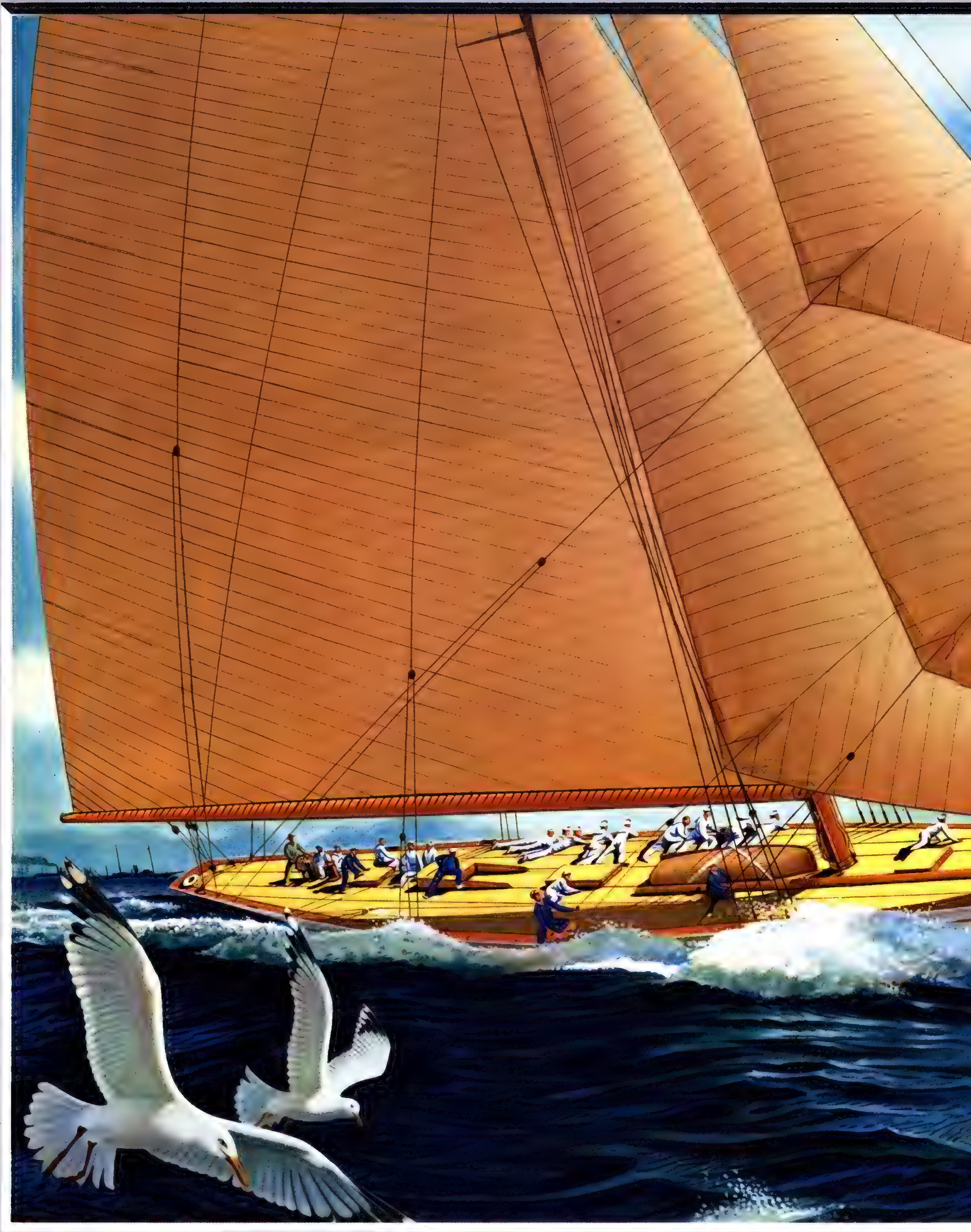
On that date an even more intense excitement prevailed. There were thousands packed and waiting in Times Square to hear the final result. There were inquiries from the red clay hills of Georgia and the sand deserts of the Far West—regions that had never seen a canoe, much less a yacht. It was now the United States against Great Britain.

A light wind was blowing on the day of the final race in which *The Resolute* scored an easy victory to win and hold the Cup by three straight victories. This was the closest call the famous piece of silverware ever had since it came to the United States in 1851.

In addition to squalls, falling dirigibles, radio, photo-telegraphy, the great comeback and many other excitements, there were also bitter arguments over the postponement of the fifth race. This action called forth a storm of criticism by yachtsmen in general, who classed the Cup boats as afraid to sail in a sturdy breeze with a bit of sea running. Nevertheless, it was good judgment on the part of *The Resolute*, almost sure to win in light or moderate winds but not so sure in heavier weather over heavier seas.

All in all, here was the most interesting and exciting race for the America's Cup ever sailed since a boat called *The America* brought the trophy home from England ninety-four years ago. The victory of *The Resolute* and Skipper Charles Francis Adams was one of the most notable uphill, or up-wave, contests in the entire history of sport.

The saying up to that time had been "England rules the waves." But not the waves that lap our shore when there's a challenge to be met and a race to be won. ##



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THE VICTORY OF THE RESOLUT

(America's Cup Races off Sandy Hook, July 19-27, 1920, betwe

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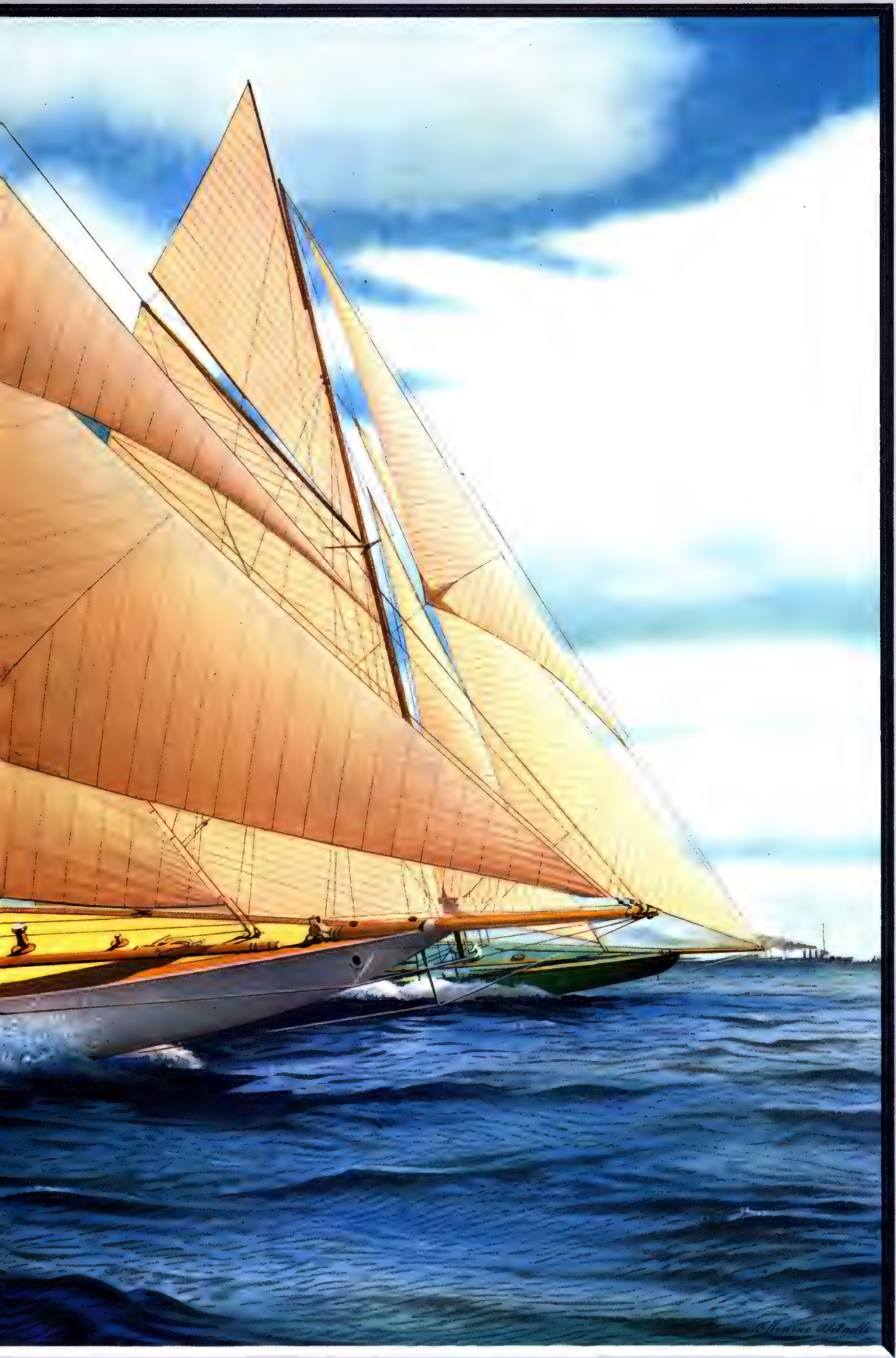

TE *by Melbourne Brindle*

en The Resolute and Shamrock IV)

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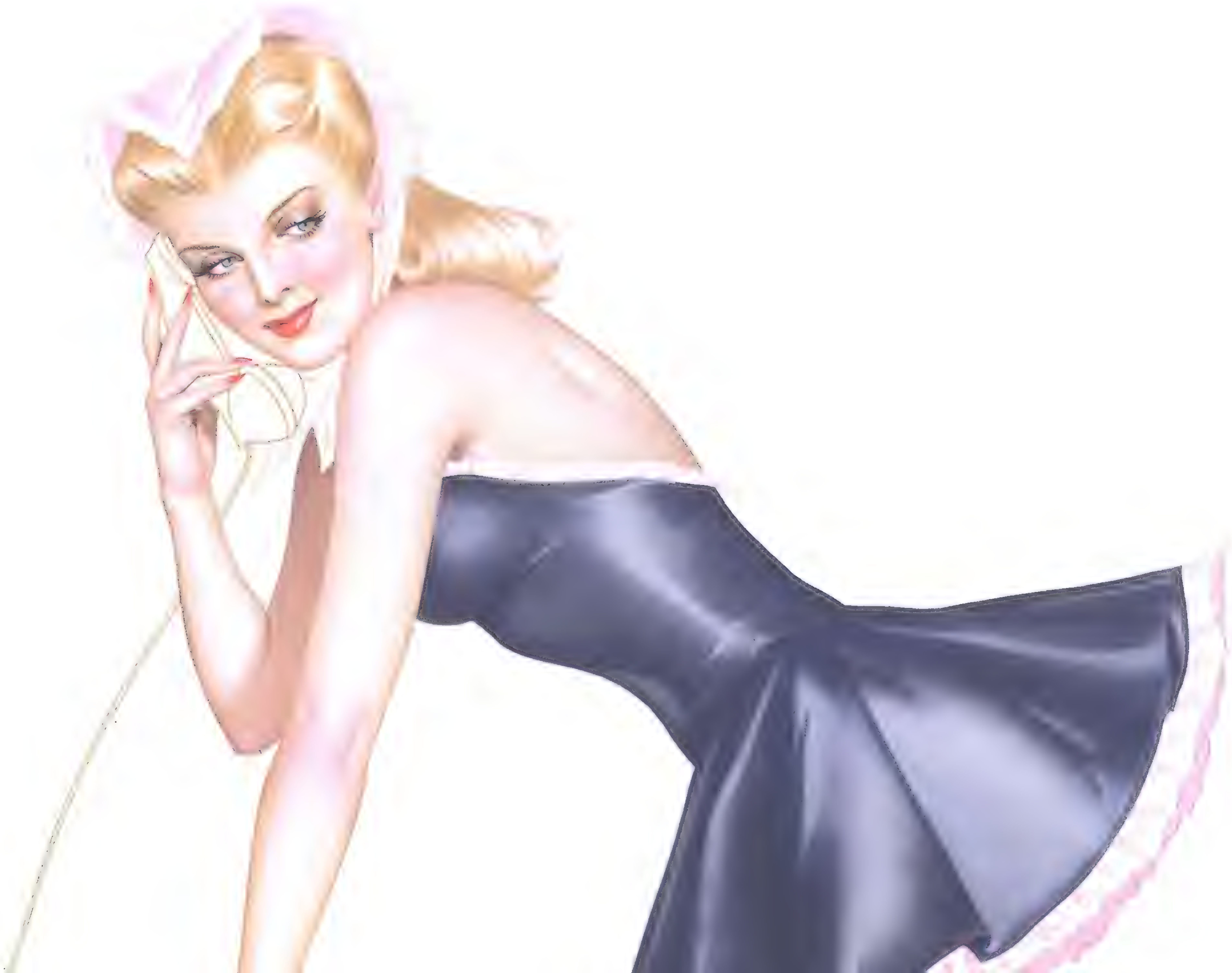
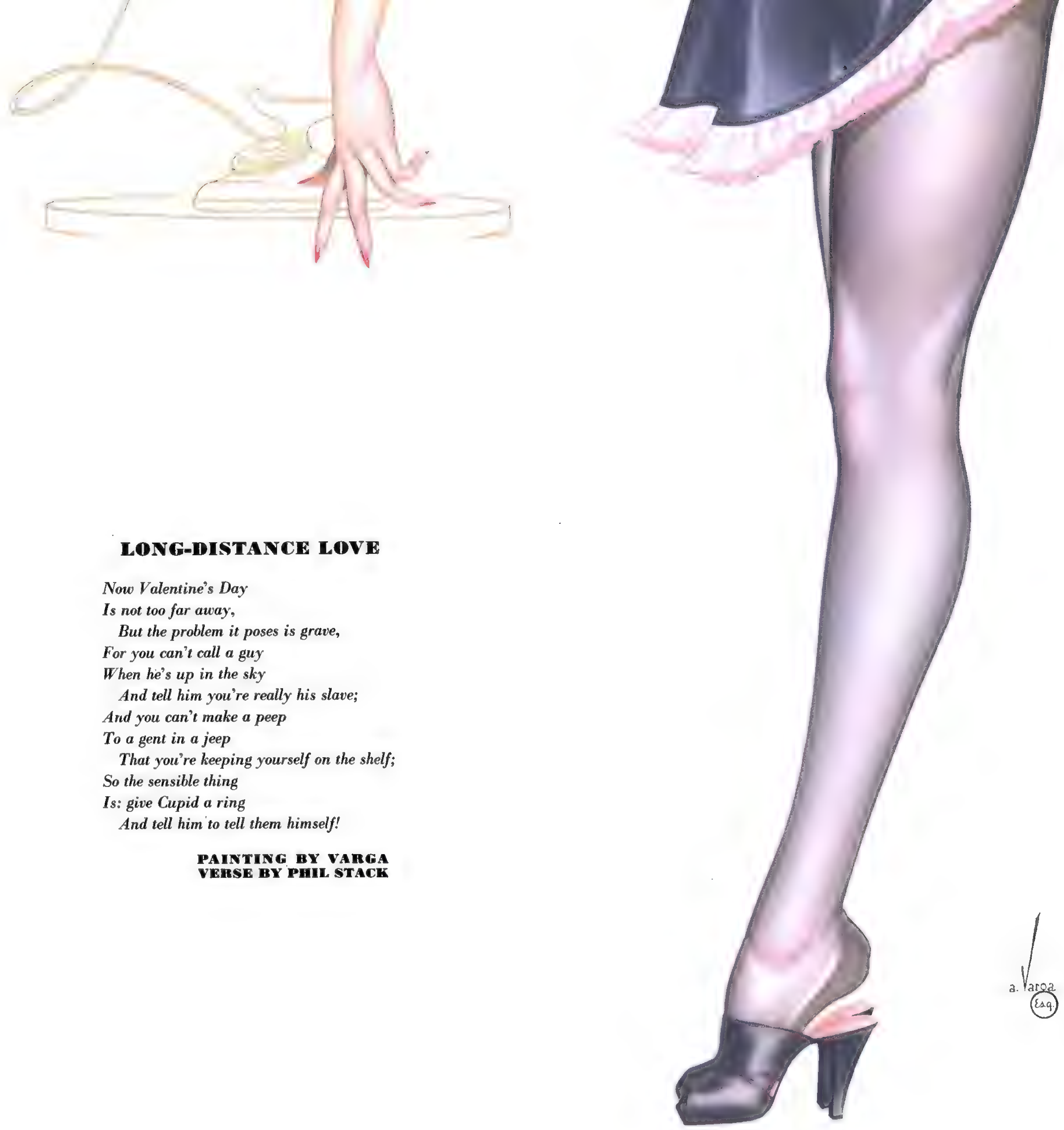




LONG-DISTANCE LOVE

Now Valentine's Day
Is not too far away,
But the problem it poses is grave,
For you can't call a guy
When he's up in the sky
And tell him you're really his slave;
And you can't make a peep
To a gent in a jeep
That you're keeping yourself on the shelf;
So the sensible thing
Is: give Cupid a ring
And tell him to tell them himself!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK

The Concours D'Élégance

The Autoklub was a long jump from the Staatsoper's fourth gallery but the claque accepted the charge with valor

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

▪ARTICLE▪

Two decades ago I caused a family scandal when my relatives found out that I had become a member of the claque at the Staatsoper in Vienna. Actually the claque was no sinister gang but a rather innocent body of thirty or forty cheerful opera-enthusiasts who were given free standing room admissions in the fourth gallery in return for what Joseph Schostal, the claque chief, termed "artistic applause." Schostal, a tall, forceful man of authoritative stature and a great opera expert, had his definite theories about hand-clapping. Now and then he gave the members of the claque a short course in the art of clapping, especially after sensational opera-performances when the Viennese police felt compelled to interfere with our noisy ovations.

The police were the claque's permanent nightmare. There were four *Kriminal-Inspektoren* in mufti attending every performance, two in the fourth gallery, one in the third gallery, one in the parterre standing room. Most officers were *gemütlich* and never tangled with Schostal; but some *Inspektors*, toughened in many fist fights with *Pülchers*, the local brand of bums, were what American soldiers would call strictly G.I. Inside the opera house small signs read: "*Alle störenden Bei— sowie Missfallsbezeugungen sind verboten,*" (All Disturbing Manifestations of Approval and Disapproval are Prohibited.) The interpretation of what was "disturbing" was left to the arbitrary judgment of the *Inspektor* on duty. I remember a performance of *Samson and Delilah*, with the famous contralto, Rosette Anday, and George Thill, from the Paris Opéra, when Schostal instructed all members of the claque to be careful because *Inspektor* Kramer was on duty. This Kramer, a tough, punctilious man, hated music and the claque and once, after five seidels of Schwechater beer, publicly declared that most operas were "full of noise." He had his seat near the middle aisle and we all scattered in small groups of two or three along the left gallery side. Schostal directed the claque from his headquarters, a seat half-hidden by the marble pillar at the extreme left. In the second act we broke into "spontaneous" applause which didn't quite come off and caused a lot of raised eyebrows among the innocent fourth gallery patrons. Kramer warned Schostal that should there be one more "disturbing" ovation, we would all meet at police headquarters.

The situation was critical. "Piroshka" Anday was one of our best clients. Schostal had promised her an overwhelming ovation after her great air "*Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix.*" We had to work fast; Kramer, suspicious and grim, watched us from near-by.

About this time Schostal was joined by Professor Grünauer, prominent Viennese and the husband of Maria Nemeth, the famous Staatsoper soprano. Schostal was often visited in his headquarters by luminaries of music, literature and politics. When told of Kramer's sinister intentions, Professor Grünauer called upon Schostal to fight it out with Kramer once and for all. The Professor promised his active support.

Madame Anday sang her air in great form and Schostal gave his "cue," nodding his bald head. The claque broke out into a thunderous ovation and the house cheered. Kramer muttered a malediction, took out the feared notebook, wet the pencil with his tongue and asked Schostal the officially prescribed questions, "Name? Birthday? Residence? Occupation?" He then proceeded to write down Professor Grünauer's data. The Professor and Madame Nemeth lived at the Hofburg, parts of the Kaiser's former residence being rented to selected opera stars and other public dignitaries, but Kramer didn't know that. When Professor Grünauer, asked for his residence, truthfully answered, "The Hofburg," Kramer got very angry and told him to shut up. A few enraged opera patrons began to hiss "Quiet! Sh!" but Kramer noisily took down my name and those of four other "lieutenants." We were ordered to appear the next morning at the Polizeipräsidium at Schottenring No. 11.

After the performance we waited for Madame Anday at the stage door and Schostal told her about the incident. The diva was furious and called up Vice-President Pamer of the Polizeipräsidium, an opera lover and a great admirer of Madame Anday, who had also attended the performance. In acid tones she complained about Kramer.

The next morning, Schostal, Professor Grünauer and we five claque members met at the office of Hofrat Ritzberger, chief of the *Strafsektion*. Somebody had notified the press and the room was full of reporters. Schostal didn't disappoint them. He boomed "Guilty!" to the charges raised by Kramer, who stood there, arrogant and tough. Then Schostal made a speech about the immortal merits of the claque. "If our men had operated in 1875 at the première of Bizet's *Carmen* at the Opéra-Comique, poor Bizet wouldn't have died so soon," Schostal thundered. "Beethoven, after *Fidelio*, and Wagner, after *Tristan*, would have been saved much grief. Caruso and others have declared that we are an essential part of the opera house, like the stage lights, the orchestra, the cashier. Who is a man named Kramer to dispute these axioms?"

Hofrat Ritzberger quickly penalized each of us ten schilling (two dollars), the minimum fine, and the clerk gave Schostal an *Erlagschein*, a sort of blank check, to use when sending in the money. Thereupon the press and the bystanders were thrown out of the room, and Schostal, Professor Grünauer and we five "lieutenants" remained alone with the Hofrat. He got up, shook hands with us and apologized to each of us. The whole thing was *sehr peinlich*, a misunderstanding, and the Herr Präsident Pamer was desolate. That night, when Schostal entered the Staatsoper foyer, the four inspectors on duty took off their hats and bowed deeply. Kramer wasn't among them. He had been transferred to the Brigittenau, a tough outlying district, considered the Siberia of Vienna's policemen.

As time went on, Schostal and Hofrat Ritzberger became good friends. After Schostal had appeared for several more "disturbing ovations" the Hofrat said, "I don't want you to get up early and come here all the way from your apartment, Herr Schostal. Take a dozen *Erlagschein*-blanks with you and send in your ten schilling every time they mark you down. Or you can make them out on the first of the month, with the rest of your bills."

The Hofrat's sympathies didn't go to a second group of applauders at the Staatsoper, the claque or *Stehparterre Club*, under a man named Stieglitz, a slick, tough character who tried to appropriate Schostal's clients. One of our good customers was the Romanian ten-

Continued on page 94

"It isn't that I'm mercenary, George, but my love for you may be temporary and I know my love for money is permanent"

In Chicago They Do It Different

If Pvt. Sassoon's island enterprise was not strictly according to O.P.A., he had his mother-in-law to thank for the inspiration

by PHILIP CYRUS GUNION

FICTION

Sassoon Riley was as deep in a quandary as it is possible for an American soldier to be and still see over the top of it.

Connie's letter was the same sweet, blue shade that always made his heart snap its corset strings, the delicate perfume, rendered more potent by the burning sun of the South Pacific, was as nostril-thrilling as ever, but the words were oh, so different.

Momma says that maybe you have fallen in love with one of those natives and that you are probably spending your time rubbing noses with them.

Sassoon looked up and his almost tearful glance fell on a native man making a shell necklace near the grove where Sassoon always read Connie's letters. The native was one of ten, all men, who had remained on the island to assist the Army.

The next paragraph of the letter ski-jumped Sassoon into the absolute, abysmal depths. *Besides, momma says, what about that diamond ring you were going to give me? It's been over two years.*

The diamond ring was indeed a sore subject. And now Connie's momma was using it as a club to drive him away. Rashly, he had promised a ring to Connie just a few short weeks after they had met at the U.S.O. where he had waited for the transport.

In his first post on the well-populated Hawaiian Islands the fund for the ring had grown rapidly. The men seemed to enjoy going into town and buying grass skirts and trinkets for the folks back home. Sassoon had been only too glad to lend his money to his fellow soldiers—seven dollars on payday for every five. But the outfit had been shipped to this little coral island that looked like a slab of unhealthy cheese at a cocktail party, with palm trees sticking up like green-paper-pantie-clad toothpicks.

"In this place money, as a commodity, ain't worth the paper it's printed on," was his verdict, after a survey. For a month now he had been completely dependent upon the government, a foul condition hitherto unknown in his Army career.

He lay on his back, comfortable, if it hadn't been for the constant thoughts of momma, and went into a profoundly meditative semi-trance, described by Morrie Fineschriber, his platoon sergeant, as "dat stupid-puss expression of Riley's." Not an idea floated to the surface to be skimmed.

He rolled over on his stomach, a feat easily accomplished because he was the same shape all the way around like a barrel. There was only one chance for help. He would write to his brother, Kipling Riley, President and Stock Clerk of the Chicago and Riley Novelty Company.

In his stomachward position an idea began to drip relentlessly upon his consciousness like an ancient Chinese water torture.

"No!" he said involuntarily, as the thought became revoltingly clear. "That's too much. Give up my beer. Sell my beer ration. I couldn't do it," he moaned.

Then he thought of the beautiful Connie, with her eyes as blue as the Pacific that kept him apart from her, and her hair as black as the thought of going without beer. In the background was a vision of Connie's momma pointing out lieutenants to her dutiful daughter. The ring must be obtained with Kipling's aid. But Kipling, as Chief of Research of the Chicago and Riley Novelty Company, might be so engrossed that he would neglect the plea.

Sassoon figured up the profits of beer selling. Each soldier on the island was entitled to a weekly ration of six bottles, for which he paid ninety cents. The black market price quoted at the back door of the First Three Grader's Club was forty cents a bottle and sometimes more.

He eased himself up and started sadly back toward the mess hall.

Sassoon staggered out of the barracks laden with two cases of beer under the extremely baleful eye of Morrie Fineschriber. "Why it's like sellin' off priceless irreplaceable heirlooms," said Morrie. "Dat stuff is gold!"

Sassoon's original sad decision to sell his own beer had blossomed. By the diligent application of capital and psychology he had succeeded in buying up under fixed contract the rations of twenty men in his platoon.

Result of this coup in beer was a sudden rise in the black market price to sixty-five cents a bottle. Only twenty-five cents a bottle profit irked Sassoon slightly, but there was no way to get his supply for less than forty cents nor to charge more than he did.

His first sudden shock at being cut off from his favorite refreshment had long since vanished in the wonder of money flowing in; money siphoned with incredible ease from the pockets of the rank-heavy technicians of the nearby Air Corps Section. Life, once again, was blissful and—Sassoon stiffened at the sight of a second lieutenant eyeing him from a jeep in front of the barracks.

Sassoon had a healthy respect for rank that worked in inverse proportion to the grade. He felt a brotherly solicitude toward colonels, weighed down with cares as they were; majors filled him with misgivings; captains made him cautious and he was extremely leery of lieutenants. He barely spoke to sergeants, except in the line of duty.

"Private Riley?"

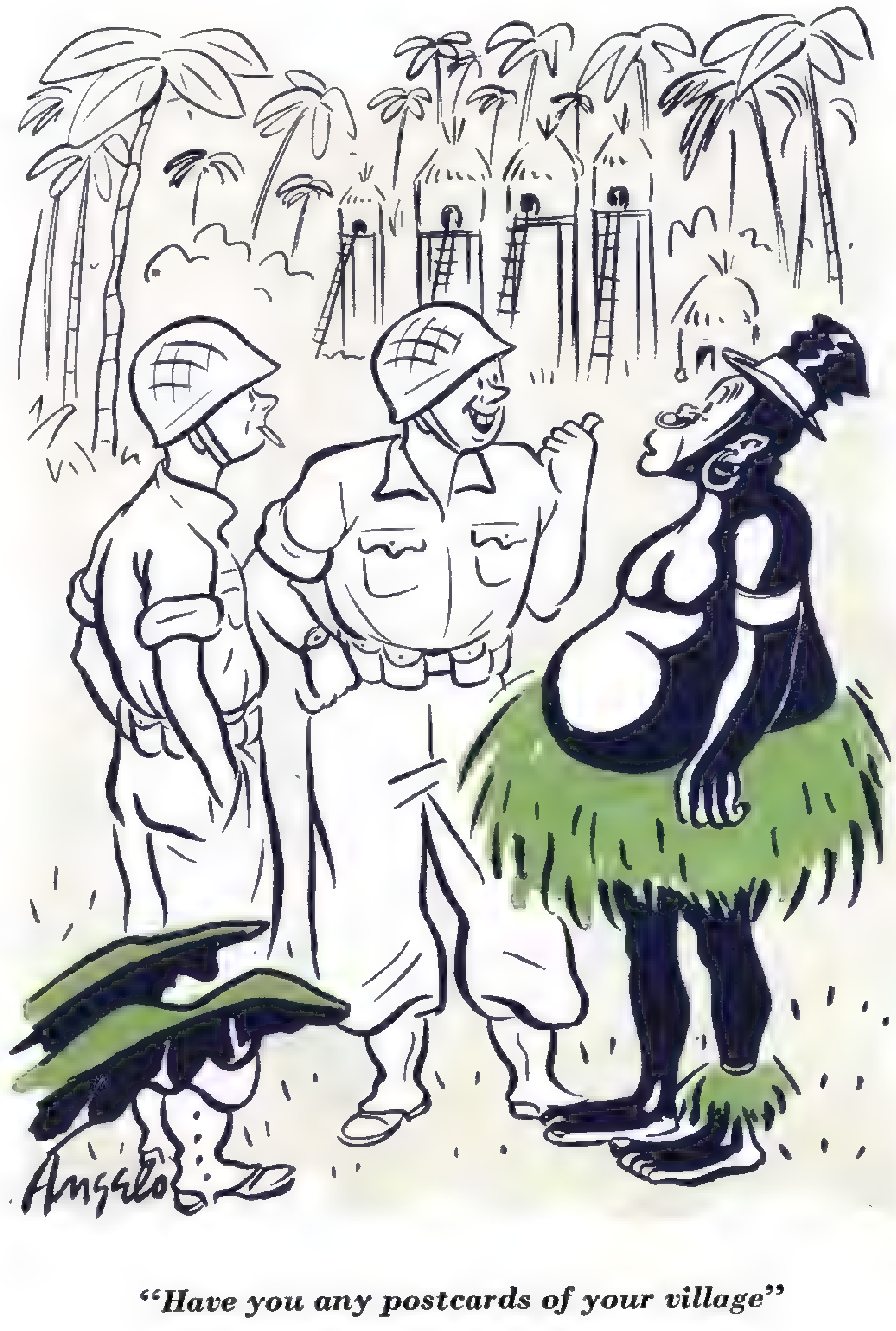
Sassoon halted sadly. The few times he had been addressed by lieutenants had been preludes to little tragedies and setbacks in his Army career. "Yes, sir."

"The colonel will see you at his headquarters at two this afternoon."

The lieutenant waited, with his eye on the cases of beer that rested on Sassoon's shoulders. Sassoon put the cases down on the sand, one upon the other, and came to a snappy salute. Sometimes this made them go away, but this time it seemed to irritate the officer. "Do you think I made—" Sassoon reluctantly finished what he knew to be a foolish question "I didn't make corporal, did I?"

"No," said the lieutenant coldly, "I believe it's a bit more serious than that." He ground his gears menacingly and the jeep leaped down the road.

Sassoon thought of the stories,



"Have you any postcards of your village"

unsubstantiated of course, of the private who went to see the colonel and never reappeared. Some said that he went to O.C.S., while others claimed that he had disappeared in a little cloud of grey smoke outside regimental headquarters.

He shrugged off his fears in the knowledge that the colonel was a fair man and in thoughts of the ring Sassoon was presently going to be able to give Connie. Perhaps the colonel was just conducting a little survey of his men's morale. Sassoon had once seen a movie in which that very thing happened. How wrong he had been to sneer at it then. He picked up his beer and headed for the First Three Grader's Club.

The colonel's door opened and Sassoon stood stiffly at attention in the Presence. The colonel smoothed his shirt over his abdomen which, nearsighted as he was, prevented him from getting more than a long-distance view of his desk.

"Private Riley reports to the colonel by special invitation!"

The colonel was startled. "So glad a previous engagement doesn't prevent," he murmured dryly. He thumbed the service record in his hand. "Riley, why did your father call you, 'Sassoon'?"

"I come out of a book, I guess," Sassoon replied. "Leastwise, I think I did. My brother Kipling did."

"Any other children?" The colonel said slowly, "A Byron? Shelley?" His eyes narrowed meaningfully, "Any Rothschild?"

"Nobody but my young brother, Swinburne. I don't know where that name comes from, 'less it's the meat market where we trade."

The colonel rubbed his glasses. "Profiteering is a nasty business, Riley."

"Profiteering?" Sassoon echoed.

"This business of selling fifteen-cent beer for an outrageous price must cease. There's no excuse for it."

Sassoon's mouth dropped open, then by sheer power of will he slowly worked it back to a speaking position. "I guess the colonel never had his mother-in-law hounding him for a diamond ring or something."

Briefly he outlined his troubles to the slightly less than sympathetic colonel. When he finished, the colonel nodded sadly. "I see what you mean," he said, "but there's been entirely too much complaining from the noncommissioned officers. You'll have to stop selling it—as for the money you've already collected, I'll hold that until I decide what part of it you may keep and what you shall return to your customers—if I decide you must return it. By the way, just what do you charge?"

"Only sixty-five cents," Sassoon said sadly.

The colonel leaped in his chair. "Sixty-five cents!" he shouted. "What do you think that stuff is? Radium?"

"You know, Colonel," Sassoon said, his eyes growing determined. "This couldn't have happened in Chicago. In Chicago if a guy builds up a little business, they let him keep it. In Chicago, maybe things are different."

"Get out of my office!"

Sassoon held his ground. "In Chicago they would say that the colonel is in restraint of trade."

"Sixty-five cents!"

A light dawned in Sassoon's eyes. "I could let *you* have a dozen bottles a week for only forty cents a bottle." Maybe it was like Chicago after all.

The colonel pointed to the door. "Get out before I have you shipped to Devil's Island!"

Sassoon fled before the storm. He pondered on the fate of the "little man" in business. "Maybe I ought to write a letter to one of them government agencies," he thought.

Sassoon stared at the bulletin board in amazement. Carefully he pronounced the words over and over again and they always came out the same. He had been promoted to Private, First Class. That was the grist he ground out of the first new notice and it seemed no more than fair. He had been in the Army for two and a half years and had co-operated with the colonel in the matter of beer sales for one whole month. It was no more than he deserved.

It was the second notice that had his head whirling:

The following named enlisted men are eligible for furloughs in the United States.

Sassoon's own beautiful name appeared in the list and as he gazed at it he thought beatifically of the United States of America. He tore his eyes from the wonderful words and went to his foot locker to get some more native necklaces. Since the colonel had put his all-covering foot firmly down on the sale of beer rations, Sassoon had been forced into other lines of endeavor.

The answer to his letter to Kipling Riley, care the Chicago and Riley Novelty Company, had

Continued in center of page 95

"Thank you!"

Skiing the Natural Way

Beginners learn parallel skiing in a couple of weeks well enough to enjoy the sport on Eastern slopes

by E. FRITZ LOOSLI

• SPORTS •

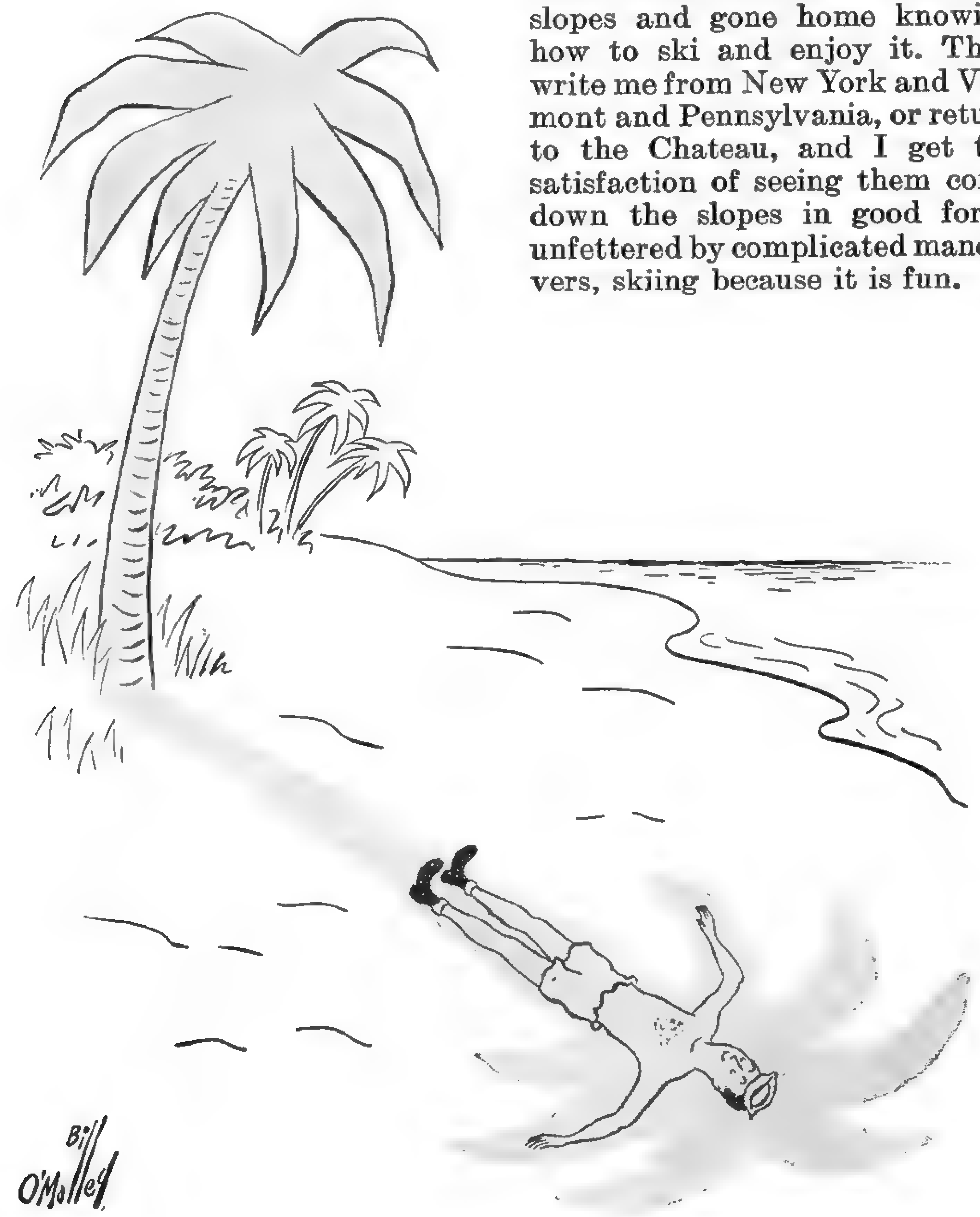
You are standing on the crown of a high hill. Thick snow mantles the landscape with a white brilliance broken only by black tree trunks and the deep green of the firs. There is a tang in the air. At your feet a wide, white path falls away steeply, curving gently in its downward rush and fanning out far below among the rooftops of the cabins. Those tiny moving forms down there are people. You'll be talking to them in a couple of minutes. Skiing is the fastest human sport in the world.

Shove off!

Slowly at first. Your knees take the shock as the boards slip across the snow. Then faster. Things are really beginning to move now. Trees and bushes whip past you at a speed that would be terrifying to watch. But you're not looking. Your eyes are a few feet ahead of your skis. Now everything has movement. Those rooftops below are becoming steadily nearer and clearer. Beyond the focus of your gaze, the horizon shifts and changes. You must be going a hundred miles an hour. Actually it's about thirty or forty. But you are a king, ruler of a fairyland of wind and icy brilliance.

Easy to take, you say, but hard to do. No. Once learned, skiing is simple and, like swimming or bike riding, never needs to be learned again. At first it takes work and practice, but do not be misled by the glamor and hocus-pocus clouding the reputation of the sport in America. You don't need the lines and strength of a Greek god nor months of instruction and experience. Give me a businessman with a middle-age bulge who wants to learn and in two weeks he can have all the speed and skill he needs for unqualified enjoyment on Eastern American slopes.

For five years I've been making that statement and for five years it has been scoffed at by other instructors. But for five years my pupils at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, have packed up their skis after a couple of weeks on the slopes and gone home knowing how to ski and enjoy it. They write me from New York and Vermont and Pennsylvania, or return to the Chateau, and I get the satisfaction of seeing them come down the slopes in good form, unfettered by complicated maneuvers, skiing because it is fun.



They are skiing the Parallel method, which means they are keeping their skis parallel at all times, turning with Pure Christianias and checking speed when necessary by linking their turns from left to right. The Stem and Snowplow methods of instruction have the pupil angle the skis out in a V to turn or slow up. On the mountainside the difference is impressive. The Parallel pupil faces his skis directly down the slope and takes a turn in full speed. The Stem student approaches the turn with skis in a spread-out position, cutting his forward motion down to the point where he can make a slow turn ski by ski, or even a standing kick-turn, before resuming his run. While he is stamping and kicking around with his skis at an angle, the Parallel skier has made the turn and is off in the new direction.

Parallel skiing for the beginner was first suggested by Emille Allais, twice the world's champion downhill racer. It has been described in detail in Esquire and elsewhere and those of you who have learned it know that Allais was right when he said that the final joy of skiing is denied those who are taught the conventional Stem. I taught the Stem for years before taking Allais' hint and was immediately convinced by my first set of pupils that Parallel was the best for the great mass of recreational skiers. It has taken five years, but at last Parallel skiing is coming of age. Beginners, amateurs and professionals are all starting to acknowledge it as the sport's most promising offspring.

I don't say that they all learn. Some don't care; others haven't enough time. And there are always a few like the businessman from New York who had a Swiss-French accent in his speech and came along just for the ride. Every night he could be seen in the Ski Hawk Room dressed in immaculate gabardine pants, an expensive sweater and a Tyrol hat complete with feather. During the day he would sit in the bar watching other guests on the slopes over the rim of a Scotch glass. He looked and sounded like the world's champion Slalom racer. A couple of years later he put on the same show at a resort in Vermont. But his luck was running out. A disbeliever challenged him so persistently that he was forced to demonstrate his boasts on the slope. When they untangled him from his skis about a third of the way down, some one asked him where he had learned.

"From Fritz Loosli," he said, and for two years I kept running into people who had heard my specialty was teaching how to wrestle with skis.

Actually, I teach just the opposite: how not to wrestle with skis. Other systems of instruction, based on Stem and Snowplow, are defensive in character. They involve holding back, braking the ski and taking it out of its natural line of running. The Parallel system capitalizes on every forward motion, slow or fast, by giving the pupil aggressiveness and confidence to overcome skiing's biggest bugaboo—fear. In America especially, potential skiers have labored under the superstition that Parallel turns are for the expert only, too difficult and dangerous for the beginner. My pupils know better. And realizing that Parallel is the natural and fundamental way, they learn to ski better in a shorter time.

To rid the student's mind of mystery and fear is the most important step. One of my students, Admiral Murray, commander of the Eastern Canadian Fleet, is a fine example of what a beginner can do if he is on the psychological offensive. Being a military man, he had control of his mind and muscles most of the time. When he fell he didn't get angry, but found out what was wrong. He believed implicity in tactics of offense over defense. In two weeks he was taking the fastest grades in Quebec and whenever he dons the boards again, I know he will be just as good.

Just being unafraid, however, is not enough. There was an old Quaker from Philadelphia who thought it was, and after watching his son come down the steepest slope a couple of times, he felt ready for a try himself. The ski tow was out of order when he came to me for skis, so after several protests I let him have them, feeling he would not have the wind nor the inclination to walk all the way to the top. An hour later one of my assistants pointed to the top of the hill. There he was, beard and all, starting to come down. As I watched I prayed he would fall down every ten feet or so before he got up enough speed to hurt himself. At first he

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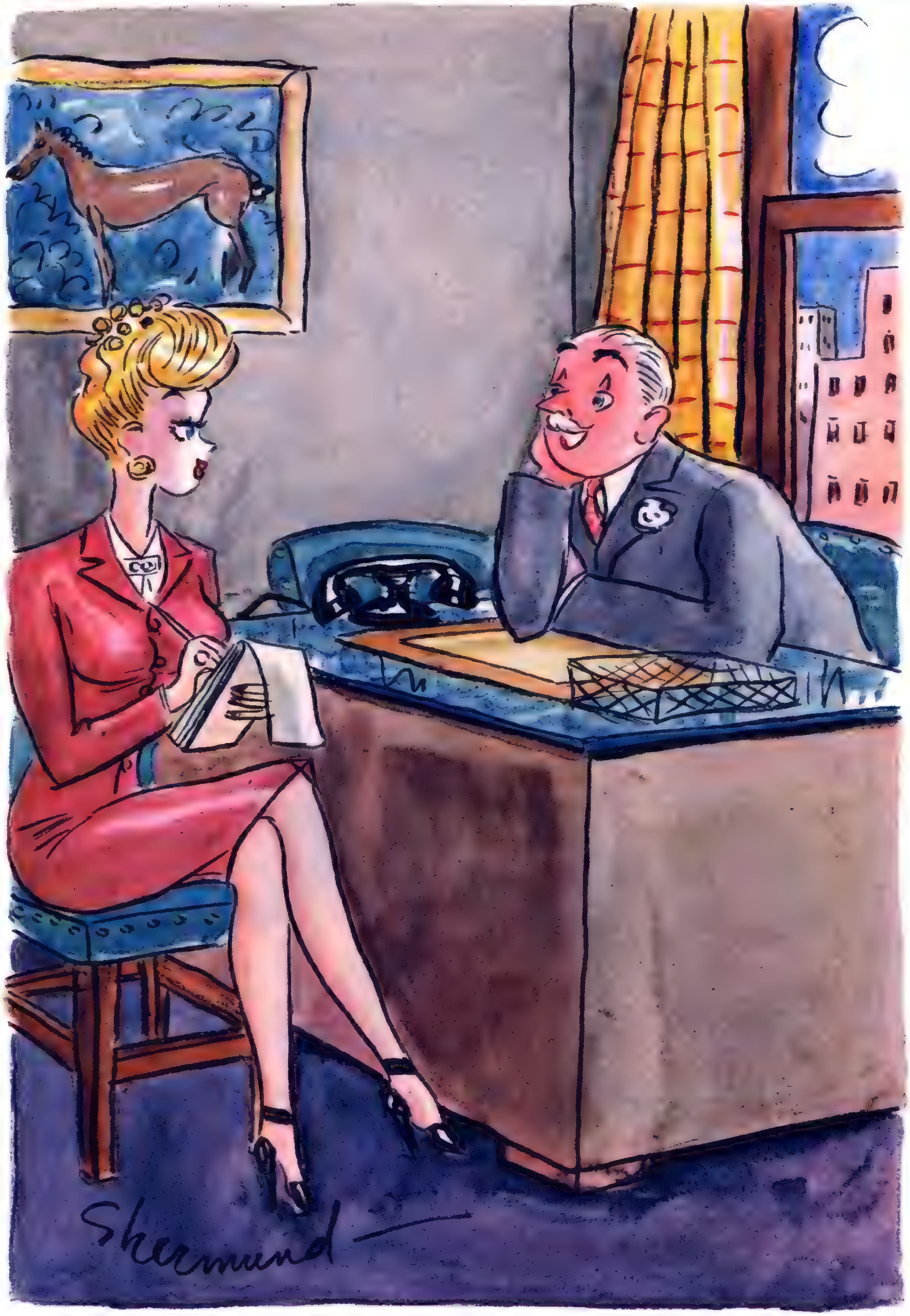
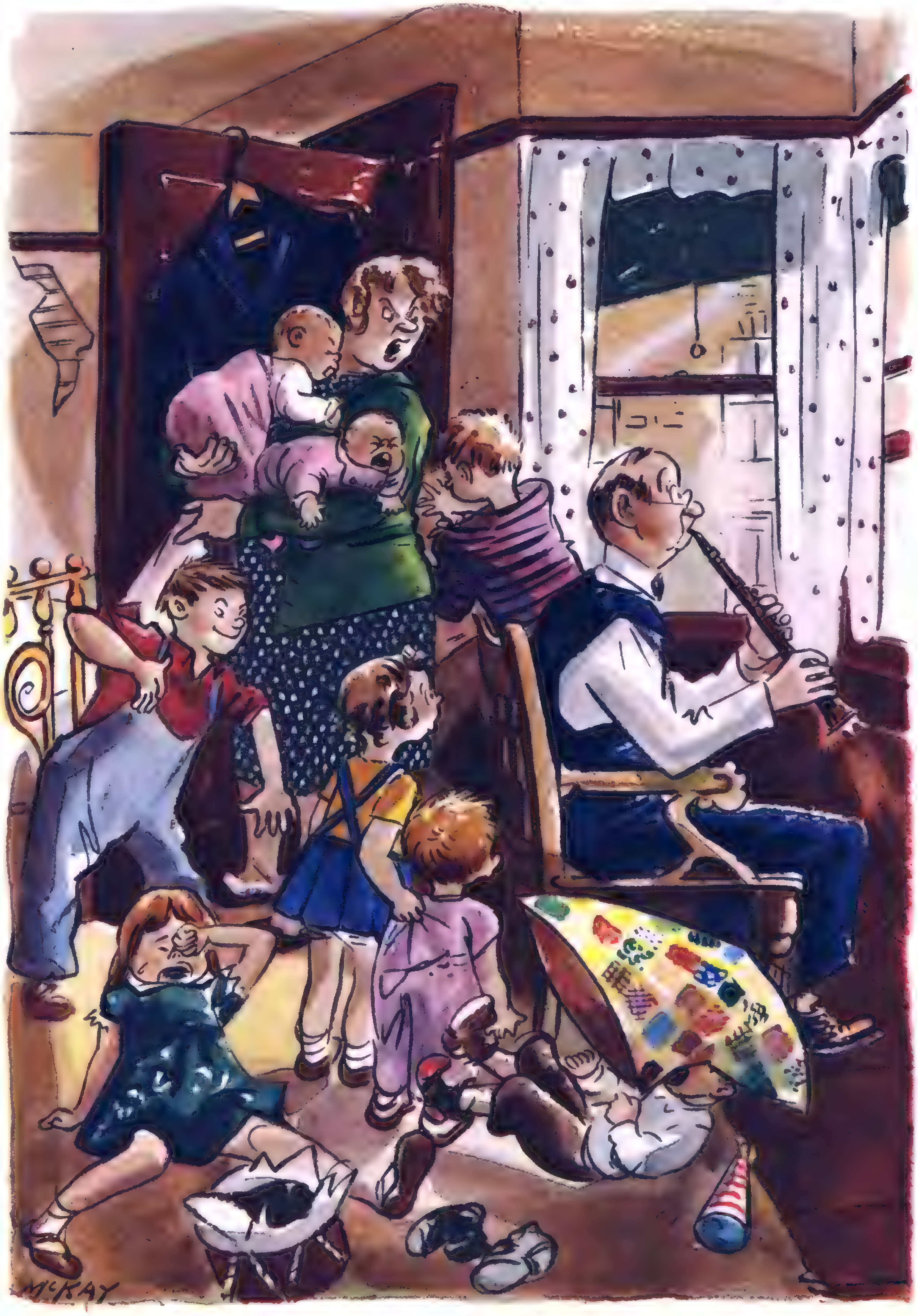
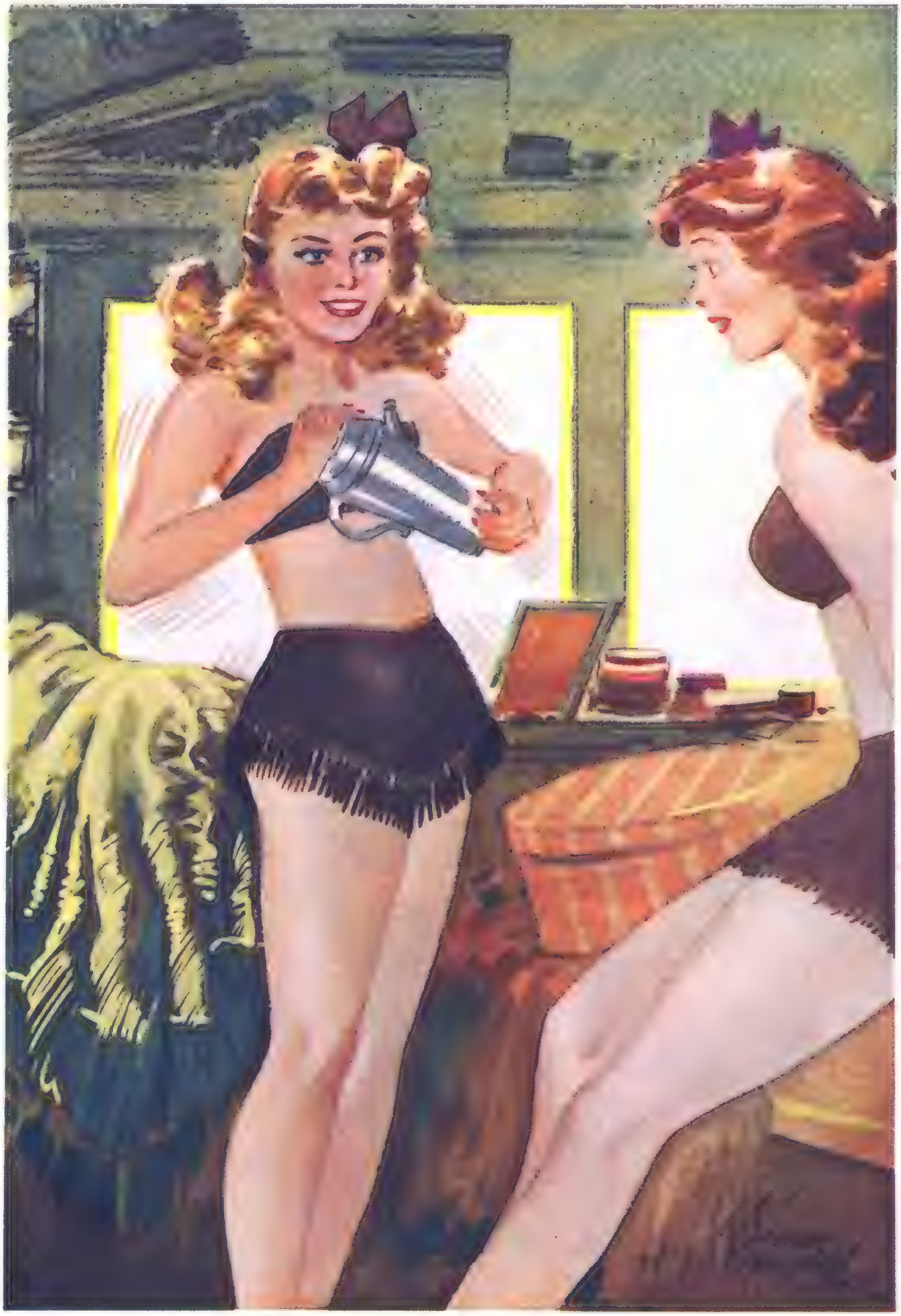


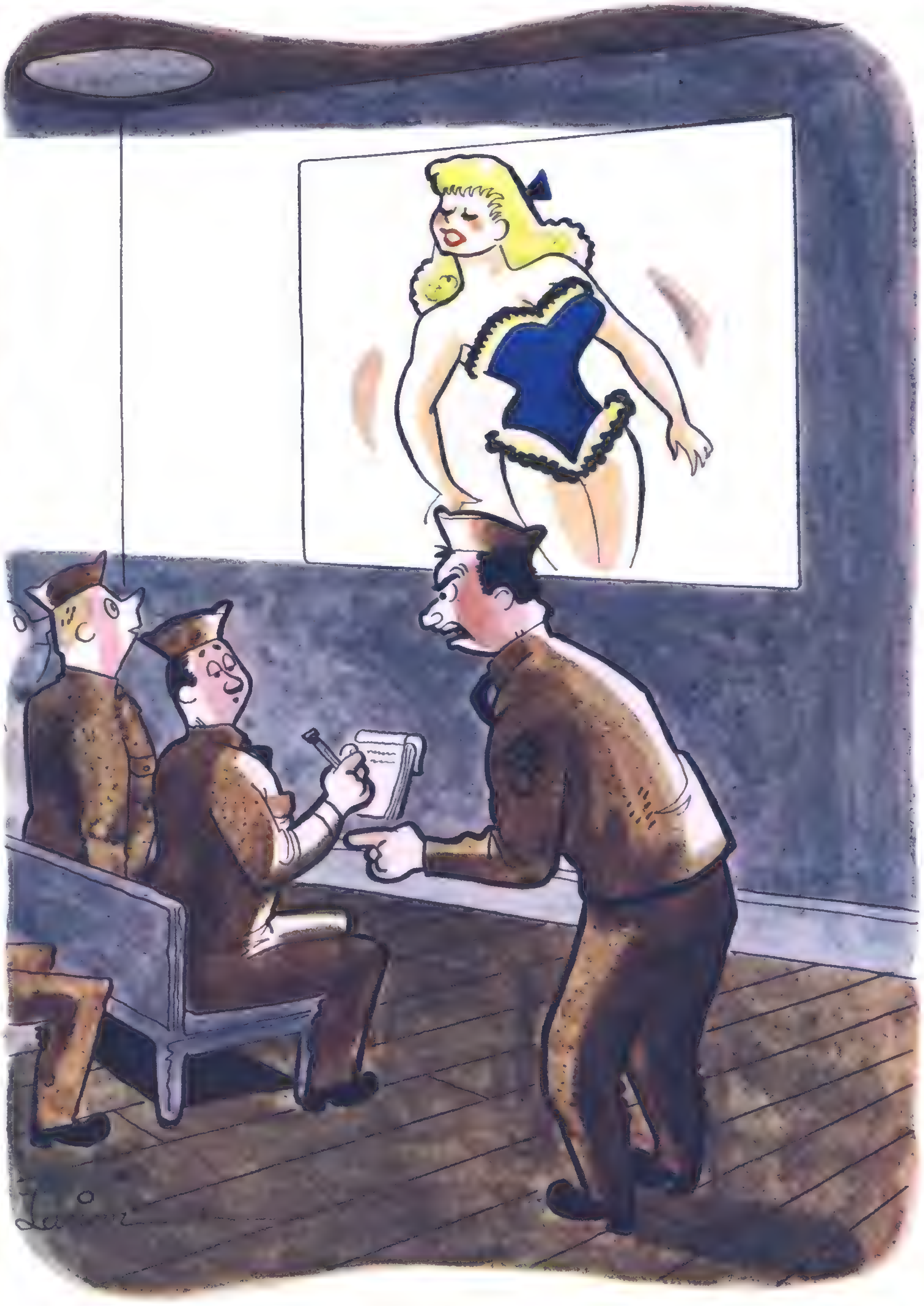
"You look like a million this morning—tax free"



"Can't you play anything but 'Love, Your Magic Spell Is Everywhere'?"



"—anyway, I've found it awfully handy for washing my laundry"



"This film's for entertainment, Frolingsbush—the next one you take notes on!"

Old Times There Are Not Forgotten

The old horse doctor was glad to give any soldier a ride and this one had a southern accent that was pure music

by MacKINLAY KANTOR

FICTION

Doc Vincent was laboriously scribbling his license number on the back of a gas coupon when the soldier walked into the glare of his headlights.

He was a young soldier—tanned, tall and tough-faced, and he wore a corporal's chevrons. Servicemen were always trying to get rides, along the Eagle Fork road.

"Beg your pardon, mister. Which way are you going?"

The corporal was in his early twenties, Doc thought, and he spoke with a Southern drawl which was pleasant to old man Vincent's ears.

"Well, son," he said, "I'm headed home for Crown City."

"I'd sure be pleased if you'd allow me to ride with you, mister."

"Hop in."

The soldier sprang around to the opposite side of the car and opened the door as the attendant came out of the filling station with Doc Vincent's change.

The attendant said, "So long, Doc. Be seeing you . . ."

The car went crunching across a graveled drive to the slick, empty highway. A new moon hung low above the mountains in the west; the desert air was fresh and cool.

"Reckon you must be a doctor," came the drawling voice. "I heard that fellow call you Doc."

Vincent steered the old coupe steadily toward the moon. "I'm just a horse doctor, son . . . I judge you're from the South?"

"That's right, sir: Albany, Georgia. I was born and raised there."

Vincent said, "Well, I'm from Tennessee; came out West here thirty-five years ago. Guess I've lost my Southern accent, but yours sure does sound good."

The handsome soldier laughed. "We're practically all Georgia fellows in my outfit."

"You on duty here at the camp, guarding German prisoners?"

"Yes, sir. We sure have got some mighty mean prisoners, too."

"Quite a camp," said Vincent. "Least it looks like it from the outside. Must be all of eight months since they brought the first prisoners here."

"Yes, sir. It was quite a spell ago."

At the main road fork, two miles east of the filling station, a red light was weaving. As the old veterinarian slowed down he could see a car of the highway patrol parked half across the road.

An armed officer came up through the wan moonlight and peered into the coupe.

"Hi there, Stokes," said Doc Vincent.

The officer exclaimed, "Oh, it's you, Doc." The flashlight washed their faces. "Who you got riding with you?"

"Soldier I picked up at McCann's station."

The officer put his hand on the butt of his revolver and walked around to the other side of the car. "Let's see your pass, soldier."

Promptly the soldier unbuttoned a pocket of his blouse and brought out the required paper.

"Good going," muttered Stokes, examining the pass. "So you got a seven-day leave . . ."

"I sure have, mister."

"What's your name?" The county highway officer held the pass away from the car, gazing at it in the flashlight beam.

"Anderson. Corporal J. H."

"Serial number?"

The corporal gave it, drawling over the fours in the number.

"Guess you're all right." The officer came back to Doctor Vincent's side of the car. "Sorry to hold you up, Doc, but I had to make sure about this fellow. We just got a call to stop everyone on the road. Seems like a German prisoner over there at the camp—former Nazi officer—he hit a soldier on the head and stole his clothes and got away."

Vincent laughed. "Ever hear a Nazi talk like this one?" and then they all three laughed.

"*I* never did," said the corporal, "and I sure have heard a lot of them talk since last year."

Vincent piloted the car in silence for the next two miles. The soldier sat humming a popular tune of the day.

"How they treat those prisoners out there, anyway?" asked the veterinarian. "Do they let them have radios and books and stuff?"

"Sure enough," the corporal told him. "They've got a nice library. Books in English and books in German, too."

Doc Vincent began to whistle softly as they drove on.

"Yes," he muttered, half to himself, "I sure would like to see the South again. West's all right, but—what kind of a place is Albany, Georgia, anyway?"

The corporal told him in a hushed drawl: "Mighty nice place, doctor. Albany is one hundred and six miles south by west from Macon and it's got a lot of railroads. It's on the Flint River, and has a population of more than fifteen thousand—"

"What's the main industry?"

The soldier exclaimed, "Cotton, sir! Also cottonseed oil, lumber, pecans and things like that—" He recited a list of Albany's glories.

Doc Vincent whistled on, his seamed old lips making a spirited outcry of the same tune. "Pardon me," he said abruptly, "for whistling all the time. I get in the habit, driving alone so much."

"Don't mind me," said his passenger. "That's a nice tune."

"Whereabouts do you want to go in Crown City, son?"

"Just drop me near the railroad station, if you're going that way. I'd like to catch the next train. I got a girl in El Paso I haven't seen for a mighty long time."

"Sure you won't stop at my house first? I'll have my wife make you a sandwich or—"

The corporal said, "Thank you kindly; I sure do appreciate that invitation, but I just got to make that train."

"Okay," said Doc, resuming his interminable fluting.

It was ten o'clock when they reached Crown City, and for a moment Vincent was alarmed: Ed Walters, the night cop on Main Street, might have gone off duty.

But no, he was there on the corner across from the railroad station, standing by a lamppost chatting (the veterinarian looked—of all things—!) with a military policeman.

With a sudden wrench of the wheel, old Vincent twisted his coupe opposite the corner and, jamming his brakes, sat the front tires against the curb. Walters and the M.P. yelled and leaped aside. In an instant Vincent was out of his car and stumbling past the fender.

The corporal wrenched open the door on the right side.

Doc Vincent was clawing at Officer Walter's sleeve. "Get that guy, Ed! Get him—"

The corporal started across the plaza on the dead run, but the M.P. was after him, fleet-footed as a dog. Walters, standing amazed on the curb, fired one shot in the air, and the corporal skidded to a stop. Then the M.P. had him.

"He's a German," cried Doc Vincent. "Escaped German prisoner from the camp up by Eagle Fork!"

The corporal's eyes were swollen and bright. He was protesting violently to the M.P., who held him in his rigid grip. The Georgia drawl labored but loud, and it still sounded authentic.

"Look here," said the M.P. "Sure you haven't made a mistake? This corporal says his name is Anderson; says he's got a pass in his pocket if I'll only look."

"No mistake," crowed Vincent as the crowd gathered. "You just march him into that drug store, and call up the camp! Plenty of them Nazis can speak perfect English—"

The M.P. blinked. "But this guy *must* be from Georgia. No German could talk like that!"

"Reckon he could," declared Vincent, "if he worked hard at it and if he listened to Georgians talk every day for six or eight months. He could learn to speak like a Southerner, and he sure did. You just waltz him in there to that telephone, and hold him till folks get here from the camp."

"But—"

Old Doc Vincent grinned wearily. "I'm from Tennessee originally," he said, "so it sure did go against the grain! But I thought I'd try him that way and he never batted an eye. He's not from Georgia—not that fellow. I whistled one tune solid for a good fifteen miles, and all he did was to say it was a nice tune." He swallowed. "I was whistling '*Marching through Georgia*'."

Gertie and the Pied Piper

She knew Joe talked and acted just as crazy as the other jazz musicians but she simply couldn't live without him

by HENRY STEIG

FICTION

As usual, early on winter evenings, things were slow at the Swingland Billiard Academy, but even so Gertie had all she could do by herself, racking balls, punching time cards and tending the cash register, let alone serving coffee and doughnuts. At seven-thirty she was in a temper, wondering where Morty was. He had gone out for supper an hour ago and was supposed to have returned at seven to resume his regular job, taking care of the time clock and the cash, the lazy jerk. Lazy? If you asked Gertie, Mort was worse than any of the patrons and she'd met enough of them to know what a stagnant bunch they were.

The Academy, named after Swingland, a dime-a-ride dance hall on the floor above it in the same building, was a musicians' hangout. In the entrance foyer, where you found yourself after a descent of three steps from the side street near Times Square, there was a miniature piano for the boys to fool around with, and a coffee-and-counter at which Gertie catered to their off-hour eating habits when she wasn't busy in the back room, the pool hall proper.

Now she was at the counter thinking, God how they got on her nerves, the one-track heels. Take those two guys dunking doughnuts, for instance. They hadn't stopped for a minute talking about music and musicians. "Do I know Spud Lepowski! Me and Spud saxmates with the original Bailey's Benders from Scranton and he's asking me do I know Spud!" "Well, dirty horn he blows. It's got that *unhh*, the real *nyeh*, you know what I mean." "Yeah, a nice stinkin' tenor, so what? Where'd he get it? Cry-sake, he didn't even know to cut a reed till I showed him."

On and on like that, a person would think there was nothing in life but jazz. Honest, she could get narrow-minded hearing that kind of talk day after day.

The dialogue was broken into by a call from the back room: "Hey, Gertie, rack 'em up!" and the pretty, plump brunette went to answer it, crossing the foyer in a self-conscious, stiff-legged walk, feeling the eyes of the men at the counter on her, guessing their waggling eyebrows.

"Over here, Gert," said Sammy the pianist who was playing straight pool with Tom, the trumpeter. Both were members of the band from Swingland, upstairs, and were wearing tuxedos, prepared for work. Sammy was short and pudgy and had close-cropped, curly, blond hair. Tom was of average height, very thin, and had an incongruously broad and flat, pale face and limp, brown hair. Something in the attitude of the two men, watching her as they rested on their cues, puffing cigarettes, infuriated the girl.

"Jeez, y'oughta have a little consideration," she said as she snatched the balls out of the return receptacle and arranged them on the green cloth. "Would it kill you to rack 'em up yourself for once?"

"Don't hafta get sore," Sammy said.

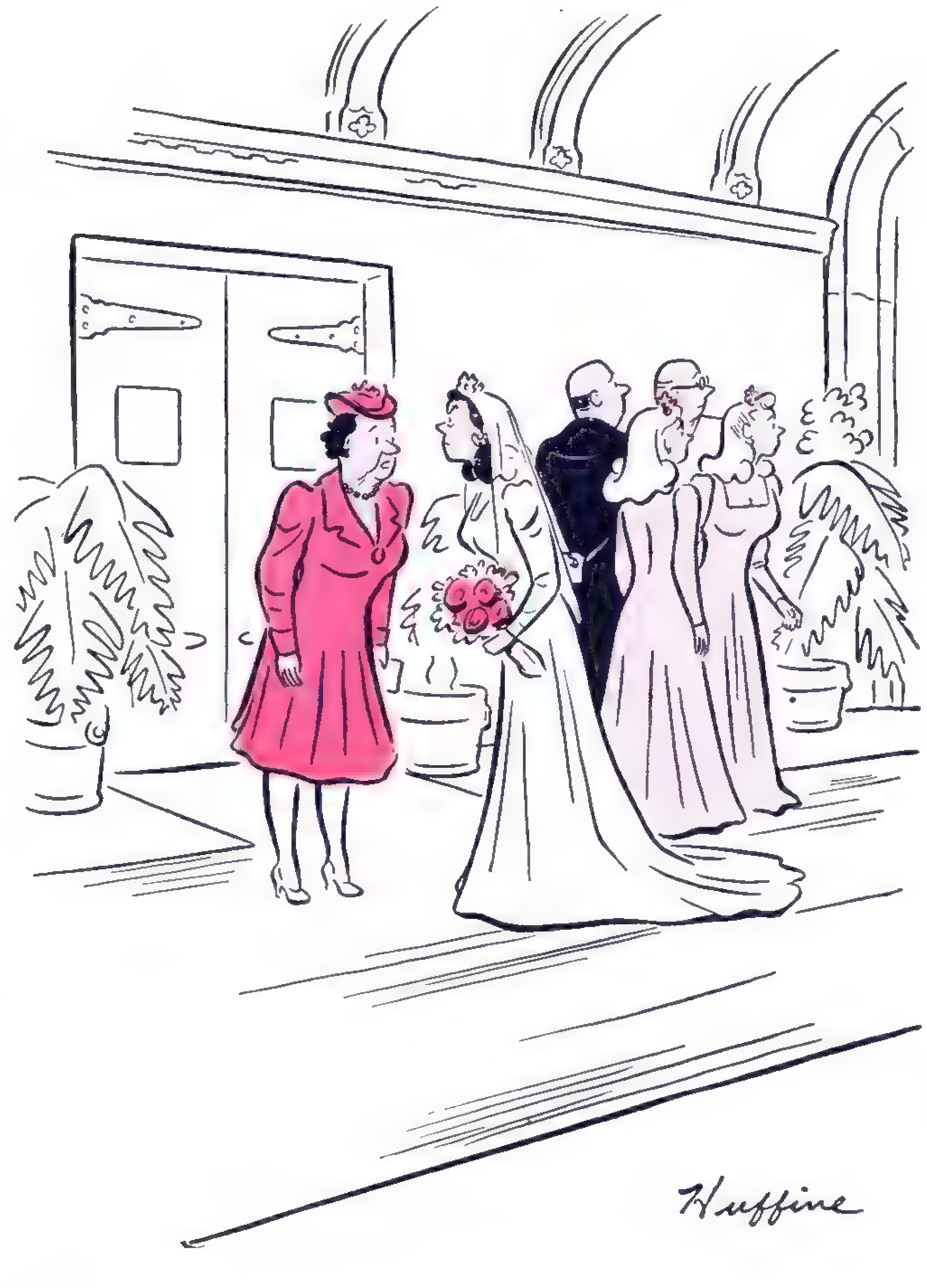
"God's sake, a person would think you had royal blood or something," Gertie said sullenly.

"Tsamadda, kid?" Tom asked. "Ain't Joe been good to you?"

Gertie said, "Aw, go to hell!" and slammed the rack down on its hook at the side of the table.

Sammy laughed. "Here, kid," he said, offering her a tip. But Gertie turned her back on the musicians, feeling it was worth a dime to show her contempt. Sammy shrugged and flipped the coin into a cuspidor, certain she heard the clink, satisfied that his gesture had topped hers.

Returning through the arched doorway to the foyer, Gertie found with relief that the men who had been at the counter had gone away. She cleaned up the long marble slab, took a mirror out of her purse, propped it against a sugar bowl and began to study her complexion carefully.



"Now don't be too hard on him, dear—it may be that he just forgot about it"

Morty, a big, loose-jointed fellow wearing spectacles, entered like a man in a dream. With a groan he let himself down on the chair behind the little desk near the entrance door, on which stood the round time clock and the cash register. He stretched, yawned, rubbed his face and got busy checking receipts against time tickets.

Probably he'd been listening to records at the music shop a few doors away, Gertie thought. No use getting angry with him; he was hopeless.

"Boy, how you love your work!" she said. "Sleepy again, heh?"

"Up late last night," said Morty. "Session at a little hot spot in Harlem."

"Guess you just couldn't live without jazz, but don'tcha get enough of it around here?"

Morty groaned.

"Betcha only took this job—a guy with your brains—so you could be near the boys!"

"I've known them for a long time," Morty said, getting a faraway look on his face. "The kind of music they play, it's rare stuff, a fusion of the best elements of the Chicago style and the great New Orleans tradition—"

Gertie cut him off with an unladylike sound of derision.

"Making a kind of study of it," Morty said lamely. "Someday maybe I'll write a book." Then with a shrewd grin: "You wouldn't be hanging around here, yourself, if it weren't for a certain clarinet player."

"Well, that's different. None of your business, anyway."

Morty let out a long yawn.

"God's sake, y'oughta take a night off from it once in a while," Gertie said in disgust.

"Doesn't matter, I don't sleep well nights, anyhow. Insomnia."

"Oh, you can't sleep at night! Only in the daytime. In the daytime you sleep very good!"

The door swung open, letting in a blast of cold air, and Joe entered with a clarinet in its case under his arm. Hatless, he wore a camel's hair coat which reached nearly to his ankles, over a tuxedo. He was swarthy and slim and had black, wavy hair pasted down and parted in the middle.

" 'Lo, Gertie."

" 'Lo, honey!"

Bending toward each other over the counter, they kissed. Then, with a wave of his hand at Morty, who waved back, Joe hoisted himself up on one of the stools, laying his clarinet on the counter. Automatically, Gertie drew a cup of coffee for him. She handed it to him with a smile and whispered, "Missed you the last couple of nights, darling."

"Sorry, couldn't get around."

"Joe, don'tcha like how I got my place fixed up now?"

"Yeah, it's swell," he muttered, not looking at her. "Just couldn't make it, that's all."

"Oh," she said, pouting.

Morty pushed himself away from the desk, got up and went through the door marked "Private" in the wall near the end of the counter.

"Have a nice nap, Morty boy, you need it," Gertie said.

When the door closed, she kissed Joe again.

"Listen, Joe."

"Yeah?"

"How long we going to go on like this?"

He patted her hand. "Ain't so bad, is it?"

"You been working steady, saving a little dough, I guess, ain't it about time we started leading a normal life?"

"Normal life? Don't be stupid. How could a musician have a normal life? How could a woman have a normal life with a jazz musician for a husband?"

"Don't talk like that, Joe! Lotsa musicians get married."

"Not this one. Kinda life I lead, nothing to bank on—crazy to try to settle down. You know how it is. Y'oughta know now."

"Yeah. All a leader has to do is look at you cockeyed and you pack in the job."

"Slight exaggeration there, kid."

"That last time, God's sake, didn'tcha tell me yourself you quit on account of you didn't like how the drummer made with the cymbals?"

"He loused up the whole rhythm section. It made me nervous, Tom and Sammy too. But it's no use trying to explain it to you."

"But you're all set now, honey. You got Tom and Sammy, you know most of the other boys, you like the band—"

"Sure, it's a swell bunch. One of the best. Almost too good and that's what I'm afraid of."

"'Too good'—that's a new one," she said with exasperation. "I never heard that one before."

"Old story, nothing new about it," Joe said. "That's the way it is in this racket. Good bands don't last, that's the hell of it."

The words didn't make sense to her but Joe spoke with such grave conviction, she couldn't doubt them. "Awright, it's a crazy racket. But with me working, Joe, we'd always get along."

He shook his head. "Money's only one part of it. Suppose I went on the road, where would you be then? And the crazy hours and everything. It's no life for a dame."

"The whole thing boils down to a very simple question, Joe. Do you love me or not?"

"Maybe I don't."

She went around the counter to him. "You're not fooling me. I can tell by the way you look at me sometimes."

"Awright, so I love you. My hard luck."

"*Your* hard luck!"

Awfully dumb crack he'd made, Joe realized. He couldn't explain it, he couldn't tell her that life had been much simpler for him before he'd met her, when it had been almost any dame instead of one special dame. "Just kidding," he said. "I'm sorry." She gave him a smile of forgiveness and he thought, oh God, the guilty feelings! Love was supposed to square everything but it didn't for either of them, certainly not for her, poor kid.

"Maybe someday, Joe?" she begged, sensing the tenderness in him.

He hardened himself again, defensively. "Someday I might go nuts, but you better not count on it."

"You can't stop a girl from hoping, Joe."

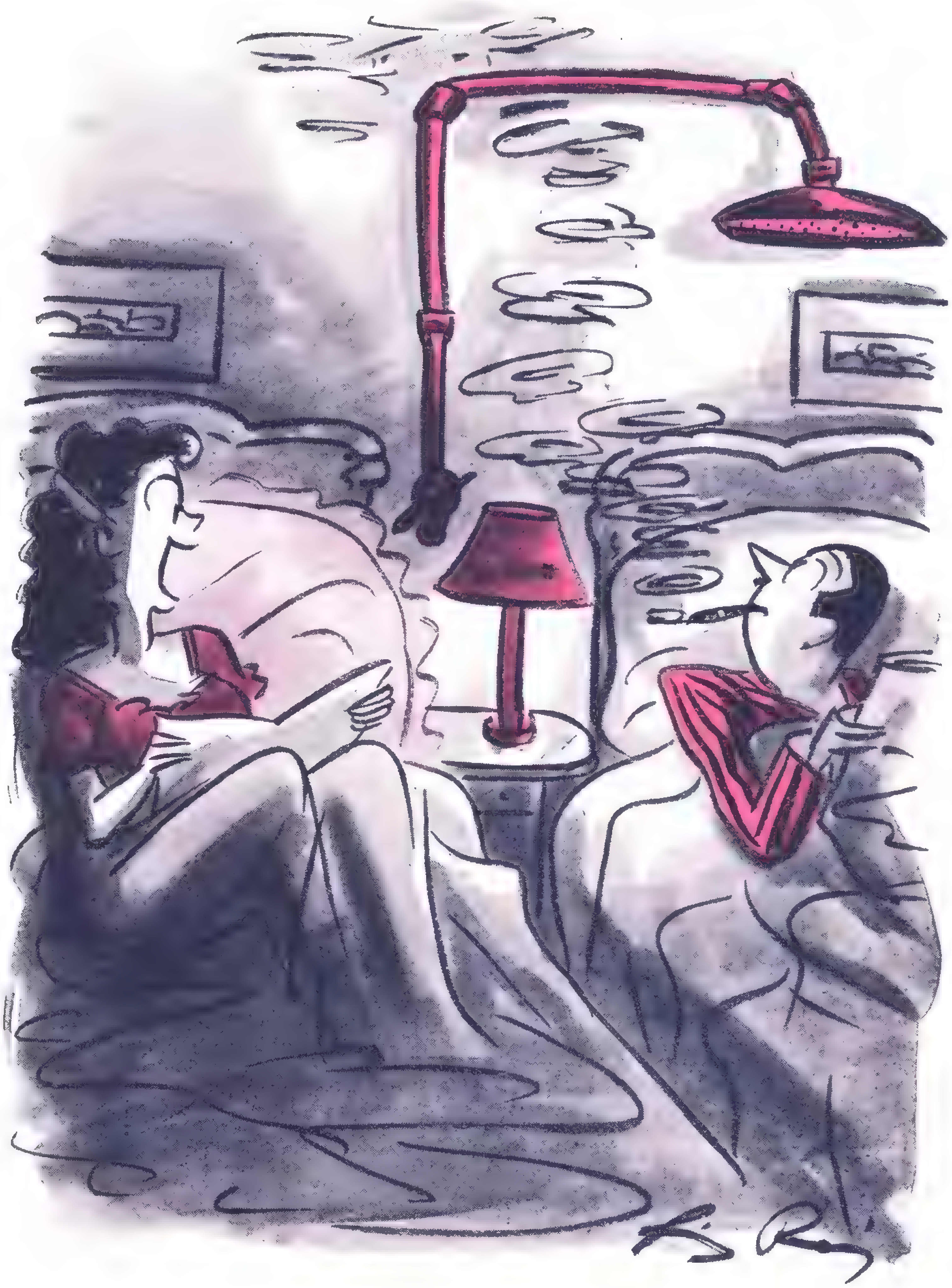
"Then at least stop hoping out loud! Or one of these days I swear I'll beat it to Chicago or someplace, band or no band!"

Her eyes welled. "You're an awful stubborn guy." She twiddled a button on his coat, looking at him as if from a distance, suddenly wondering why she loved him, what there was about him that seemed to make him different from other jazz musicans when all the time he talked and acted just as the rest of them did. The insight scared her badly and she closed her mind against it. "Awright, Joe, if you won't have it any other way." She spoke in a tone of shame and defeat, so softly he scarcely heard. "Only don't be sore at me now, I couldn't bear it."

Joe brightened. "Who's sore?" He put his arm around her waist and gave her a squeeze. "I ain't sore, Gertie."

"I know I'm an awful dope,"

Continued on page 123



"I had it installed today, dear, so I wouldn't have to worry about your smoking in bed"

Irfan Wants a Wife

It was a stunning spectacle, even in Greenwich Village, to see the Indian seamen filing along in jungle fashion

by CARL GLICK

▪ ARTICLE ▪

IRFAN's home is in a small village in Bengal, India. But he hadn't been in New York but a few weeks when he decided he'd like to get married, settle down and live here for the rest of his life. He was thrilled by the novelty of the city and would stand for hours gazing at the skyscrapers, getting a great deal of amusement out of the strange behavior of the natives. I wouldn't have known about this if I hadn't been curious.

You see, ours is a quiet neighborhood in an out-of-the-way corner of Greenwich Village. Nothing much ever happens in this part of town. Now and then a husband beats his wife, but only when she deserves it. And occasionally a drunk stumbling home gets into the wrong apartment and spends a pleasant, restful week end. I know of one man who remained two years. Ultimately he married the girl.

So, when about a year ago over one hundred Indian seamen appeared, we were all intrigued and interested. A bit of old India had arrived in New York. They were Moslems, I was told, and had been rescued from British boats torpedoed by German submarines. They were quartered at the Seaman's Y.M.C.A. over on the water front, a few blocks from where I lived.

It was quite a sight, really, seeing them walk single file along our peaceful streets in the approved jungle fashion, led by an elderly man. He was the advance guard, keen-eyed and quick to give the warning should a wild Greenwich Villager attack from the bushes—as tigers are apt to do in Bengal. The rest followed in order of their social position—based on age and their importance in the villages back home. They all wore ill-fitting, cast-off clothes which had been given them after their rescue. Some had bright-colored sashes about their waists. Others let their shirts hang outside their trousers. A few wore turbans.

Not many spoke English and those who did knew only a word or two, so they had their difficulties in the stores in the neighborhood. But they made their wants known by pointing. They bought scissors, knives, needles and thread. They liked incense, too, and over at the Jackson Square Pharmacy they sampled all the sweet-smelling hair ointments and shaving lotions until they found their particular choice—rose water. They bought every bottle the drugstore had—and asked for more.

One day I was in a restaurant around the corner having a cup of coffee when six of them strolled in. They stood and shyly observed what every person at the counter was having. One, a trifle bolder than the rest, saw my cup of coffee, came up, nodded and smiled.

"Coffee," I said.

He pointed at the cup, then at himself, and repeated the same performance with the others. His meaning was clear. I passed on their order to the waiter, and soon they were all seated in a row at the counter. But when the coffee was served, they looked disappointed and didn't touch it. I raised my hands in a questioning gesture.

The spokesman said something which sounded like, "Mill-eech."

I took the chance and echoed, "Milk?"

Again they all bowed and smiled—so milk was what they got.

"Speak English?" I asked.

"Me speak," said the spokesman, grimly and soberly. He was a dark-skinned youth, bright-eyed, with finely cut features.

The ice being broken, I said, "Hello?"

He responded with something which sounded to me like, "Bala ah-sue me, bun do?"

I might be saying the wrong thing, but I repeated it to the others. To a man they rose, bowed and said, "Salaam! Salaam!" They began chattering, pleased and excited that someone had spoken to them in their own tongue. I later learned that what I had said was "Hello" in Hindustani, and translated it means, "You are good I hope, my friend?"

Having finished their milk they laid some money down on the counter and were very surprised when the waiter gave them their change back. Later I was to find out they thought America was a wonderful country—a man gets paid here for buying something!

They followed me out onto the street. We stood on the corner looking at each other. There wasn't much to say, but I said it: "Salaam! Bala ah-sue me, bun do?"

Bowing and smiling, they echoed my sentiments. It was a lot of fun conversing with them. All I could do was to repeat myself, however—which I did several times and always got the same answer.

What English the spokesman knew was only a few simple words. He wasn't able to form sentences. Yet we managed to understand each other.

He asked me, "Wife?"

"Yes."

"Many?"

"One."

He looked very sad as he replied, "Bad—bad." Then he pointed to himself and said, "Me three wife."

I congratulated him by saying, "Salaam. Bala ah-sue me, bun do?"

"Salaam!" he answered.

Then he indicated each of the others in turn, saying, "He four wife—he two wife" and so on. Each time I bowed, smiled and said my little speech. They responded politely in the same manner.

When the spokesman explained to them I had only one wife, they all shook their heads sadly. I felt somewhat ashamed of myself and tried to apologize by telling them the American custom allowed but one wife to each man.

"America rule one wife bad!" he said, and in his innocence probably summed up in brief form one of the faults of our social scheme.

The next question he asked me was, "Live?"

I pointed down the street and said, "There."

So off we went. I led the way. They followed single file. This made some of my neighbors laugh.

When we got to the front door I paused. For several weeks now they had been passing along our street, seeing the doors and the curtained windows and probably wondering what went on inside the houses and what sort of lives the Americans lived behind those walls. Had I been in India I would have been just as curious about them and would have given my eyeteeth to be invited into an Indian home.

"Come in," I said.

So in they trooped.

"Sit," I said.

"You sit," my English-speaking friend replied.

Later I discovered, being the elder, politeness always demanded that I sit first. I sat. They sat. They stared politely. It was the first time they had ever been inside an American home. One leaned over and felt the rug. Another fingered the upholstery on the chair. They were puzzled at the pictures on the walls.

"Come—look!" I said.

And they did. The sensation

Continued on page 96

THE ESQUIRE CANTEEN ➧

The Boys from Boise—A Television first

WITH his fantasy of glowing cathode-ray tubes and singing wires, Anton Bruehl suggests the promise that in the not too far future you will be viewing such "televisions" as these beauties from your armchair at home rather than a $4.40 seat in a Broadway theatre. In fact, the girls were seen on television sets in the New York area recently when *The Boys from Boise*—the first full-length musical comedy ever written and produced especially for television—was sponsored by Esquire Magazine over WABD, the Dumont Laboratories' television station.

With original music by Sam Medoff, *The Boys from Boise* co-starred Dolores Wilson, Don Saxon and Gwen Davies and was produced with an eye to the special demands of the new art. The cast of more than forty was rehearsed for some six weeks, lines were memorized, lavish costumes were fitted and scenery was built, and the orchestra endlessly cued to tie the musical up in a smooth package.

Scoring as top entertainment with an intimate touch, the show surmounted a few handicaps which underline the pioneering stage of the medium. For instance, the dancing chorus had to be cut to a pocket-size line of four since this was all that could be taken in by the camera at one time. Actors had to be selected for low boiling point as well as talent, with the studio temperature bubbling around 140 degrees because of the batteries of brilliant lights.

Specialty dancer Sylvia Opert, whom you see opposite, was rated one of the brightest spots of the evening, interpreting a torchy ballad, *Broken Hearted Blues*, with an exotic dance. Her sinuous weavings, faded in over the singer, must have drawn many a long, low whistle in video-equipped living rooms.

Sylvia's background is as colorful as her personality. She was born in Johannesburg, South Africa and was brought to the United States by her American parents when she was four.

The cutie doing the Peter Rabbit in the background is Mickey Ames, Conover model and television showgirl.

ANTON BRUEHL PHOTOGRAPH

Black Sheep No. Five: Clarence

The marriage was like a Grade B Movie till a white-coated Prince Charming came along, using realism for magic

by THEODORE DREISER

▪ SEMI-FICTION ▪

CLARENCE MCGAVIN, a dullard who dreamed of glory, had always known that he was one of those seemingly sluggish individuals who someday would startle the world by revealing the spark of genius. Months of having no job whatsoever, preceded by years spent as a part-time insurance salesman and full-time clerk in the dress-goods section of a Midwestern store, had served only to increase his illusions. Now that the day had actually arrived and was shining upon him with all the heady glitter of success, he scarcely had time to consider some of its most rewarding aspects, like getting word to a couple of girls in Red Wing, Minnesota, who had turned him down; or describing his new situation to a number of smirking people who had for years squeezed him like an oversized cork into a confining position. As he stepped into his new office at World Wide, Inc., Hollywood's largest movie studio, only the briefest thought of past humiliations flashed across his mind.

From now on he was to be assistant to Rudolphe Hayward, Director of World Wide, Inc., and the memory of his struggles among the shuffling, sparring, knifing mortals of the past was no longer worthy of his attention, except that he would see to it, he told himself, that his knowledge of humanity's seamy ways would contribute to his magnitude and his acumen as an executive. His new tasks were not of a demanding nature mentally, yet they sent him hurrying from office to office with an impressively overtaxed air, dizzying him with the impression he knew he must be creating, and netting him a salary twice as great as any he had ever earned before. Life seemed too good to be true.

Often, when tilting back in his swivel chair, waiting for the buzzer to summon him here or there, he would chuckle suddenly at the facetious slyness of fate which had transported him so deftly to these nether regions, and then suddenly he would become aware of the girl who sat opposite him. It was like parting clouds of glory to see that beautiful face—with the large grey eyes, like pools at twilight, the chastity of feature and the shimmering golden hair, brighter than sunlight over a field of wheat at noonday. There were times when he had a sneaking suspicion that she had been shamed and benumbed by life—she was so huge, padded by a tremendous amount of flesh for which he felt the utmost concern and tenderness. He knew her position at the studio was only temporary and that there was no masculine admirer around to put in a good word for her, yet still she had a marvelous air of unattainability, of serenity, which challenged him. He began to think of her as a lady of mystery, hoodwinking the world with her obese body, using it as a means of testing the world for its base motives and foolish conceits. It fed his self-respect to realize that he alone, out of all the world of men, had the discrimination to appreciate her and he longed to share with her his own prestige.

When she consented to marry him, he was overcome with his good fortune. She possessed none of those cheap little graces so easily employed by a slender woman; she had real distinction and the very poise of her golden head more than compensated for her heavy body. They rented a little white house in Hollywood, the kind that looks so well in snapshots, and Anna moved about it with a tranquillity that a thinner woman might not have had. Life became for both of them as shimmering and deep-flowing as any stream that a swan drifts upon. The repose of it—when he brought friends home for dinner—would suffuse him with pride and self-confidence, until at times he felt that no one had a right to be as happy as he.

In the meantime, Anna, no longer an obese outcast from the world of youth and romance, fancied, too, that she lived in a perfect world. The installment-plan assuredness of the little house seemed like the most beatific kind of domesticity and coziness. More and more she accepted the pattern of her days as her womanly due, relishing Clarence's swaggering description of her in his letters to the Midwest and the pompous delight he took in being at last a provider. Indeed, their hearts had no other desire except to bask in this concept of life and marriage as long as possible, and when Anna gave birth to a son, they both felt they had reached the final and supreme level of all gratification.

Anna was even heavier after the birth of their child, but her face was more beautiful than ever. Clarence, whose name now glowed in gold letters on his desk, kept a new picture of her and the baby in his office and he loved to see the expression of incredulity in the eyes of strangers when they stared first at the photograph, and then at him. Their amazement at his wife's beauty was just another reminder of his own good fortune and if—in a sense—the picture was deceptive, since it did not reveal Anna's corpulence, he could scarcely object. With his increasing satisfaction in life, he even adopted a rather boastful attitude toward the numerous bills they were incurring. To him they were evidence of progress, and when Anna needed dental care after the arrival of the baby, he urged her to go to the most expensive dentist in Hollywood.

Dr. Moreland, whose luxurious practice among the movie stars was bringing him a handsome income, had a suavity more mellow than a diplomat's. But somehow he was ill at ease with Anna. When in her presence, his facility for jests deserted him. She was so very beautiful and yet so very misshapen that he worried about her and every time she left his office he would stand at the door staring at her puzzledly and wondering at his curious feeling of irritation. No woman with a face like that should be allowed to be so overweight, he told himself, and one day, unable to contain himself any longer, he told her about a new diet one of his patients was trying.

"Of course, diet alone can't accomplish a miracle," he said with feigned nonchalance.

But Anna didn't seem to understand him. Or perhaps she wasn't even interested. She merely looked out the window without answering. He turned his back on her and walked over to the tray where he kept his instruments.

"Being a chemist, as well as a dentist," he said, "I happen to know quite a lot about the pituitary gland. It can play havoc with a person's weight."

When he turned around, she was gazing at him confusedly as if she had just awakened from a long sleep.

"I don't understand," she said.

"There are pills people can take," he answered gravely. "If the doctor advises . . ."

He never alluded to the subject again, but he noticed in the course of a few months that she was losing weight. It was like watching an obese flower shed its petals. Every time that he saw her, the

Continued on page 129

◀ AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Marion Bell

SHE rode to Rome on a song at the age of fourteen when she sang *I'll Follow My Secret Heart.* It was in her home town, St. Louis, Missouri. In the audience were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Z. Leonard, he the movie director and former light-opera singer. They listened to the young, true voice and asked to be allowed to sponsor Marion's career. Off went Marion and Mama to Europe, the culture-font. The time was 1937. Marion was progressing nicely with her lessons, but her high notes were interrupted by louder-mouthed Mussolini. So Marion and Mama came home and Marion resumed her studies in Los Angeles. In 1941 the San Francisco Opera Company signed the singer, now seventeen, for a solo in *Tannhäuser.* Says candid Marion in self-criticism: "I sang better than I acted, and my voice was not terrific." Back she went to her lessons and this time she thoughtfully added a dramatic course to her schedule. Then came parts in the Bliss-Hayden Theatre and there perennial Little Theatre talent scouts saw her and all but persuaded M-G-M to sign her for the important role of Marsinah in *Kismet.* However, her fresh-air brunette beauty lacked the essential purdah prettiness, so she missed out on the part. The studio did vote her a test, and in a scenario-like coincidence, the director of the test happened to be a Mister Robert Z. Leonard—*the* Mister Leonard. She sang bits and snatches of French and German songs and was promptly signed, in English. Life on the lot, says Maid Marion, is child's play compared to the boot camp of an operatic induction. Still, she isn't exactly relaxing. When she's not going the rounds of M-G-M's courses and classes, she's swimming and riding and dancing, solo, because there's no time for love in her current curriculum. "I want to be able to sing for my own supper before I start cooking someone else's," and, adds the little brown-haired, brown-eyed Miss from Missouri, "I've got to be at home with the high notes before thinking about a home and low-note lullabies."

Vital Statistics: *Height:* 5′ 4½″; *Weight:* 115 lbs.; *Bust:* 34″; *Waist:* 24″; *Hips:* 35″.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL

The Well-Trained Cat

O'Leary claimed that Anna could do anything a human being could do and he had trained her simply with love

by MAURICE ZOLOTOW

• FICTION •

I WAS standing on the corner of 47th Street and 7th Avenue late one afternoon. I was chewing on a toothpick. For two days I had not eaten a square or even a round meal. I would have sold my soul for a hamburger sandwich and it would have been cheap at the price. I was leaning against the Palace Theatre and watching the men going into the men's toilet near Father Duffy's statue, and I was thinking about the days of vaudeville. Hunger always makes me thoughtful. I knew I had no future and wondered if I had a past. The days of grandeur were over. They were showing double-feature moving picture shows with newsreel and Mickey Mouse and Pluto at the Palace. But I liked to feel the old granite against my thigh. It was like a mother's touch. A man came over and said, "Pardon me, hello."

I said, "Howya."

He said, "You are William Morris. You are the president of the greatest booking office in the United States."

I started to answer something.

"I recognized your picture," he went on fast, panting hard, "I saw it in *The Billboard* eight years ago."

"Have you got a cigarette, friend?" I asked. "I left my package up at the offices of William Morris."

He gave me a Melachrino and as I lit it, I sized him up. He was a short, stout fellow, dressed in a dirty tan suit, and there was a polka dot muffler, blue, in his collar instead of a tie. He had on a Panama hat and brown and white shoes. Somebody, I thought, should tell him it's November. His cheeks were chunky and rosy and he was smiling gaily. He had the kindest, most trusting smile you ever saw.

"My name is Lionel O'Leary," he said, "and I have the most remarkable animal act in the world. Anna the Well-Trained Cat." He pointed to his shoulder and I jumped with surprise. There was a yellow cat slinked on his shoulder, with her tail curling around his neck. The color of her face was so like the color of his dirty, tan, linen suit that she was kind of camouflaged and I had not noticed her before. I guess you would call her a yellow cat. Her eyes were yellow also and she was cleaning her whiskers in a most remarkable way by wiping them with a yellow tongue. I was impressed by the way she was cleaning her whiskers. Lionel O'Leary seemed to enjoy my surprise.

"Never saw a feline do that, Mr. Morris, did you?" he beamed.

"No, sir," I said.

"That's the least of her accomplishments. Anna can practically do everything a human being can do, including think. For example, she can tell jokes and predict the future. She can do acrobatics, play a xylophone, or balance rubber balls on her nose. She also has a plan for the post-war world."

"Howja ever make her learn all that?" I inquired.

"Simply love," he explained. "Love will accomplish any and all ends. That is my theory of life. Love will make empires topple and cats talk. That is the theory on which I have based the last nine years of my life, eh, Anna?" He scratched her neck with his forefinger and she purred. Mr. O'Leary had dreamy, blue eyes and he looked into her yellow eyes, and I could have sworn the pussy looked into his eyes with real intelligence. "Isn't it a lovely day, Anna?" Mr. O'Leary asked.

I could have sworn she purred, "Yes, if it don't snow."

"You hear," said Mr. O'Leary.

"Unbelievable," I said.

"She would be a hit in vaudeville or night clubs," said Mr. O'Leary.

"Vaudeville is shot."

"She could go on the radio. She could conduct a quiz program. She could tell stories to children or sing popular songs."

"Let me hear her sing," I said. "Can she sing *Old Man River*?"

He bit his lips. "I dunno," he said, "it's a bit in the low range for Anna, but I'll ask her to try it." He bent his head over sideways and whispered in Anna's ear, and so help me Albee, the cat nodded, and then she opened her jaws showing a pretty set of pearly molars. Her ears were waving like little yellow pennants.

She sang *Old Man River*, words and music, and Bledsoe shouldn't do better in his best days.

I tell you the sweat began to roll over my body. My collar was damp. For a moment I was in a panic for fear someone would hear Anna sing and steal her away. But nobody heard. The crowds were rushing up and down Broadway, the busses and cars were tearing along and the cops were blowing their whistles.

Nobody bothered to notice Anna. I was figuring out how to get O'Leary to sign a management contract giving me fifty per cent of Anna's gross. I saw where I could give up worrying about hoofing from now on.

"She was an ordinary kitten when I discovered her in the street," Mr. O'Leary was saying. "I found her on Fourth Avenue near Twelfth Street on October 14, 1934. She was crying. I loved her as soon as we met and she loved me, too. She was above the average cat in intelligence and she could catch mice when she was three weeks old. I saw immediately I had fine material to work with."

"Does she play instruments?" I asked.

His eyelids flickered as though he hadn't heard the question. After a pause he said: "Yes, she plays the fife." He took a small, tin fife out of a pants-pocket and gave it to Anna. She set the fife between her forepaws and dug her little teeth into the fife.

She gave us *Honeysuckle Rose*, and forget about Benny Goodman.

"Anna should be in the movies," he said. "A man of your influence could secure a screen test for Anna."

"What are we waiting for?" I said.

We went to Conrad's Theatrical Booking Offices in the Bond Building.

"I want to see Archie," I told the receptionist.

"I said," she gum-chewed, "we'd let you know if any jobs turned up. Mr. Conrad is in conference."

"Lay off," I winked to her. "This is big. To you I'm strictly

Bill O'Malley

"Inventory is a cinch this year"

William Morris. I want to see Archie. I got the act of the century under exclusive contract."

"Mr. Conrad is engaged. Can I take a—"

"Come on, O'Leary," I yelled. I rushed past the desk and O'Leary followed me into Conrad's office. Conrad was sitting at his desk filling out a crossword puzzle.

"What's the idea?" he said.

"Archie," I said, "I've got the act of the century." I closed the door. "Tell the secretary we shouldn't be bothered for hours. This is big."

"Meet Anna the Well-Trained Cat," said O'Leary.

Anna meowed. She arched her back and her tail stood up like a telephone pole. Conrad got red when he saw the pussy.

"Are you trying to be comical?" he said. "What am I booking—the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Combined Circuses, I hope not?" He picked up a heavy chromium ash tray shaped like Margie Hart.

"Archie," I said, "this is a class act. You could put this act in the Rainbow Room and the Rockefellers would give you oil stock in appreciation. This is a cat that talks and sings and plays instruments. I hear she is consulted by Sidney Hillman. Tell Anna to say hello to Mr. Conrad. Tell her to say it's a great day but it looks like snow."

Anna reared up, leaning one paw on O'Leary's left ear.

"Hello, stinker," she said to Conrad.

Conrad's eyes nearly popped out. "What's that?" he breathed.

"I said hello stinker," she repeated.

"Oh my," gurgled Conrad weakly, "oh my."

O'Leary was proud and beaming. "Did you hear that?" he asked. "Such diction, such enunciation. And it's love that did it, Mr. Conrad. Love and kindness and understanding will overcome all barriers between man and beast. Even, I venture to hope, between man and man. The United Nations—"

"Forgetting the United Nations if you don't mind, did you say she sings?" Mr. Conrad asked.

"With pear-shaped tones yet," I said.

"She sings in four languages and a Gaelic dialect," said O'Leary.

Conrad slumped back in his chair. He stared at the eight or nine bottles of medicines he has on his desk and he selected a large brown bottle and he took two red capsules, which he washed down with a glass of water. Then he rang several buzzers. He commanded various flunkeys to call a pianist, to bring a microphone and hook it up to a speaker in his office, and he told his secretary to ring for an arranger and to keep his phone quiet for the next hour.

"There's your audition," I said to O'Leary. I was feeling like I hit the Daily Double, like the jackpot to end all jackpots came in.

"We will have to make up some special arrangements for her," Conrad said briskly.

"What's that arrangements?" O'Leary said.

"Never mind," I said, patting O'Leary gently on the back.

Izzy Glicksberg, a pianist with a boogie-woogie left hand like murder, sits down at a small modernistic piano.

"Did she bring her music?" Conrad asked.

"No, she sings from memory," O'Leary replied.

"Did *who* bring *whose* music?" Izzy said, looking around the room with a peculiar twist on his lips. He stuck a cigarette in his mouth.

"Anna the cat," I said to him. "Play her an accompaniment and don't argue, Izzy," Conrad said. "I'm not paying you a salary to ask smart questions."

Izzy looked at the cat and shrugged his shoulders. "I played enough times for singers who turned out to be dogs, isn't it logical I should play for a cat who turns out to be a singer?" he muttered, banging a few fast chords.

Mr. Conrad screwed the microphone down as low as it would go. He set Anna on a pile of old magazines. She cocked her head proudly, her tiny ears perking up. Her yellow eyes were glittering excitedly.

"Come on, Anna," I said, getting anxious, "sing *Old Man River*."

"I'd rather she sang something more in her range, something like *Shine On, Harvest Moon*."

"All right," said Conrad, "*Harvest Moon*, *Pagliacci*, anything, but let her sing. I'm a nervous man."

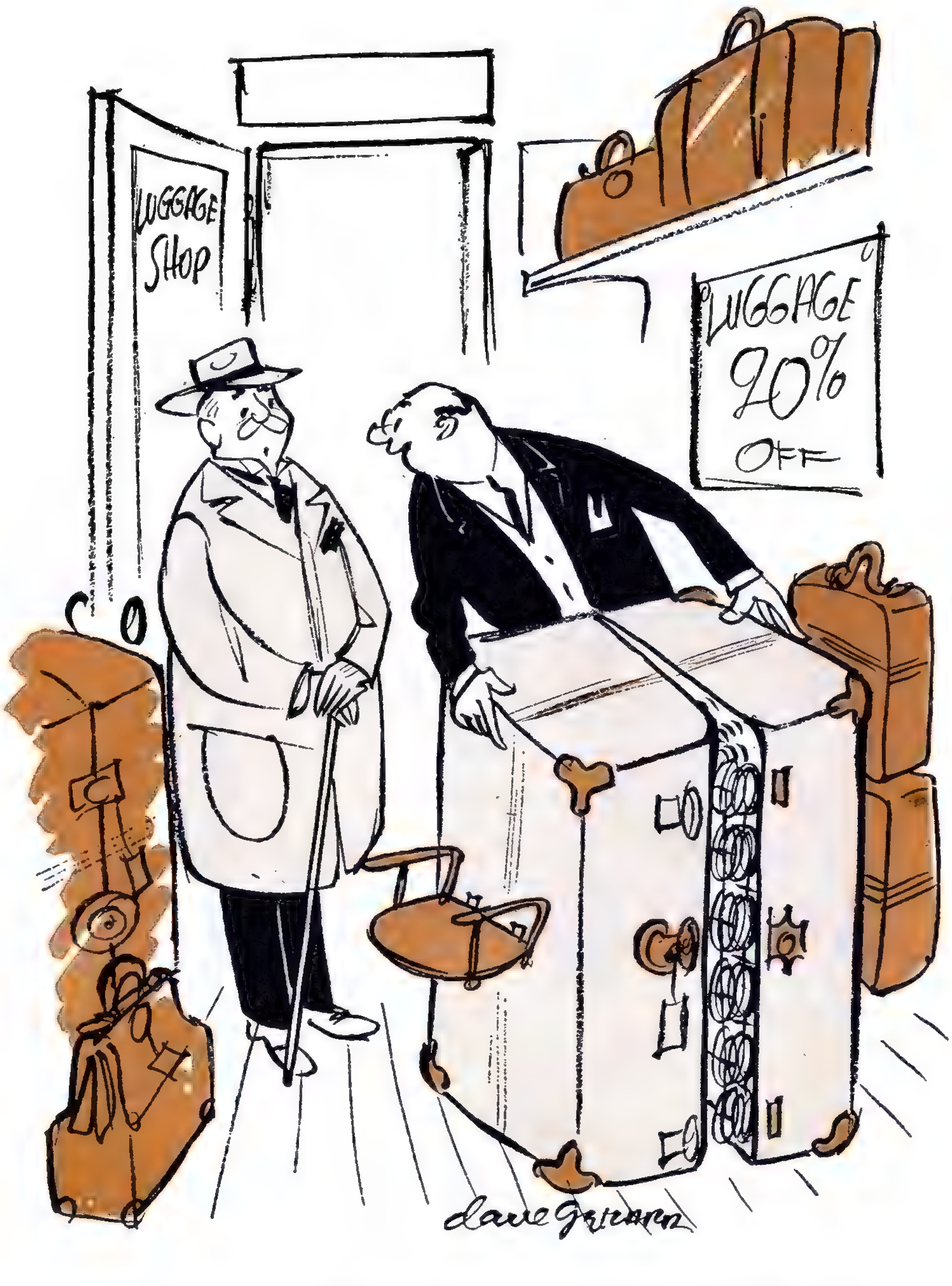
"She sings so beautifully," said O'Leary, "her style is reminiscent of the early Nora Bayes."

"Sing *Shine On, Harvest Moon*," I requested.

"I'll vamp you till ready, Hildegarde," Izzy said to the cat.

She opened her jaws on the first chorus and let out a great nerve-wracking meow that made me flinch. Meow followed meow, ending up with a terrific screech, like a fierce piece of chalk grating on a

Continued on page 145



"Now then—you not only have the collapsible seat on this trunk, but the greatest feature of all! You're in Washington, and not a room to be had—not a bed in town—"

This Man's World

Testimonies from some who have drunk too vastly of dry vermouth, a paean for a vicar and advice to veterans' wives

by PAUL GALLICO

▪ OPINION ▪

I HAVE a new hero for you. I found him in a news story out of England. He is the Reverend H. G. Green, vicar of St. Nicholas Church in Ipswich, a town near London.

I love the Reverend H. G. Green. I love him for his honesty and his guts and for being a soldier of God.

Hero he is, but this is not a battle story. The vicar did not don uniform and helmet and go out into the smoking field. What he did was fought out in the quiet and solitude of his study. But in the end he drew the shining sword of righteous wrath and loosed a mighty blow at the enemy of all mankind. And the shock of that blow may yet resound through all England. I am recounting his story here in the hopes that you too will give a thought to the torments that burned in the breast of the good Vicar of Ipswich.

I don't know him. I never saw him, though I have been to Ipswich. But he will be a small man, as grey as the stone of his church, mild and learned and gentle. He is in trouble now for what he did, for he has been reported to the Bishop for appropriate action by his colleague, the Rev. J. C. S. Chamberlain, Vicar of Christ Church in the Shooter's Hill district of London. The Rev. J. C. S. Chamberlain stated in his outraged protest to the Bishop that "Mr. Green has done the Christian Church a great deal of harm." But you shall have the facts and you shall be the judge.

The story begins with a public appeal issued by that busy clergyman, this same Rev. J. C. S. Chamberlain, for books, tobacco, games and other gifts for six wounded Nazis he had visited in the hospital where he serves as chaplain.

It was a Christian appeal made in a country of gentle and Christian people who paused in their suffering to hearken to it. It reached into hearts too easily touched and swayed them to send their books which are scarce and tobacco which is scarcer, as well as gifts of money to purchase things for the Nazis. It also reached into the study of the Reverend H. G. Green, the grey Vicar of Ipswich, and caused this other good man to wrestle in his rooms behind the blackout curtains for long hours during which many thoughts and pictures and sounds and memories assailed him.

He must have thought of the wounded Nazis lying in the hospitals and the gentle injunctions of his religion and his office, and while he thought perhaps the sirens sounded and he heard then, racketing across the night sky, the obscene pilotless messengers from Nazi-land hurrying on their aimless vengeful mission to kill, maim and destroy the young, the innocent and the Christian-hearted.

He would pause and listen to the hellish clatter of the flying bomb and wait for the engine to cut out and count the four remaining seconds of life left to some English family, a family busy perhaps in tying up a little packet to go to wounded Nazis in a hospital in answer to the Rev. Chamberlain's appeal.

He must have thought of his teaching and his training and his duty as a Vicar of Christ on earth, and then into his mind must have come thoughts and pictures of the German charnel houses of Lublin and the hanged men and women of Russia, the stinking horrors of the Warsaw Ghetto, the bloated, starving children of Greece and all the thousands upon thousands, reaching into millions, of murdered men, the rotting corpses on the waysides of Yugoslavia and Norway and Holland and Belgium, the firing squads in France and Czechoslovakia, and the chambers, the gas chambers and the torture chambers and the beating chambers and the suffocation chambers and the roasting chambers of the German killers.

And he must have thought too of the English dead and the English dying and the English that were to die on the morrow or in the next hour or the next minute in this gigantic Nazi carnival of killing.

So must he have wrestled with himself and his nature and his knowledge and his goodness and his Christian anger against the anti-Christ. And so in some small, silent hour of the morning he reached his decision and sat him down and prepared a gift package in reply to the appeal of the Rev. J. C. S. Chamberlain, and with it he penned a note and sent it off the next day, this angry, courageous, human and lovable Vicar of Ipswich.

And the note, as opened and read by the Rev. Chamberlain, the solicitous clergyman with name of bad omen, read as follows:

"Having seen your tender-hearted request for comforts for the blasphemers of God and butchers of men, I herewith send a small comfort which I am sure will be good for them. I am sorry the tin is not full, but a small dose will do the trick.

"Respectfully yours,
H. G. Green,
Vicar, St. Nicholas Church,
Ipswich"

The box accompanying the letter was labeled "Rat Poison."

Ladies Only

THIS department promised at its inauguration to devote a cozy corner occasionally to the instruction, enlightenment and entertainment of the ladies. I had thought to use this space at first in an appeal to you-all not to fall for those extraordinarily hideous hat styles that have emerged from liberated Paris (probably a kind of subtle Gallic vengeance for the length of time it took us to get there) but I note that I am too late. You've got 'em already. The pictures seemed to have been in the papers only yesterday and you are already walking around with what look like bundles of old washing on your heads. All I will do at the moment is suggest that you-all look like hell in them, and wait for nature and the fad to run its course.

There is an item on the agenda, however, where perhaps I can be of assistance to you and that is in the matter of explaining to you what may appear to be the strange behavior of your returned soldier hero.

It's about that matter of the fifth day. I think it will be about the fifth, but certainly no later than the sixth after his triumphant and happy return from the wars, either on a month's leave, or maybe finished with warrior ways for good.

This is a day which will begin like all the other ecstatic days you spent together since the joyous moment of reunion, but which will be slightly shadowed at first by an inexplicable atmosphere of unease and restlessness. The guy will start looking out the window, or switching the radio on and off, and stay with his ear glued to the instrument when some kind of G.I. program comes on.

Then he'll start picking things up and laying them down, or wander from room to room, opening closets and closing them again, or reading newspapers that he's read a couple of times over. He'll go down to the store for a pack of

Continued on page 133

AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE ➧

The face and fortune of Joyce Gates

AT NINETEEN Joyce can look back on ten years in show business—and she still thinks it's wonderful. Like most kids, she studied "elocution" and when she was nine she was chosen from 400 applicants to read commercials on the Amos and Andy program, piping such sentiments as "Gee, Mummy, look at my teeth NOW!"

There were more taxing demands on her versatility on the all-children's radio program Let's Pretend, where she played everything from fairy princesses to witches. Later she also appeared on the Rudy Vallee hour and with Orson Welles, in numerous Columbia Workshop plays and with the Aldrich Family. (She played two of Henry's girl friends.)

Her experiences on the legitimate stage have been less glittering, she modestly admits, since she appeared in one play that ran three nights (including the preview) and another that never reached Broadway. However, her potentialities have been noted by no less a perspicacious eye than that of Preston Sturges. She met the director at a party. Said he, "You must be an actress—you have that Barrymore nose." She has just returned from Hollywood where she says she played two minor parts in two major pictures.

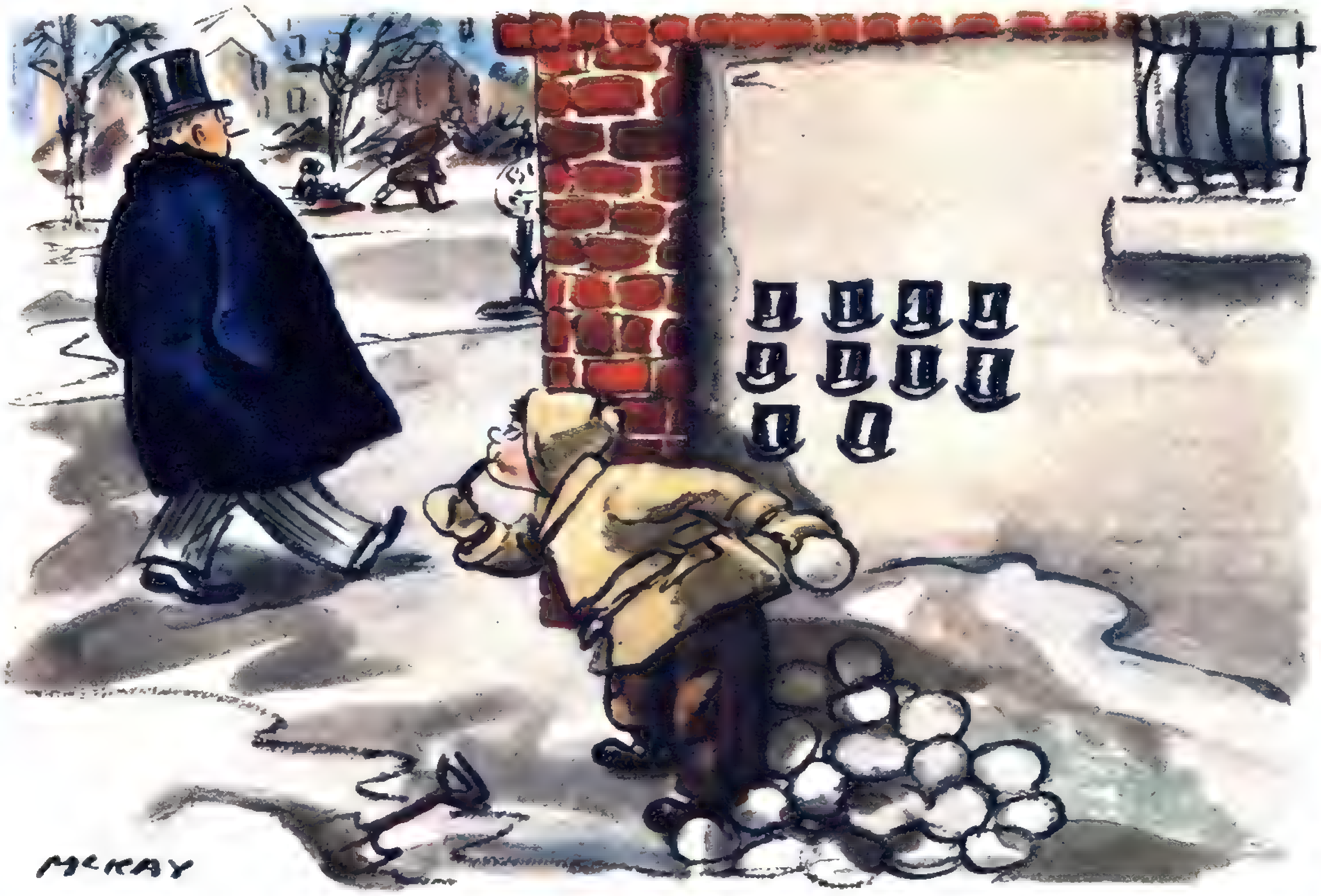
Besides her nose, Joyce can count a pair of very expressive eyes, hair you'd love to touch and a dream figure among her assets. She is charmingly natural and while she can view herself with humor, she is deadly serious about her dramatic ambitions.

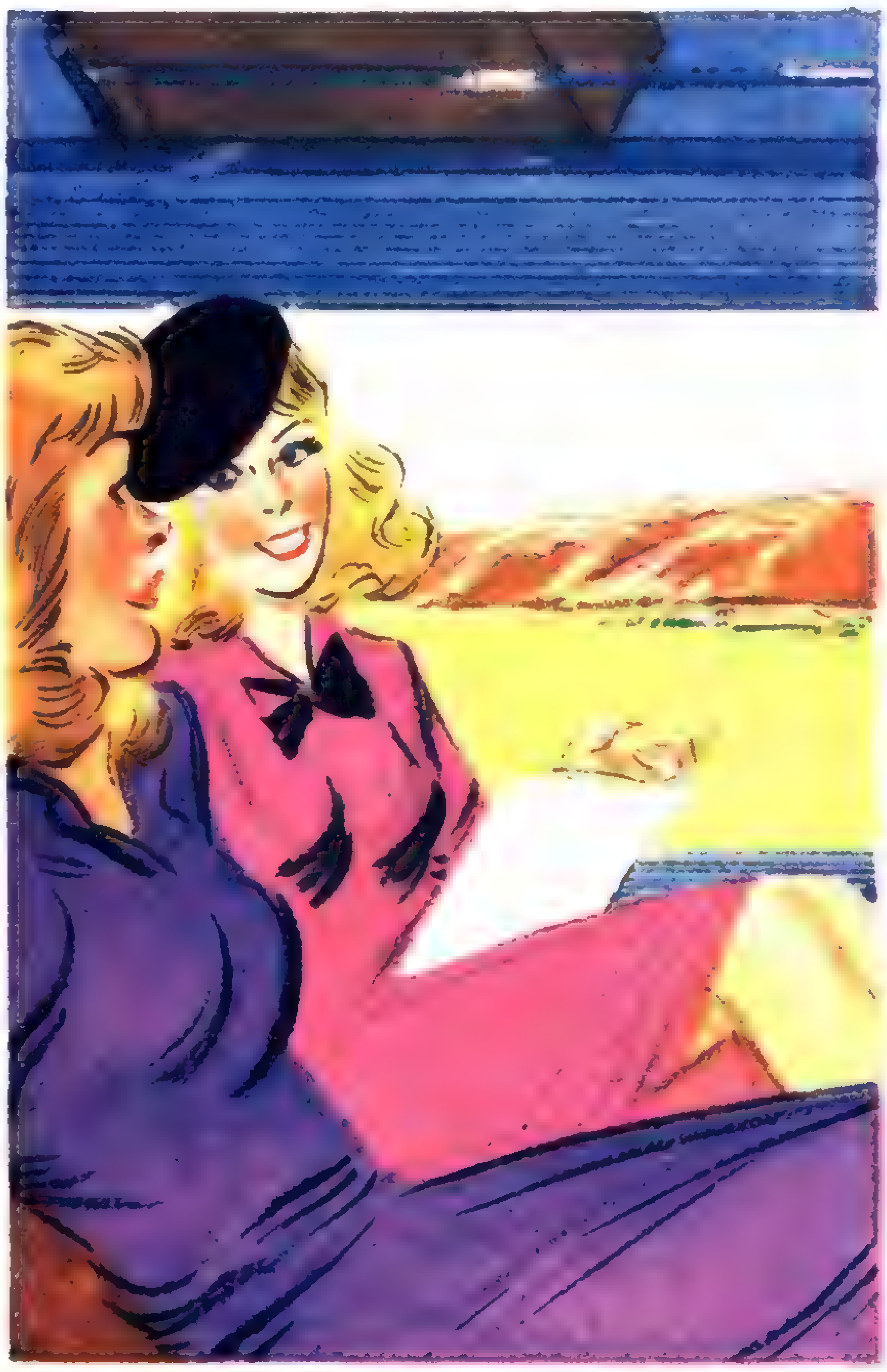
She loves riding and swimming, collects antique furniture ("but not to sit on") and other bric-a-brac. When her father raised a mustache, she added an assortment of mustache cups to her shelves—but it turned out to be not that kind of a mustache.

Miss Gates on Men: "The type I like least are the amateur psychologists who insist that deep-down you are far different from what you seem and only they can see behind the veneer. This usually leads into The-trouble-with-you-is-you-have-inhibitions . . ."

Vital Statistics: *Agency:* Society of Models; *Height:* 5'9" with heels; *Bust:* 33½"; *Waist:* 24"; *Hips:* 34".

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOT CLARKE





"Imagine our ancestors crossing these plains in covered wagons—I guess they thought twice before they rushed to Reno in those days"

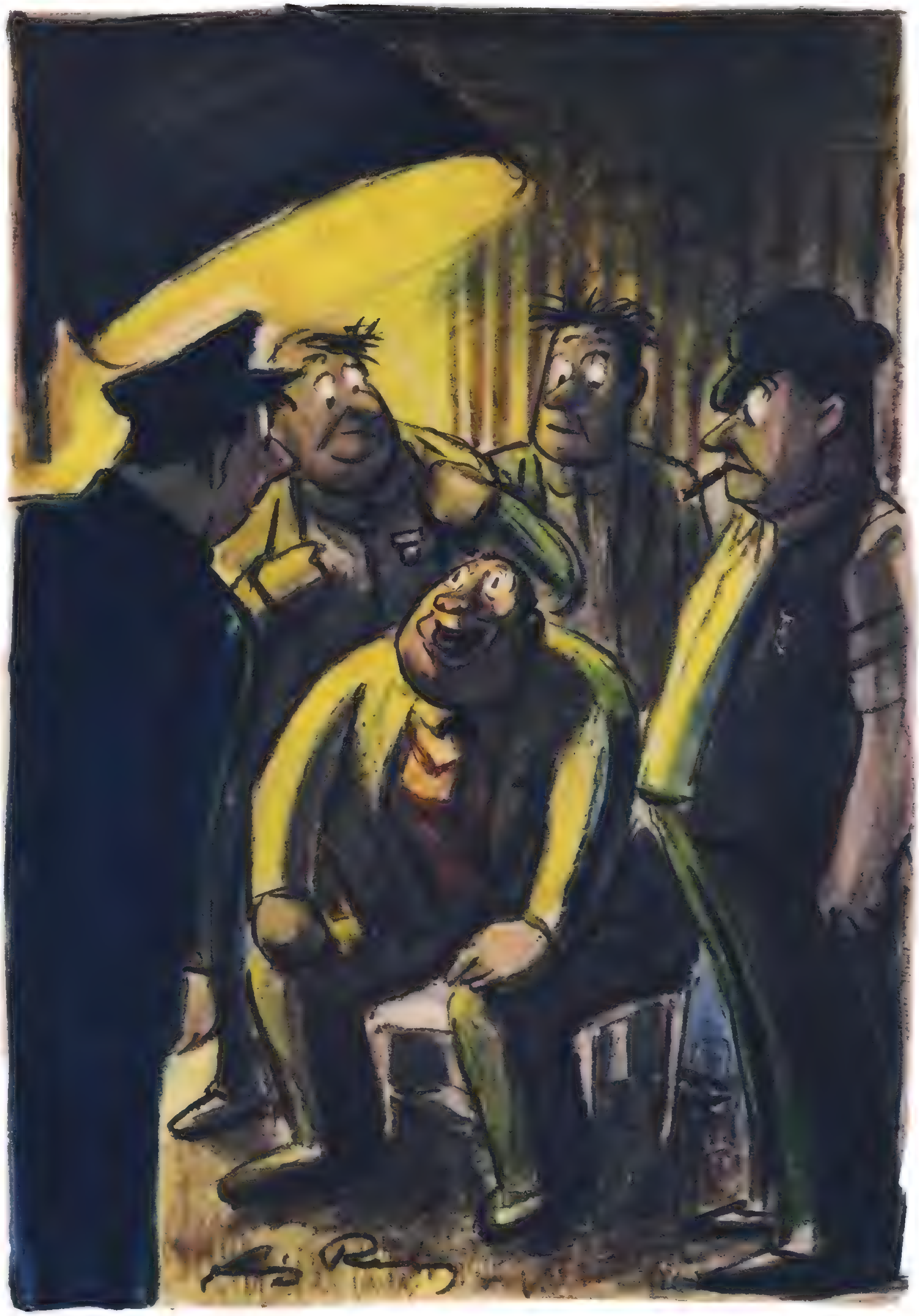
BEAUTY AND THE DYE VAT

Annelle Hays, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

IF SHE could wave a magic wand, the two weeks she'd relive in her young life would be Freshman Week at the University of Texas and June Week at Annapolis. As for her first week in Hollywood, she'll skip that. Two tests took place; neither took. She was emoting neatly with everyone pleased, but both times the camera failed. In one case it was a fuse which blew and in the second it was merely a hypnotized cameraman who forgot to load. "It's just as well," says Elizabeth Annelle Hays. "I'll wait and work on my Texas accent, learn to lower my voice and stop saying Ma'am!" She has the look of Stanwyck which is what introduced the cinematic note into her life. Her Dad is in the shoe business and, says she: "I wanted to follow in his shoe steps." Annelle majored in chemistry so she could play around with dyes. Just for fun she also played around with a dramatic course, was given a lead and that's where a talent scout came in. But the family said, "No, one thing at a time!" She was a BB student—brains and beauty (one of five campus beauty queens, and a Plan Two student)—one of a hundred boys and girls selected from the senior class in high school and permitted to whip through the University as fast as their minds could carry them. The selectees enrolled in September and by the following June there were only eleven of the hundred left . . . and Annelle was one of the eleven. With commencement came the trek to Hollywood to see whether it would be dyes or dramatics as a life work. Annelle's third test is scheduled for early this year and Missy Hays is grooming herself. She is doing Red Cross shows, lots of Little Theatre and learning not to eat so much. A fat chemist, yes, says she, but a fat actress, no. As for men, she likes hers lean and with that well-showered look. She likes 'em polite; doesn't care whether their manners are a part of them or something they acquire . . . just as long as they have 'em and use 'em. As for politics . . . she won't vote for two years yet, but she quotes her Dad: "You can ask a man how old his wife is, but never ask him how he's going to vote!"

Vital Statistics: *Height:* 5′ 5″; *Bust:* 34″; *Waist:* 24″; *Hips:* 34″; *Weight:* 110.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY WAXMAN



"You can have my confession if I retain the serial and movie rights!"

Golden Gloves' Golden Trail

Joe Patterson's amateur boxing contest began in Chicago and grew up to become international, spawning many champions

by ED PRELL

• SPORTS •

THERE'VE been a hundred thousand chins or two popped in the name of Golden Gloves and the participants have heard more birdies sing than a pet shop proprietor. This red-blooded and sometimes bloodletting leather warfare has been going on now for more than two decades in settings ranging from two-by-four arenas in the small towns to the splendor of the Chicago Stadium and Madison Square Garden.

Famous chins have been baptized in this stirring amateur competition, including the one owned by Sgt. Joe Louis, the heavyweight king, and the one which sprouted a beard while Barney Ross, once a triple champion, was helping blitz the Japs on Guadalcanal. These days a fighter without a Golden Gloves background is like a show dog without a pedigree.

Golden Gloves owes its picturesque name and its start to Capt. Joe Patterson, the publisher of the New York *Daily News.* It owes its growth to many other famous personages, down to almost any sports editor in the nation you could name in communities from 10,000 population up. Not to forget, either, the fans who know a bargain in sports when they see one. From a humble start in a Chicago west-side hall it has become a nationwide million-dollar enterprise, with all profits going to charity.

Capt. Patterson was co-publisher of the Chicago *Tribune* in 1923 when he decided something should be done about the silly Illinois law barring boxing. Being a man of action, he ordered the sports department to round up all pugilistically inclined youngsters. The captain took care personally of another important item, that of obtaining an injunction to neutralize the law. This show would prove, he contended, that boxing could be conducted on a high level.

Walter Eckersall, the University of Chicago football immortal and *Tribune* sports writer, was delegated as tournament director. He was assisted by two Chicago boxing tycoons of the day, Jim Mullen and Kid Howard, gymnasium proprietors. Profits exceeding 6,000 dollars were given to charity and this set the pattern which has made Golden Gloves the most appealing and financially successful of newspaper promotions.

No one was slugged in Ashland boulevard auditorium—outside the ring; no one hijacked the box-office tills; there was not the slightest stigma attached to the production. Capt. Patterson, having proved the point to his own satisfaction, retired on his laurels. Two years later he took charge of the New York *News*, tabloid offspring of the *Tribune.* The *News*, at his suggestion, exploited amateur boxing and Sports Editor Paul Gallico first introduced the glamorous Golden Gloves phase in a story appearing February 14, 1927.

Illinois scratched boxing off its blacklist in 1926 and this sent the *Tribune* into action. A month before Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney fought in Chicago's Soldier Field before the greatest crowd, 140,000, and the largest gate, 2,500,000 dollars, in ring history, the newspaper announced a "mammoth" boxing tournament to be held the following winter.

Well, Tunney whipped Dempsey later amid the hysteria of the thousands. Illinois and the Middlewest were ripe for a boxing boom. In his story Eckersall pointed out, as an inducement to youngsters with itchy fists, that the amateur sport had produced such professional standouts as Fidel La Barba, then the world flyweight champion, and Tony Canzoneri, at the time contender for the bantamweight crown.

The call attracted 400, mostly Chicagoans. They were a contrast to those hardy pioneers of 1923 who had fought in a variety of costumes—street shoes, sneakers, or stockings; in swimming trunks stretching to their knees, in track and tennis shorts. The five-night leather whirl was good for 12,869 dollars at the box office and profits were used to build a cabin in a forest preserve for convalescent veterans of the first world war.

The New York and Chicago tournaments were the first phase of Golden Gloves. The next development was the Intercity event, matching Chicago's champions with New York's best. A phone call from Don Maxwell, then sports editor of the *Tribune*, to the *News*' Gallico, put this one on the books, a competition which still rages with the Middlewesterners far out in front, 10 to 3, with four ties.

Maxwell next turned his thoughts to strong young men in other Middlewestern sectors who were being cheated of all this fun. He dispatched one of his reporters, French Lane, to spread the Golden Gloves gospel throughout Illinois. The Indiana sector was a family affair. Don's brother, Phil, present impresario of the gigantic Chicagoland Music Festival, who was stationed in South Bend, received orders to canvass the Hoosier state and leave no amateur unturned.

This started the tremendous growth of Chicago's Golden Gloves area. When Maxwell moved up as city editor, Arch Ward, a young man who had been Knute Rockne's first press agent at Notre Dame, took command of the sports department.

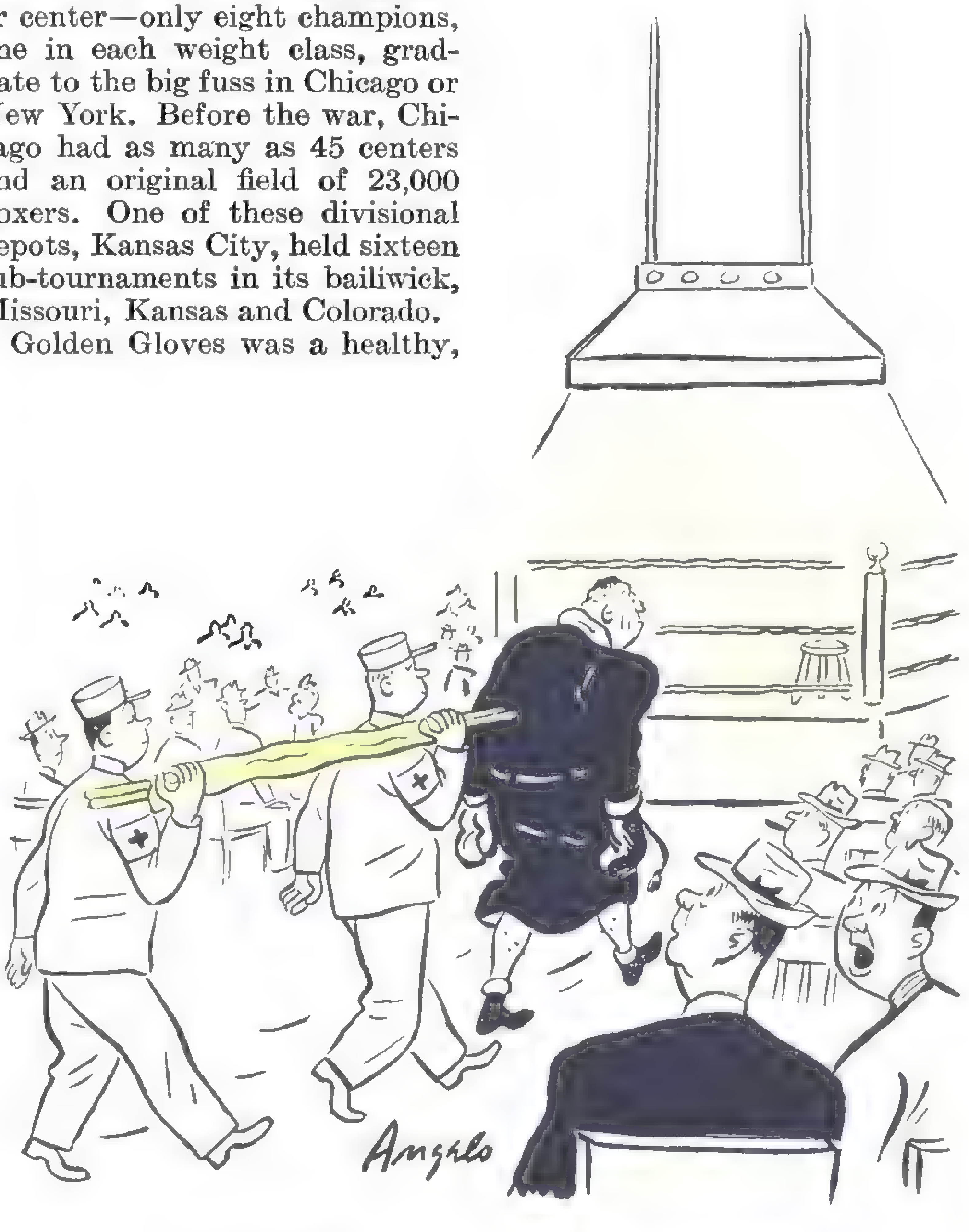
Under Ward's direction, Chicago's Golden Gloves arteries now reach as far south as the Gulf of Mexico, north to the Canadian border, west to the Pacific Coast and east to Cleveland. What's left is New York's and the map will show you its geographical sphere does not come close to matching Chicago's. In these two areas are many centers and subcenters. From one main point—or center—only eight champions, one in each weight class, graduate to the big fuss in Chicago or New York. Before the war, Chicago had as many as 45 centers and an original field of 23,000 boxers. One of these divisional depots, Kansas City, held sixteen sub-tournaments in its bailiwick, Missouri, Kansas and Colorado.

Golden Gloves was a healthy, ambitious lad when he came under Ward's guidance. But he soon learned he had been just a busher. Arch had plans for the kid, plans which knew no boundary lines.

Sure, Chicago vs. New York was great. But that wasn't the end of the line. A true Middlewesterner, Ward was confident his tigers could lick the Easterners. But after that, what? The world was his limit. America, he reasoned, had the best athletes. Then why not prove it? Max Schmeling, the German, was on his way to the States intent on the heavyweight title. Other foreigners were coming to the fore. Why not bring together the prize amateurs of the two hemispheres?

The result was International Golden Gloves. The entree was made through France. By this time, 1931, fifteen centers were sending teams to the midwestern metropolis and this competition now was called the Tournament of Champions. The eight champions

Continued on page 113



"Do you think the champ is worried?"

Buzzy and the Baby Mug

Life had been a long holiday for Buzzy Bemis and until his aunt's death he had never faced anything so harsh as a fact

by RICHARD REYNOLDS

• FICTION •

Buzzy Bemis awoke at noon and stared up at the white ceiling of his suite at the Hotel Mentone. Slowly as he began to string his thoughts together he recalled that he had awakened once before. That was when Graves had taken the breakfast tray from the maid. Buzzy had eaten a little and then drowsed off again. He had been up late—ah, that was what he was trying to remember—last night with Mauré. Now, as he thought of Mauré, so golden, so lusciously young, he smiled. Tonight he would be with her again and a lifetime of experiences with women—plus a diamond bracelet he was going to give her—told him that tonight would be something special.

Buzzy stretched and listened to the surf, a constant swishing murmur overlaid with a periodic booming as the big rollers smashed at the sand. By the sound he knew it was too rough to go swimming. That was all right. Though he exercised carefully to avoid even the hint of a paunch, it was just as well not to go on the beach today. It might leave him sleepy tonight when he was with Mauré.

He got up and opened the doors to the balcony, letting a flood of mild sunlight pour into the room. From the balcony, ten floors above the boulevard, he could look far along crescent-shaped Copacabana beach. The wind was stringing veils of spume from the sea above the mosaic sidewalks and he saw that it was one of those rare and deliciously cool days in Rio. In fact, he noticed as he stepped back inside that Graves had appraised the weather accurately and laid out a suit of tweeds.

Graves also had placed the mail on a table. There wasn't much—one letter and a small package, both postmarked San Francisco, U.S.A. Buzzy tore open the package and began pulling out excelsior. Buzzy liked to open packages.

It was merely a porcelain baby mug, ornately decorated with faded blue flowers and netted with aged, discolored cracks. In old-fashioned black script around the center was printed: "Anthony Clark Bemis—June 15, 1883." That was Buzzy. It must be his own mug that he had as a baby. He examined it a moment, set it down and opened the letter.

My Dear Nephew:

When you get this you will know that I have been taken up to heaven. I do not expect to hear from you before I pass on, of course. You never answered any of my letters all the years you were gone. I worried about you living in Paris, because of the war, but now your bank informs me that you are living in Rio de Janeiro.

I know that I have not much longer before I ascend. The other day I was going through some old things and I came across your baby mug. I am leaving instructions that after I pass away it shall be sent to you. It is the only thing of yours that I have. I am willing my estate to the Church and to charities.

Your affectionate,
Aunt Eloise

Thus did Buzzy learn that his only relative had died. The knowledge caused no emotion. He dropped the letter into a wastebasket and stared at the mug. He could not remember ever seeing it. He never thought of his childhood or, in fact, any part of his life in the States. Right after the first world war he had gone to Paris and stayed there, a moneyed expatriate, living with a valet and his own chef. His early life in San Francisco was a shadowy blur now. There were a few highlights. He remembered when he went to live, still a child, with Aunt Eloise, after he was orphaned. Then there was the earthquake, although he couldn't remember the year. He did recall more clearly two marriages. Aunt Eloise had had the first one annulled because Buzzy was a minor. His second wife had quickly divorced him.

But it was all too much of a bother to think of such things now, so he simply stopped thinking of them. He could hear Graves in the bathroom, running his tub, and he stripped off his silk pajamas and went in to bathe.

"How do you feel, sir?"

"Wonderful, Graves, wonderful."

Buzzy got into the tub and Graves soaped his back and rinsed it. Then he went out and Buzzy slid down in the tub and lay there. He began thinking of Mauré again. It was so lucky to have found a girl like her in a strange city. Mauré was Hungarian, driven from Europe by the war, as Buzzy was. And she was the first really choice woman he had met in Rio.

Getting out of Europe had been a terrible ordeal for Buzzy. First came the long stay in southern France, paying enormous prices to eat properly. Buzzy had wanted to remain in Paris, but after Graves explained the seriousness of being caught there with the German military in control, Buzzy was frantic to get away. They fled into what became Unoccupied France—Buzzy and Graves and the chef. Then, much later, when the Allies invaded North Africa and the Germans gobbled up all of France, they fled again. Only this time the chef, a Frenchman, refused to go. Graves was English and he and Buzzy scrambled away in a nightmare of hiding out, of sleeping in strange, unclean beds, eating coarse food and then, at last, hiking across the Spanish border at night. Buzzy never could have done it without Graves. He would give the valet large sums of money and Graves would pay someone and slowly they moved into freedom. The voyage on the filthy Spanish ship had been almost unbearable for Buzzy, because the only passage they could get was second-class. But finally the vessel came to the spectacular beauty of Rio and Buzzy settled gratefully at the Hotel Mentone.

A few of the people he knew in Paris had come to Rio ahead of him. Others came later. Most of them scattered—to Argentina, to Chile, to the States. Buzzy was becoming rather bored and feeling like moving on himself when he met Mauré, only last week. He was playing roulette in the casino across the bay at Nictheroy and suddenly there she was beside him, a small, glowing person with

"Now have you got everything, Henry—wallet, handkerchief, your teeth?"

shoulder-length yellow hair and deep blue eyes. In no time they were chumming about together, and yesterday Buzzy, with an almost instinctive understanding of how to climax their friendship, had stepped into a shop in the Rua do Ouvidor and ordered a diamond bracelet, which he would pick up this afternoon and give to her tonight.

As he lay in the tub now, Buzzy's thoughts veered fretfully to the mug Aunt Eloise had sent him. It was such a silly thing to be cluttering up the place. He would have Graves get rid of it.

But it was undeniably his mug. He thought of the date of his birth on it—June 15, 1883. That would make him—Buzzy closed his eyes, he was not good at arithmetic—that would make him almost sixty-two years old.

Buzzy opened his eyes with a shock and sat up so suddenly his back sent a wave of water slopping over onto the tile floor. He was only—about fifty! Or perhaps fifty-one!

"Graves!" His voice was a scream, and Graves hurried into the bathroom, his grey face wearing its usual mask of placidity, but his raised brows revealing his concern.

"Bring me that mug that's on the table!"

"Yes, sir."

Graves rushed the mug to him and Buzzy seized it with trembling hands. Yes, the date was 1883. For a hopeful few moments he had thought it might be 1893. Panic surged through him.

"Get me a pencil and some paper."

Graves found a pencil and paper in the other room. Holding the paper on the edge of the tub, Buzzy tried to subtract 1883 from 1945, but he became confused and shoved paper and pencil at Graves.

"Subtract 1883 from 1945. Quick!"

"Yes, sir." Graves placed the paper on the wall and almost at once turned around.

"I get sixty-two, sir."

"Not fifty-two?" Buzzy's voice was a thin wail.

"No, sir." Graves turned around and more slowly figured it again. "No, sixty-two is right."

Buzzy sat stunned, staring at his long toes sticking up out of the water. "All right, Graves," he said finally. "You may go. Hand me the towel."

This was awful. Buzzy arose in the tub and wrapped the towel around him. He stepped out and walked to a mirror.

He saw a long, elfish face with petulant, full lips and pale blue eyes. His hair was fluffy and thin. It had been whitening, but Buzzy kept it dyed a light brown. The color of his skin was reassuring. It was a deep, even tan, for he sought the sun religiously and on cloudy days he always lay a little while under a quartz lamp. A tan made him look better, younger.

Yet, peering closely now, he saw the tiny lines about his eyes and in his forehead. He had noticed them before, but now they seemed much deeper. And some of them were joining together, so that they looked horribly like the cracks in the mug Aunt Eloise had sent him.

Buzzy's teeth were chattering as he turned from the mirror and began to dry himself. He was terror-stricken at the thought of the thing he most feared in life—that he was growing old.

But how could a man be ten years older than he thought he was? And now he faced the sickening realization that he had deceived himself. For longer than he could remember—even before he went to Paris—he had never observed his birthday anniversary. He had resolutely ignored it. And for a long time now he had thought—in the rare times he had allowed himself to think of his age—that he was "about fifty."

But the disturbing thing was that perhaps he *was* only about fifty-one. It could be. Perhaps the person who lettered the baby mug had made a mistake and no one had noticed it. It was possible.

Well, there was one way he could find out definitely and settle the matter. He could cable his bank in San Francisco and have his birth certificate examined.

But no, he couldn't do that. His birth certificate had been destroyed in the earthquake and fire long ago. Vaguely he remembered that when he applied for a passport to go to Paris, Aunt Eloise had written out an affidavit of his birth.

The passport—that would show his age. Buzzy hardly ever saw his passport, for Graves took care of all his papers; he knew it had been renewed and renewed, but it must carry the true date of his birth.

He let the towel fall to the floor and walked out of the bathroom. Graves dressed him. The mug was still on the table, but Buzzy refused to look at it.

"Is anything the matter, sir?"

"Yes, there is," said Buzzy feebly. "Graves, how old am I?"

"Why—I don't know, sir. I

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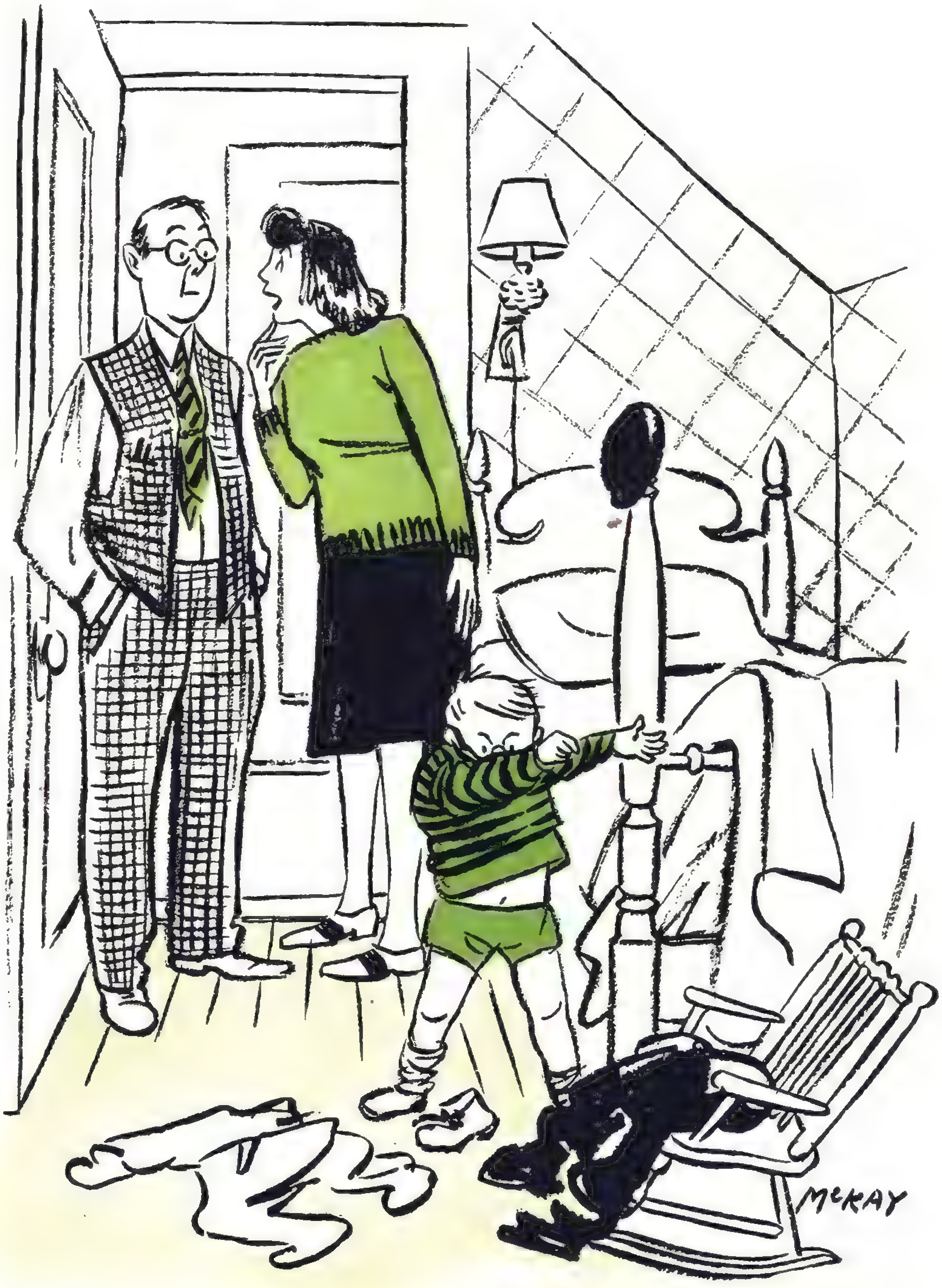


"He says if he's old enough to dress himself, he ought to be old enough to go see Hedy Lamarr"

Down to the Fire in 'Chutes

Parachute "smoke-jumpers" land safely in wild terrain, within 200 feet from blazing trees, to quench forest fires

by ALAN MACDONALD

• ARTICLE •

At the height of the forest-fire season in the Northwest last August, an early-morning "smoke" was reported deep in the Bitterroot Mountain country, one of the wildest and most inaccessible forest regions in the United States. By radio the report came to the regional office of the U. S. Forest Service at Missoula, Montana, from A. B. Gundersen, ranger of the Moose Creek Station, which is two full days' travel afoot and by pack train from the nearest road's end. The smoke was rising on Cub Creek, twenty-five miles farther into the mountain wilds. Ranger Gundersen asked for an airplane to parachute "smoke-jumpers" to the spot before the fire could "explode" into another holocaust of the timber.

Requests such as Gundersen's were made by the score last fire season, and they were granted with about as much fuss as accompanies your ordering breakfast. Indeed, many foresters believe that we are well on the way to revolutionizing the business of fighting forest fires. Last summer and early fall in the Northwest 126 'chute fire fighters, trained and equipped by the Forest Service, put out more than 150 incipient backwoods fires before they could "blow up" and become big fires. And big fires mean days or even weeks of grueling work for hundreds of men, with all the cost in money and toil of getting them to the blaze over rough and roadless terrain.

Incidentally, most of the 126 Forest Service "smoke-jumpers" this year were conscientious objectors who were permitted to volunteer from Civilian Public Service camps. These men went through a tough physical-conditioning process and then took several weeks of training in woodsmanship and parachuting, at Ninemile, an old C.C.C. camp a few miles from Missoula. Almost without exception, so I was told, they have proved intelligent and courageous.

But, to get back to the Cub Creek fire last August. When the plane took off shortly before nine o'clock, from Johnson Brothers' Flying Field at Missoula, I was aboard as an observer. As I sat in a corner of the bare and dismantled cabin, I remembered that Rufus Robinson, the first fire fighter ever to make an actual parachute jump to a going fire in the United States, stepped out of the plane July 12, 1940, not far from this same Moose Creek Ranger Station to which we were going.

Our plane was one of those tri-motor, all-metal monoplanes which Henry Ford stopped making in 1931, and which were last used by a transcontinental airline in 1934. But her owners, Dick and Bob Johnson, long-time mountain fliers, had kept her in A-1 shape. Since 1928 the Johnsons have been flying with the U. S. Forest Service, at first to parachute supplies and later to drop "smoke-jumpers" at forest fires. Because of her comparatively slow speed of about 100 miles an hour and her wide wing spread, the old ship was said to be the best obtainable for high mountain flying, where drafts that lift or drop a plane as much as 1,000 feet in a minute are to be met along the mountainsides and in the canyons.

Dick Johnson, the pilot, looked easy going; his lazily drooping cigarette emphasized his friendly, weatherbeaten grin. The tri-motor veered to the right in a wide curve that brought her into a pass between two small mountains, round-topped, treeless and covered with drying forage grass. Beyond the pass stretched a flat, agricultural valley. As far as the eye could reach were fenced fields, some green, some hay-colored, roads, farm houses, corrals, cattle, clumps of trees, sky-blue pools and irrigation ditches.

To the right of the valley reared the Bitterroot Mountains, 8,000 feet above sea level, beautiful but forbidding. Dark-green pine and fir forests crept varying distances up the foothill slopes and into the draws beyond. Patches of sand in cuts or on slopes high up toward the peaks and flat rock faces shone in the sun, in contrast with the black-shadowed depths of the draws.

The pilot nosed the tri-motor into a good-sized draw that seemed like a tunnel with the top off. Through this he climbed up above the mountain tops, and for the next seventy miles the plane chugged over a wild static sea of primordial rock.

Moose Creek Ranger Station was sighted from the plane at nine-twenty. We had come seventy air miles in fifty minutes. The station lay on a shelf of flat rock jutting out from the mountainside. The dry, close-mowed grass of the 2,200-foot airplane runway showed up as the only level stretch to be seen in all that vast area. The tri-motor dropped down into the gorge, passed over the sun-drenched station and on to where the mountain walls rose more sharply, but were somewhat further apart. Here in the shadow Dick Johnson turned her around. Tips of the wings were only a few feet from the rock, first on one side, then on the other.

From the air the ranger station shelf was a great, flat wedge. Outer edges of the siderock dropped sheer into a wooded gorge. The plane swooped down through the canyon, skimmed the treetops and bounced up the runway. The station, barns, corrals and outbuildings stood at the far end in and along a fringe of tall, yellow pines and firs.

What caught attention as the plane rolled to a stop was man rather than nature. At the head of the runway the four "smoke-jumpers" assigned to the fire were "suiting up," aided by other jumpers and station men. Yellow ducks of the jumpers stood out among the blue dungarees of the others. "Suiting up" was obviously an elaborate preparation that a man could not accomplish by himself. It was a complicated struggle with zippers, straps, buckles and other fastenings. Supervising the operation was Jack Allen of Cody, Wyoming. A year before, he was a Marine paratrooper in New Caledonia and New Zealand and now he was "spotter" or squad leader for the "smoke-jumpers" stationed at Moose Creek. Allen was on the Marines' inactive list because of an eye injury in a night parachute jump. He is one of a number of returned war veterans employed by the Forest Service.

The "smoke-jumper" suits and accoutrements made their wearers as bulky and awkward as deep-sea divers. The outfit is designed with scientific attention to the protection of the jumper and the needs of his dangerous job.

Broad canvas and leather-braced corsets protected the jumper's back and abdomen. The staunch yellow jackets were padded at shoulders and elbows and closed with zippers. The heavily padded pants were high-waisted, with straps under the insteps and zippers from ankle to waist. Tall, flaring collars stood up about the neck to protect the head and at the same time allow wide vision. Football helmets and baseball masks enable even men with glasses to jump to fires. In a pouch on the outside of one leg was a rope, coiled to be pulled out

Continued on page 104

BROADWAY FOR THE BOYS ◆

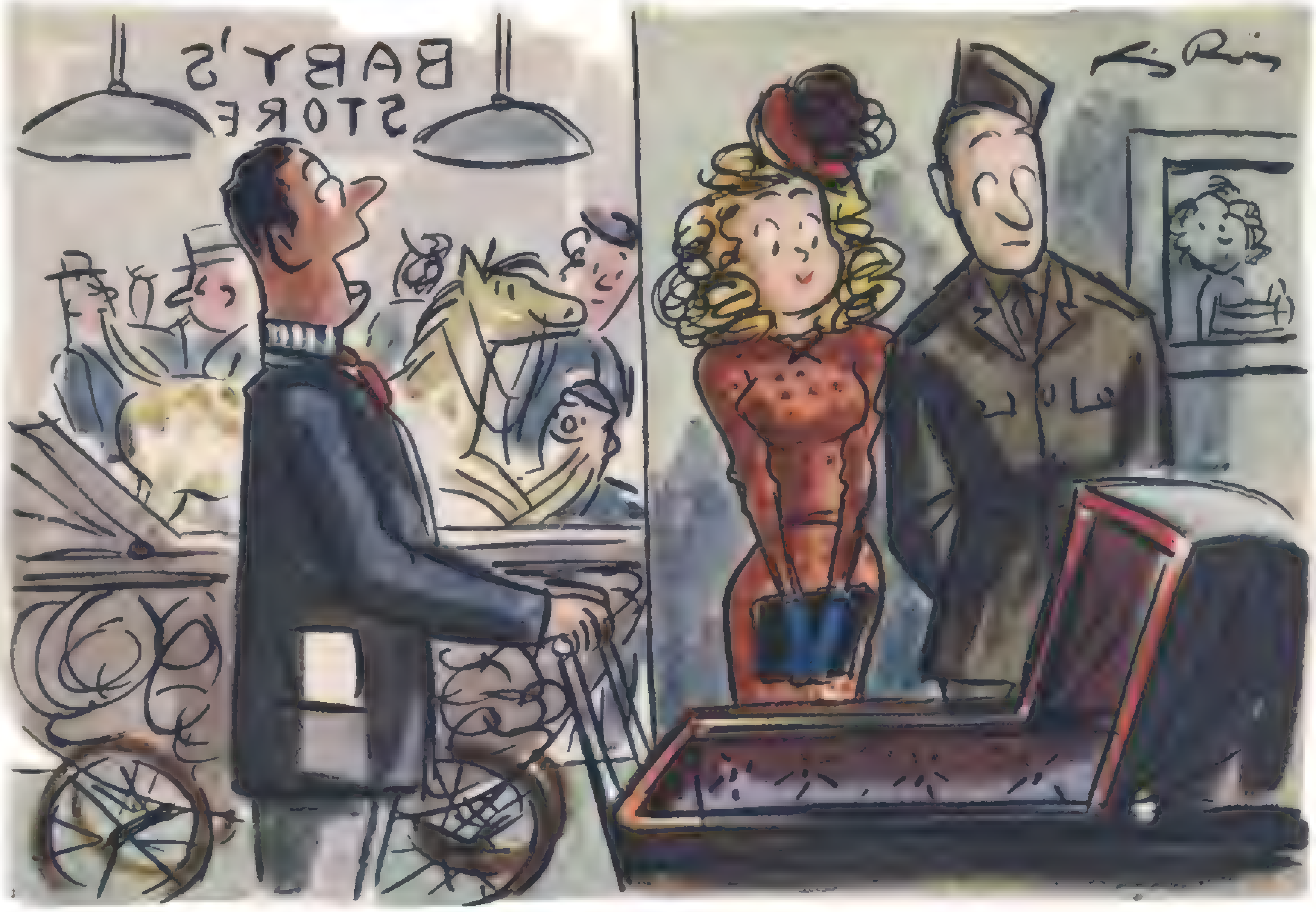
Olga Saurez, Ballerina American Style

Two hours every day you can find Miss Saurez in a studio off New York's Times Square going through her daily dozen limbering exercises at a practice bar and being her own severest critic before the mirror. In this large studio, where James Snyder's camera catches her upside-down smile, other Broadway show folk are making the most of their seventy-five cents an hour rental fee for practice space. Dust flies from a mat in the corner where a pair of acrobats defy the natural laws of the way that elbows and knees bend. There is a clatter of tap shoes before another mirror as a girl hoofer hums an accompaniment for her rhythm routine. And somewhere in the back, behind the swinging doors, can be heard a piano and an anxious voice auditioning *Night and Day* before an agent and a talent scout.

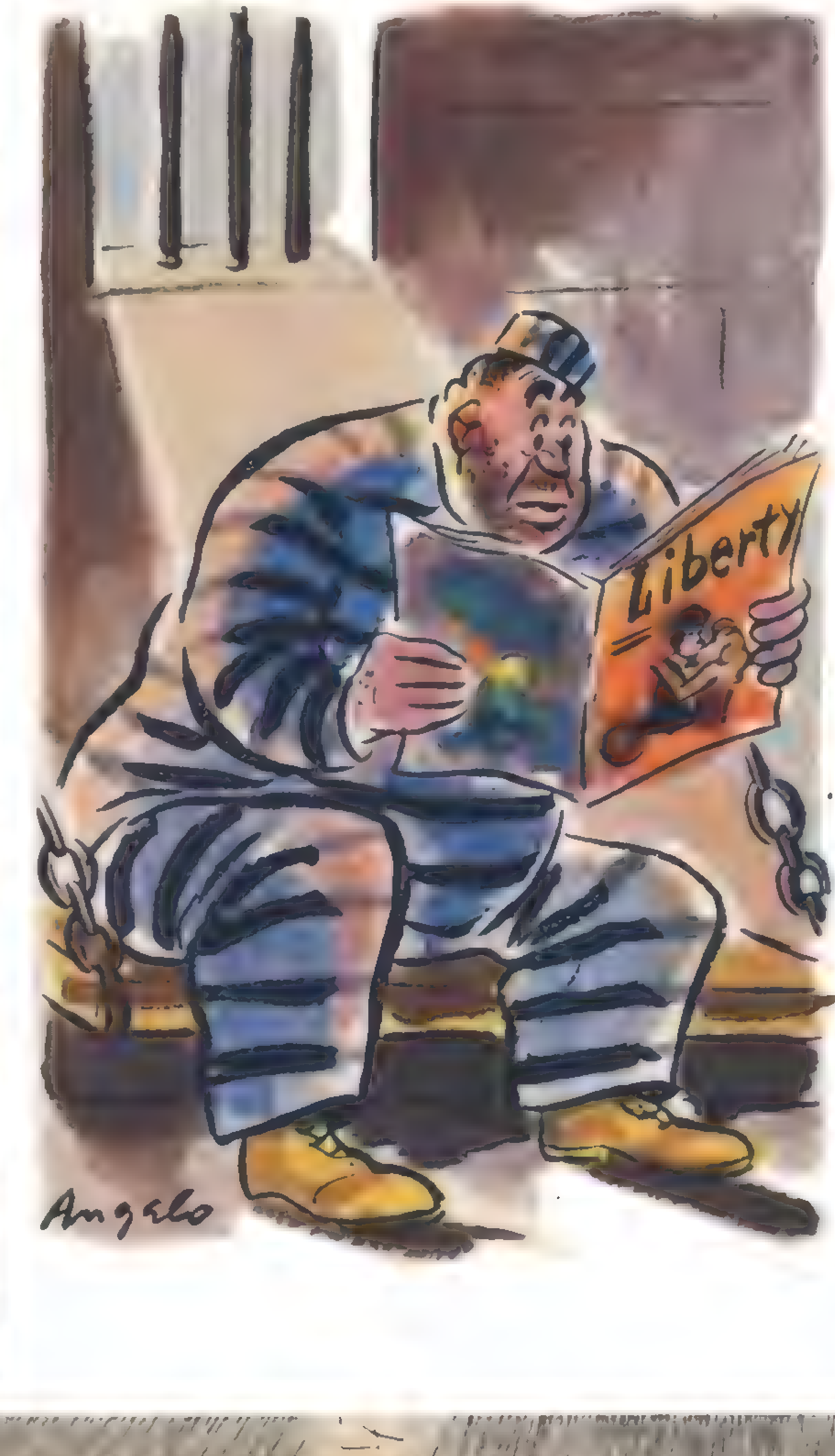
Olga made her first significant professional appearance with the American Ballet Company; she has since appeared in several Broadway musical comedies and as featured dancer at the *Bal Tabarin* night club. And while she may have the secret yearning of all dancers to do a Pavlowa, she says that she really prefers this less austere type of solo work. At present she is appearing in the operetta, *Song of Norway.*

Olga was born in New York twenty-one years ago of French and Spanish parents and grew up in a tri-lingual household. When she made a six-months tour of South America with the Ballet Company, she found her fluent Spanish made her an informal date bureau for the other girls in the troupe with the stage door Juans. She thinks you can have a wonderful time south of the border, but she doesn't want to live there forever and ever. She likes the freedom enjoyed by North American girls and has fun shocking visiting senoritas by taking them out to see the town *without chaperons!* She loves any kind of dancing but has to work at jitterbugging. When a sailor at the Stage Door Canteen asks her to cut a rug with him, she counters, "I'll teach you to rumba if you'll teach me to jitterbug." This usually works out to mutual satisfaction

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES SNYDER



"And in a year or so we'll give you a good trade-in on it for a drum or set of building blocks"



HOLLYWOOD . . . SET TO MUSIC ➧

Oh, the Pant, Pant, Pant of the Panther Girls

WHEN is a beautiful woman an institution? When she's a Ziegfeld girl, of course. Mister Ziegfeld glorified the American girl in magnificent stage revues and M-G-M has done it in celluloid in the traditional Ziegfeld manner, with *girls*, lavish production, *girls*, famous stars, *girls*, songs and more *girls*.

The names on the pay roll read like the guest list at its première, but the production's emphasis is on the *girls* . . . just as Ziggy would have ordered it.

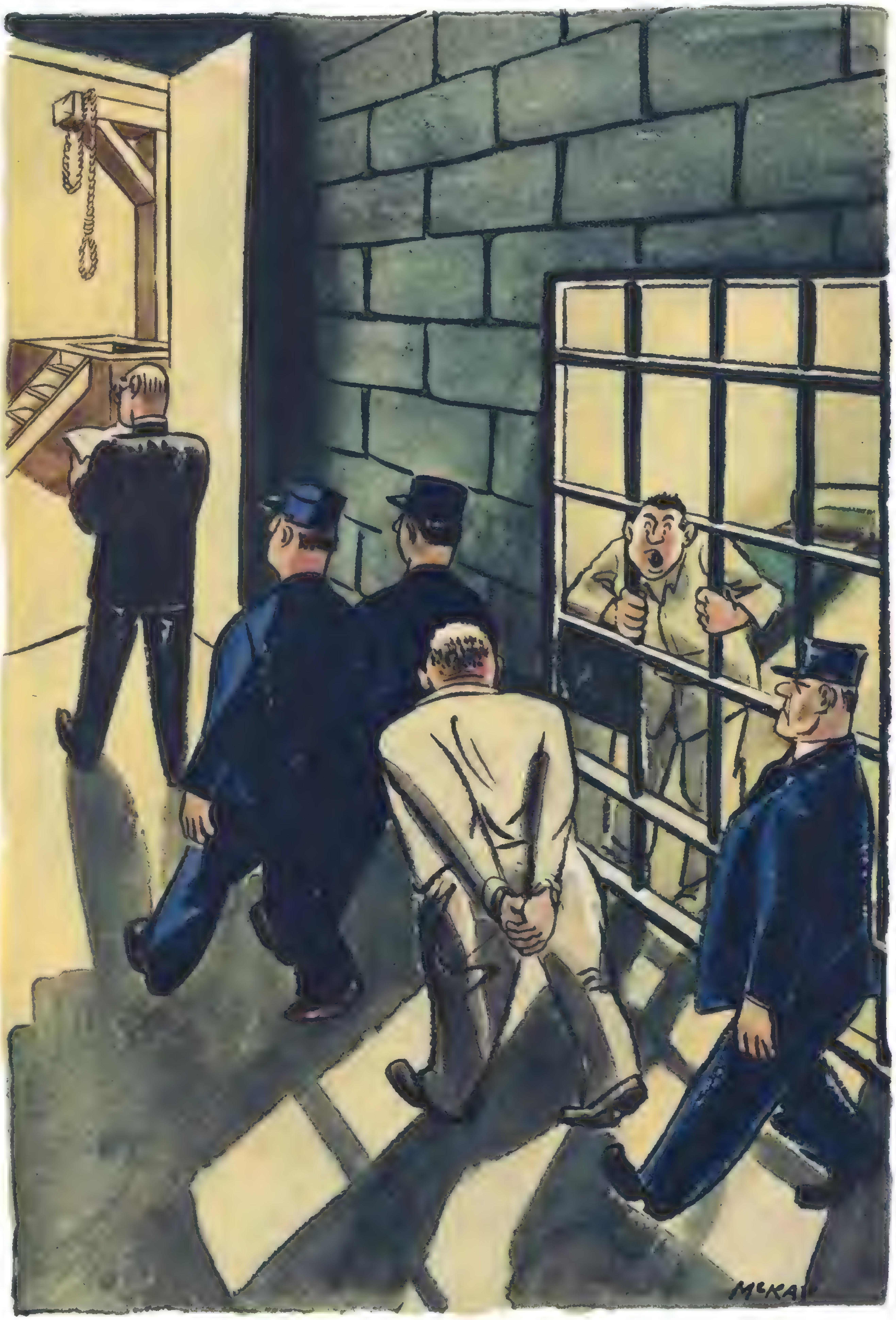
In the kodachrome shot by still photographer Carpenter the black sequined panthers, complete with technicolor fingernails, are all set for their dance routine. Lucille Ball, not in this picture, is their glamorous ring mistress and cracks the quip while Fred Astaire sings *Meet the Ladies* to introduce: center foreground, front to back, Dorothy Gilmore, Virginia Hunter, Wanda Stevenson and Judy Blacque; eyes left as Astaire has us meet Doreen Hayward and Elynne Ray; eyes right and there are Jeanne Francis and Marilyn Christine.

An astronomical budget expended by Producer Arthur Freed enabled him to concatenate a major constellation of stars and the heavenly bodies of Miss Ball, Esther Williams and Lena Horne. Just for fun, Mister Freed tossed in Red Skelton, Jimmy Durante and Fanny Brice.

Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly meet toe to toe in an incredibly intricate dance routine. And Judy Garland and James Melton lend vocal punch and polish.

The production, one of Metro's most magnitudinous, gargantuan, not to mention COLOSSAL extravaganzas, took a year and ten months to make and has everything except a story . . it's a revue. All and all it took a lot of doing and two directors to do it . . . Vincente Minelli and George Sidney. The names of some of the numbers are indications of what's in store in the way of entertaining entertainment . . . *You Gotta Start the Day with a Song* by Jimmy Durante. *If Swing Goes I Go* . . . courtesy of Fred Astaire. *Baby Snooks* by the indefatigable F. Brice. *We Will All Meet Again in Honolulu*, a song-swimming situation with Esther Williams. In other words, *Ziegfeld Follies* is a double helping of something for everyone, especially the boys, and it won't punch a hole in home front morale either!

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC CARPENTER



"Hey, Butch—how did you make out on the lie detector test?"

Basketball Hits the Big Time

What to do with professional gamblers, jumbo-sized players and hecklers is a problem to harry the game's officials

by STAN BAUMGARTNER

• SPORTS •

Basketball, both college and professional, is now big business. Fifteen years ago no one except the proprietor of the college pop shop, a few loyal alumni and students gave a whoop in whambagasker what happened to Siwash on the court. Today more than a half million persons will watch the double-headers in Madison Square Garden, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and Buffalo.

Fifteen years ago professional basketball tried to form an American League similar to baseball and the venture collapsed like a bride's Angel Food cake. Today the same moguls are planning not one but two big leagues. But like healthy young men reaching maturity, basketball is suffering growing pains—pains that promise many startling postwar changes.

There is the problem, for example, of what to do with the seven-foot giants who used to be considered a side show to the main tent. The colorful monstrosities have stolen the show and left peanuts to the mere six-footers. "That can't continue," say the coaches (of the little guys). And then there are the questions of Fire Engine and Double-Header Basketball. The first threatens to run away with the game, the second to run away with the colleges. Gambling, which was once confined to a few fraternity brothers, is now such a serious and widespread affair it menaces the entire life of eastern college basketball. And the game may even have a Chinese problem after the war.

Most interesting to the average fan is the battle which has been raging around the invasion of the seven-footers—disdainfully called sky pilots by some disgruntled coaches. Two years ago when the giants made their first appearance in insubstantial numbers they were regarded as freaks and publicity bait. But it wasn't long before these freaks became Frankensteins. Such fellows as Bob "Foothills" Kurland, Oklahoma Aggies' seven-feet-one-inch center; Don Otten, Bowling Green's seven-feet skyscraper; George Mikan, De Paul's six-feet-eight-incher and Harry Boykoff, St. John's All-American bean pole, convinced the experts that they were defensive dynamite as goal tenders.

In one game against Westminster College, Kurland climbed the ladder and took thirteen potential field goals away from the Pennsylvanians. Against City College of New York he batted out fifteen and a few weeks later he robbed Temple University in Philadelphia of an even dozen. His lip larceny wasn't new. Isolated string beans had been doing the same thing periodically for years without drawing a whisper. But when the big guys began to appear in large numbers the whispers grew into whoops. At first the rule makers turned their deaf ears to the complaints, but after they watched the National Invitation finals at Madison Square Garden last March and saw the goal tenders play a vital part in the title, they got busy. Three weeks later they passed a rule which forbids a goal tender to touch the ball after it starts its downward flight to the basket and made the penalty for doing so the awarding of a field goal unless, in the judgment of the official, the shot would have been clearly wide of the rim.

The coaches who had put up the big holler immediately rubbed their hands in glee. "We'll get rid of those freaks now," they said. But their happiness was short-lived. Coaches—that is the smart coaches—instead of being satisfied with one big fellow, started scouting the country for five big fellows.

Josh Cody, coach of the powerful Temple University five, which has three skyscrapers in the lineup, hit the nail on the head when he said, "The new rule didn't put the seven-footers out of business. It merely made it necessary for us to dig up five big guys instead of one. We have to get men who are big enough to stop the ball before it starts for the basket."

When the big fellows heard this they came out of the woods like frightened rabbits and if they keep coming out the rule makers are going to face another problem. They'll have to raise the height of the basket. A few years ago when Dr. Forrest "Fog" Allen, coach at Kansas, suggested that the basket be raised from ten to twelve feet, all he got was a loud laugh in some quarters, but he kept right on plugging.

"The only reason it is now ten feet," he said, "is because the running track around the Springfield gym where Dr. Naismith introduced the game stood ten feet off the floor. Naismith had to attach his peach baskets to something and the elevated running track offered the only support. If the baskets are raised to twelve feet it will not only cut down the personal fouls—since missed shots will carom further away from the backboard and prevent scrambling beneath the basket—but it will also go a long way in solving the tall man problem."

Few coaches see eye to eye with Allen, but those who do say that if the baskets aren't raised it will take an adding machine to keep score. "The game will turn into Fire Engine Basketball with a lot of hook and ladders pouring in the ball from all angles," said one mentor. Of course, big fellows do have some disadvantages. Two years ago West Texas State had the tallest team in the country. Charles Halbert, the center, was six feet ten inches. The rest of the club was six feet six inches or over. But coach Al Baggett had plenty of trouble. He had to buy his own bus, rip out the seats and respace them. When he traveled on trains he had to coax the porter to leave the footboards out of the berths so they were continuous in order that each of his men could stretch his feet in the other fellow's berth. And in the hotels he had to get double beds and teach the men to curl up like cats to sleep. The only place they got any rest was in their eight-foot beds at home.

The big fellows are also a headache to the officials. They are hard to see through. take a lot of space on the floor and are often clumsy. In addition, the new rule governing goal tending has put an extra burden on the referee. In the few cases where the official has awarded a goal to the opposition because a goal tender touched the ball in its downward flight toward the basket, the coach put up a big squawk. Of course coaches and officials have always been at loggerheads. The feud reached such a fever the past winter that Nick Kearns, veteran Big Nine whistle tooter, threatened to picket the National Rules Committee when it meets in March "as unfair to organized and unorganized referees." "For five years," he said, "coaches have doctored the rules to put ninety per cent of the burden of the game on the officials—now they have raised it to ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent."

No one really took Kearns seriously. He has a penchant for getting into the public prints and,

Continued on page 131

VITAMIN CO. EMPLOYEES ENTRANCE
-ALI-

Ace Bentley Is Dead!

The mystery of the comic strip hero menaced the welfare of the masses plus billions of dollars per annum

by GILBERT HAMMOND

FICTION

THE death of Ace Bentley burst over America with the force of a great national disaster. When Ace Bentley was pushed from a stratosphere airliner, millions were concerned but confident. When Ace Bentley landed with shattering impact on a ledge of ossified lava, forty-eight states wobbled in their orbits. When Ace Bentley bounced from the ledge into the mouth of a volcano and burned to a whiff of hydrogen vapor, the nation was stupefied, the common man embittered and home life darkened by strange confusions.

Anyone who knows anything about syndicates will understand how wildly impossible it all was. Hundreds would have caught that fatal strip at least two weeks before it saw newsprint. But anything is possible if fate is malicious and the mistake too unthinkable to be thought of. Wartime help, vacation schedules, disorganized staff, breakdown of checkbacks, failure of communications, preoccupied minds, head men out of town—everything from broken engagements to shortage of paper clips ganged up to play their part in this unplotted catastrophe. The history of incidental lapses alone would fill a book of sorrow. Largely, they grew from everyone's assuming that everyone else was "doing something." But most of all, the calamity fell because no human being alive could conceive that the Siegfried of a thousand searing escapes from death was ever in the slightest danger of dying. The faithful never doubted that Ace Bentley would emerge alive, even from the lake of boiling lava; he would reassemble his gasses and appear once more, dauntless, if a trifle blistered, to take up his righteous and relentless quarrel with The Croak. They ignored even the elegy, "And So Ace Bentley Died—". Not until Ace Bentley failed to show in the morning papers on succeeding days did the appalling truth strike home.

Least of all could it be conceived that National Features would deliberately wipe out the legendary hero of America's most fabulous daily strip. Ace Bentley was big business. Ace Bentley paid salaries, made up deficits, bought supplies, dominated contracts. Ace Bentley was a million-dollar property.

How, then, could he thus abruptly dissolve? How could they allow The Croak to get away with it? People who never questioned medieval miracles refused to believe this. God, the letters! The public wrath, the canceled contracts, the rolling heads. And you can be sure heads rolled in the madhouse that was National Features, seething habitat of the terrible, bawling Buzz Bigstaff. Many a corpse had been trucked to oblivion by the time Hap Dinger was called into the presence, and so far as the young manager of the art department could see, his future was all behind him then and there. In fact, Buzz lost no time in confirming it. Unless—

"Unless," the stout, empurpled Buzz screeched at him, "you can find out who did it. Just who—I don't care why. Clayt Sampson denies it. He'd be a lunatic to do it himself. Who *did*, hey? For answering *that* I'd give even you a break. God, how I degrade myself, but I would. I want the pleasure of sinking my teeth into flesh, of ripping, gouging, goring, bathing my hands in warm human blood, battering, flaying and tearing—"

Hap fled these sadic visions, shaken and unhopeful. If Clayt Sampson, who drew the damn strip, didn't know the answer, who would? Nevertheless, Hap stepped into the swarming investigation. Police, F.B.I., fingerprints, clues, theories, suspects, grillings, letters. Letters, letters, letters! Two million morons must have believed Ace Bentley was alive enough in the first place to be dead now. Pleas, threats, denunciations. Who could have done this to us, who—?

Who? Colossal refunds, priceless good will hung on the answer to that senseless mystery. Jobs, pay checks, sanity itself. Especially the sanity of Clayt Sampson. Clayt might have made shift to salvage the ruin, but he wouldn't. And he was the sole "owner" of Ace Bentley, never having signed over the character to the syndicate. Mild, middle-aged and recessive, Clayt had been on the verge of a nervous breakdown ever since anybody could remember him, but that was his natural state of being. Generally, he was acquiescent enough, but in the matter of bringing Ace Bentley back to life again he was stubborn beyond belief. Even wrathful.

"I can't and I won't," he stormed. "I'll never draw another Ace Bentley strip again until they find out just how this happened. And if it's too late by then, the hell with it. That's all."

They pul-leaded with him:

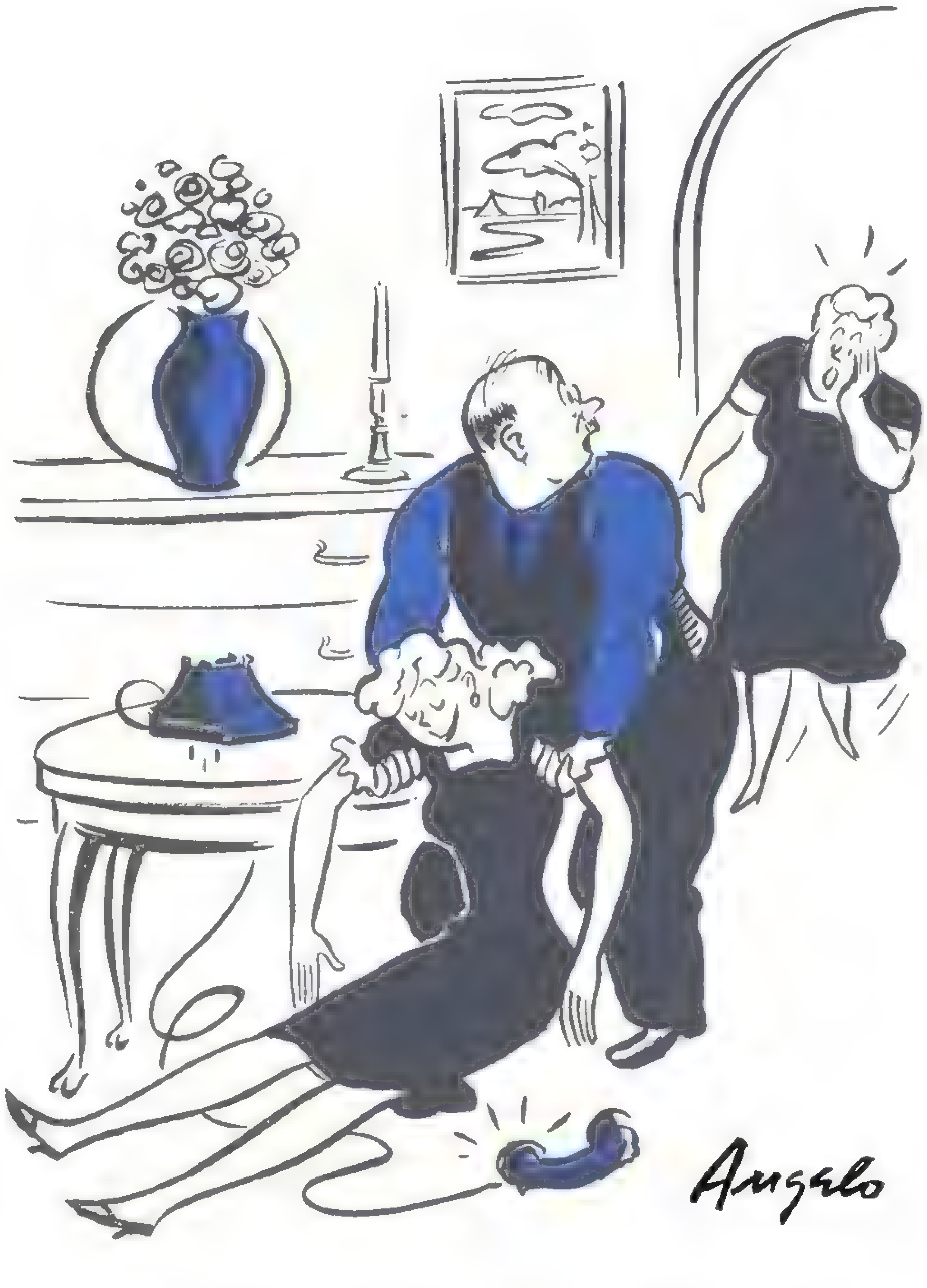
"But Clayt, all you have to do is show that it wasn't really Ace Bentley that got roasted. Just a double—you know, like Hitler's. Use a flashback or something—we don't care how raw it looks—but *get us out of it!*"

"He's dead," Clayt chanted. "He's dead, dead, dead, dead, dead. And he's going to stay dead till I find out who loused him into that volcano. Go away, go awa-a-a-y."

"All we can find out," put in Hap, patiently, "is that the office got a phone call from some neutral kind of a voice asking for a messenger to be sent to this hotel. Idea was to pick up a package on the reception desk, a very important package. It turned out to be a last-minute 'must sub' for a previous strip. I was on vacation, but they say it was given a terrific rush act through the mechanical departments, into the mats and off to the mailing room without anybody giving it a second look. After all, who could believe—? But who called for the messenger?"

"How do *I* know?" shouted Clayt. "*I* didn't. This is a quiet, residential dump. Anyone could have put that package on the desk. Stop pestering me."

The investigation ploughed on. Rival syndicates—inevitably—were under suspicion at first. They were exonerated. Clayt's past was ransacked for personal enemies. None was found. Lunacy—of persons unknown—seemed the only likelihood; lunacy of high imita-



"Someone called her for a date"

tive worth, for the calamitous drawing was remarkably close in style and spirit to Clayt Sampson's own.

"Much," said Hap, vaguely, to the secretary he had no intention of marrying, "is very strange about . . . stuff—if I know what I mean. Clayt Sampson, now. Just a plug horse for years, holding peanut jobs in art departments, painting dots on pictures to show where the beautiful divorcee jumped from and X's to show where she landed. Painting in oils on the side, getting nowhere. Then he hits—with Ace Bentley. That was twelve years ago. Never married, been a moneyed bachelor ever since. Then falls flat on his face—with this thing. If there's any such thing as haunted luck, that guy has it. *Somebody's* out to put the shiv to him and I think he has an idea who it is. What's he afraid of—scandal? Blackmail?"

Whatever it was, Hap hoped to find out by cultivating Clayt. This wasn't hard, once he learned that Clayt was genuinely anxious to discover who killed Ace Bentley and willing enough to help if his confidence were gained and no one badgered him. Hap felt he was slowly bringing himself to the point of some important disclosure, perhaps to the naming of a definite suspect. But when the disclosure came it wasn't like anything Hap had imagined. It wasn't especially anything at all. Or it was and it wasn't.

Anyhow, the mood seemed to have been set by the departed Ace Bentley himself. His spirit gave forth from the framed drawings on the wall and hovered over Clayt's studio workroom. A rather wooden character when he was going through his daily antics, but he appeared to have gained new powers from the beyond. He didn't decorate the room, he dominated it.

"You'd think," said Hap, "that the guy was really alive. I mean really dead. I mean—"

"Jughead?" asked Clayt, vacantly.

"Who's Jughead."

"Oh, just my own private name for Ace Bentley."

"Why Jughead?"

"Because he was strictly a dope. Always doing things the dumbest possible way. Shooting off guns when he ought to lay quiet. Getting caught in traps a kid wouldn't fall for. Making grandstand plays when he ought to shut up and listen. All that sort of stuff. And talk about dumb luck—after fifty examples of how not to kill him, nobody ever thought of tying him down and just putting a bullet through his thick skull then and there. Instead, they kept leaving him hog-tied in a blizzard, or hanging over a cliff with some cockeyed candle burning at the rope, or trapped in a sewer with the water rising—anything but stick around and polish him off right. Boneheads, chumps, jerks—the whole crew of them."

Clayt was very earnest about it. As if Ace Bentley really *had* lived. Hap was puzzled, but he commented:

"Well, that's what Joe Blow wanted. Action stuff. And suppose one of the tough boys *had* kicked his brains out with a .45? You'd have had what you have now, only sooner."

"I suppose so. But he'd have recovered. You couldn't kill Jughead by blowing his brains out—he didn't live off them. This time it's so—final. What can you do with a guy that fell into a volcano? I'm not drawing Superman. And it's funny—"

Clayt stopped and looked at Hap doubtfully. He thought for a few moments and then went on:

"You're a good egg. I'll tell *you*. You might get it, the others wouldn't. Especially Loudmouth. Big-yap Bigstaff."

"Get what?"

"The reason I won't do another Jughead strip till I know what happened. Fact is, I'm superstitious about it. Not for idle reasons, either. Y'see, I used to dream of Ace Bentley dying in one of the strips some day, and wake up in a cold sweat, terrified—absolutely terrified."

"I should think so."

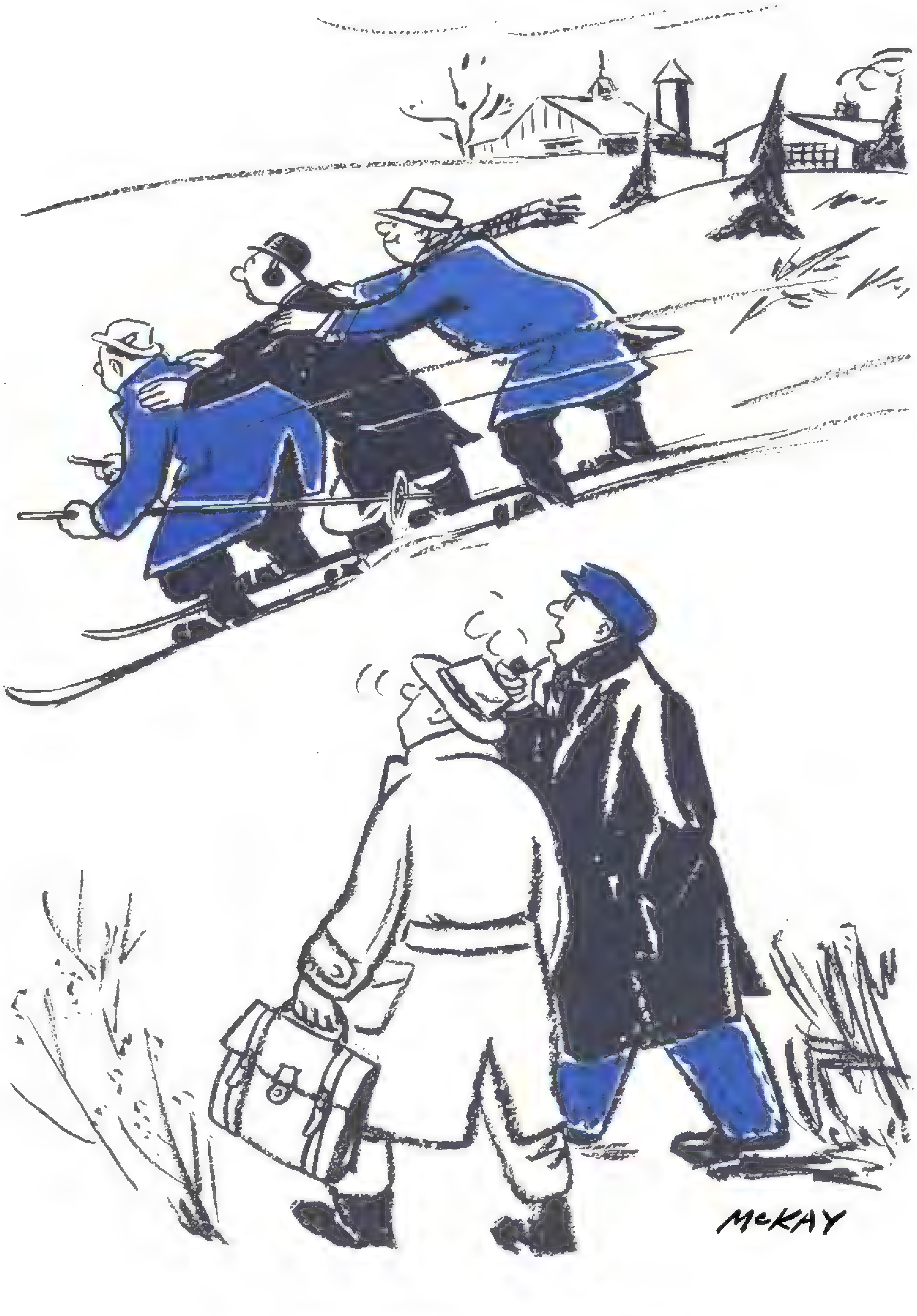
"But the funny thing was—I always dreamed of him dying just that way. Landing in a volcano. D'you know the temperature of volcanoes? Well, I forget myself, but it's terrific. I'd dream of him falling in and burning up like a lump of grease, so that nothing but the resurrection could ever put him together again. And now that's just what's happened. And I didn't have a thing to do with it—not one little damn thing."

"That's a weird coincidence. Still—"

"Coincidence! It's a sign, or a warning, or a judgment, or something. I couldn't put Jughead's beaky puss on an illustration board now if I wanted to. Not till I know just *how* it happened. It's all too eerie. And I'm feeling rotten, too. I'm coming down with something, I can feel it."

"You're coming down with a

Continued on page 148



"In summer they pool their cars"

The Old Hokum Bucket

Defending well-planted corn and selective hoaxing in the movies, radio, advertising and other arts

by GILBERT SELDES

THE LIVELY ARTS

AL JOLSON, the old master, once gave his definition of hokum by example. "I'm a gondolier," he said, referring to an act he was playing, "and I'm standing with this big oar, and Johnny says to me, 'Have you seen the ruins of Florence?' and I say, 'Seen 'em? I ruined 'em'." Then, said he, "if the laugh doesn't come right away, I drop the oar on Johnny's foot and if I do it just right, and Johnny yells just right, it happens so fast the audience laughs and they *think* they're laughing at the joke about Florence—not such a good joke, at that."

You note that hokum has its complexities, particularly of time and place. And you note also that the old hokum bucket (a phrase I vaguely ascribe to ten different people) dips into very ancient waters indeed. Because the servants with semiobscene symbols in the plays of Aristophanes and the clowns with inflated cows-bladders in Italian comedy were using exactly the same kind of hokum, for the same purpose.

Bill O'Malley

"Congratulate me, dear—I got a seat on the bus"

The purpose is, largely, deceit. When you hoke up an act, you are using a bit of *hocus-pocus*, you are *hoaxing* the audience; it's a trick. Usually it's a trick to make you think you are seeing one thing, when something else, of more significance, is happening. It's a sort of magic. It has its standards of deftness and intelligence.

And oddly enough people use the word as if it were near to "corn." Here, too, Al Jolson can supply a classic example. Toward the end of any Mammy song he sang, Jolson virtually planted himself out with corn. Corn is some one else's sentiment, of course; and what care I how sweet it be, if it be not sweet to me. It requires no deftness; you plant it freely and it grows rank.

There is a thing called "production" which has qualities of both corn and hokum; and virtues and vices of its own. "Production" in this sense is associated largely with radio. At the end of the campaign, last November, George Gallup was put on the air to discuss the significance of the polls. The original way of introducing a speaker was to say, here is Soandso, an expert on bees, who will now discuss bees. Then someone began to give the business a little production. Before the announcer began, you heard the sound of bees; maybe you'd get a scream or someone saying, "Yum, yum, it's honey." Then there would be music in the background, a stentorian voice crying, "Bees!" and finally the still, small voice of the speaker. That, in a modified and justifiable way happened to Dr. Gallup. You heard quarreling voices, you heard angry people announcing which way New York would go—and finally you heard a montage of disputatious sound; after which the announcer said, in effect, "why make all these assertions, why not ask a man who knows?"—and he introduced Dr. Gallup.

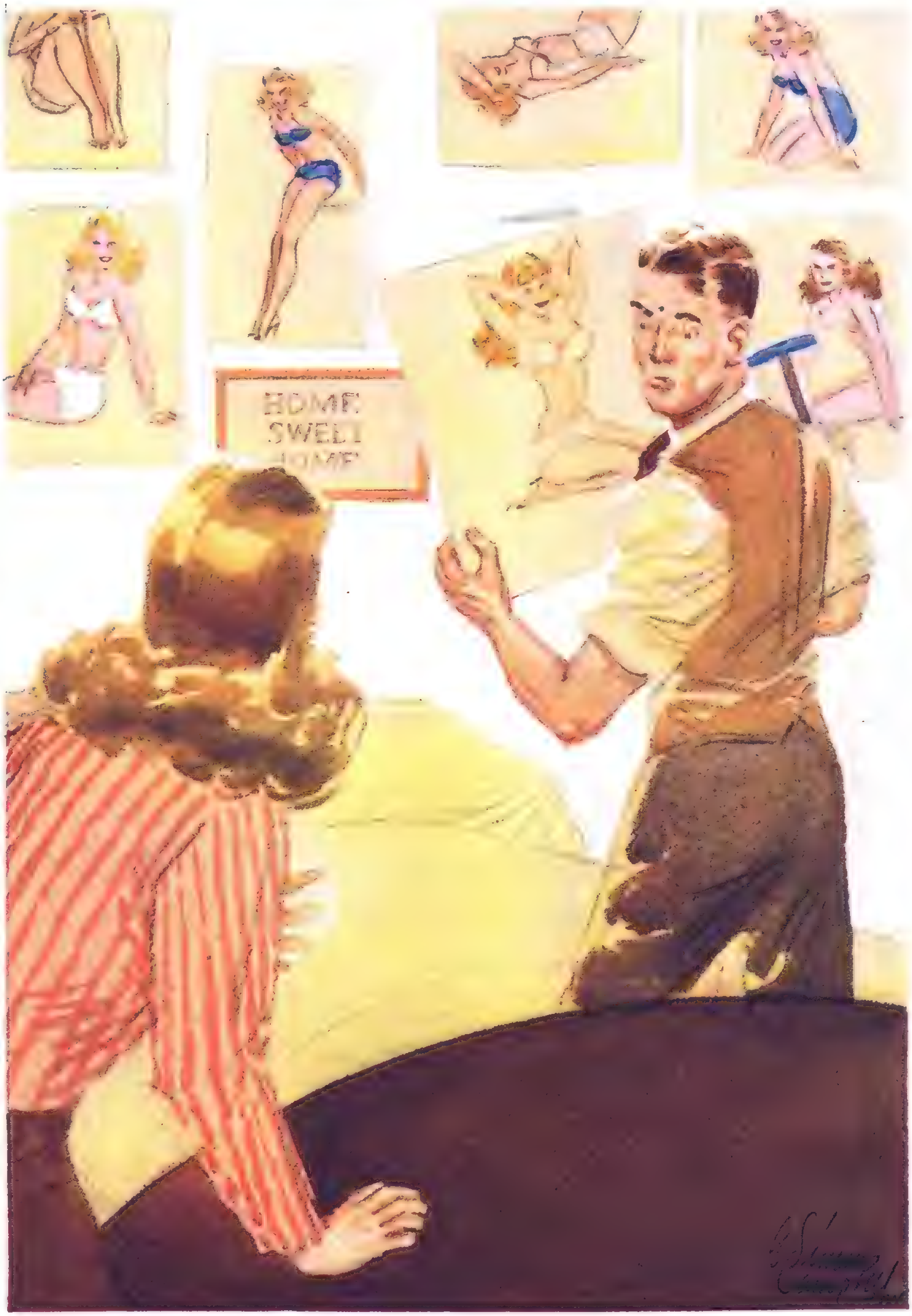
This sort of thing can be carried to a pretty lush point; and the simpler the idea, the more some people think it must be given "production"; they are convinced that no one would listen if you said, "Here is George Gallup who knows the meaning of the polls." (Someday someone will try to find out if they will listen—and be surprised.) The reason radio tends to production is that it lives close to business; and big business particularly has developed a system of producing ideas which is staggering. When an advertising agency wants to present a campaign to a client, the amount of bristol board, photographs, outsize type, gold ink and rich ribbon used to persuade is really impressive. It's particularly impressive if you compare it with the way a top Hollywood writer goes about selling a picture idea to the studio executive. He walks in, smokes, discusses polo or politics and waits for the boss to ask whether he has a good idea for Lauren Bacall's next picture. When so asked, he improvises a story, sells it and is often caught with his narrative not showing—because he has forgotten what the story was. At one end you have the extreme of elaborateness, at the other the extreme of the casual.

However, the movies use hokum and production in a beautiful mixture at times; and the master is Preston Sturges. In each picture Sturges takes a corny idea: the old success story, the old hero-worship theme, the old Cinderella or slumming Prince idea; and in each one he makes you think that you are getting the idea smeared with cynicism; he makes you believe that he is laughing at it and you are crying because you're laughing so hard. The simple fact is that he is giving you the old idea in all its original flavor. Only he is hoking it. With superproduction. In *Hail the Conquering Hero*, you have the massed brass bands playing when the boy comes home; of course there's a faint touch of irony, because the boy isn't a hero; but the bands are there; and Sturges makes them funny and pathetic and bustling; and presently he has given you the old stuff—and you haven't seen it coming.

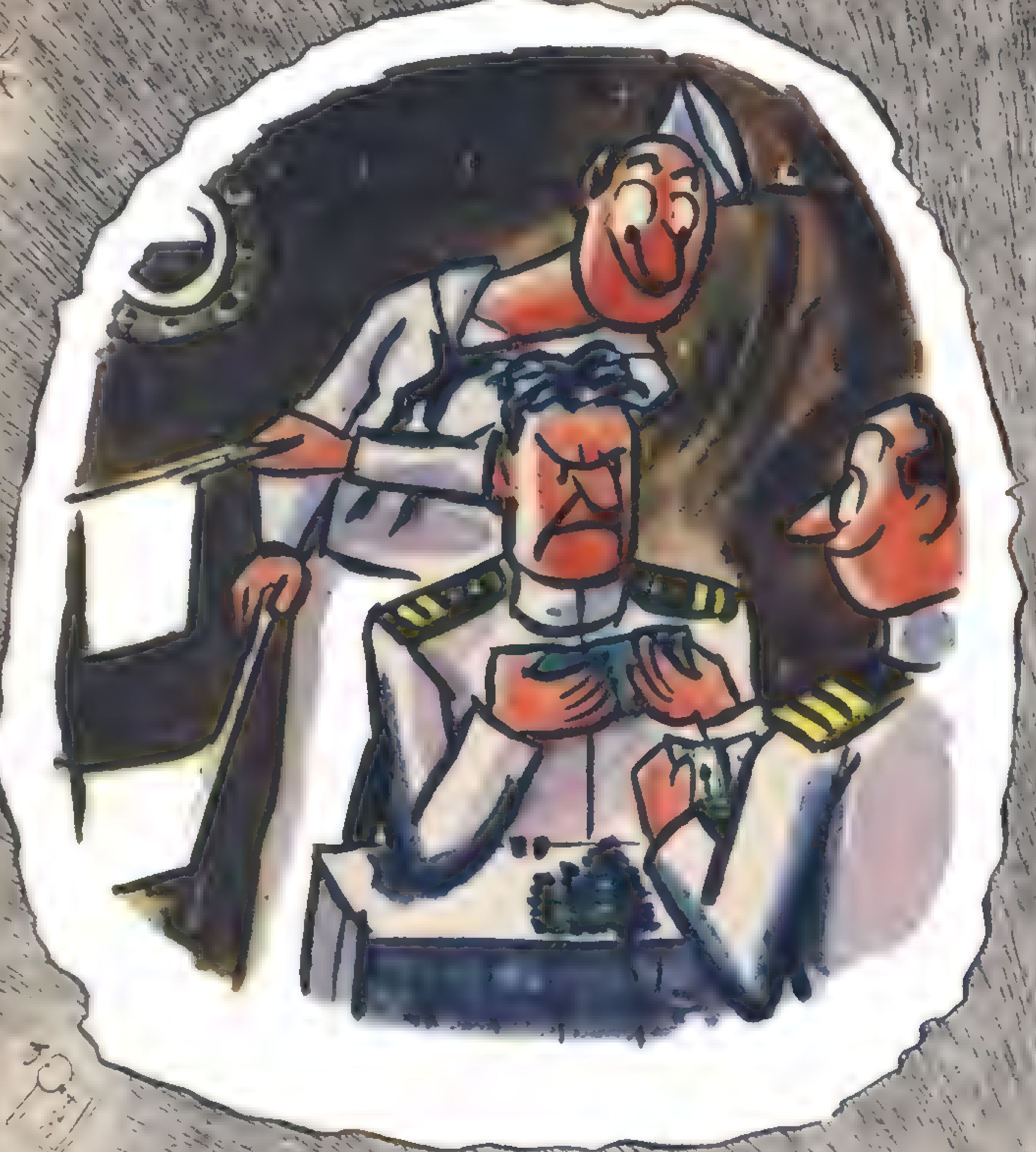
I have noted the appearance of corn and hokum and production in the three arts which are, so to speak, instantaneous. You are unlikely to see the movie or the show again, or get a recording of the radio show. So you are dealing with quick impressions, and obviously hokum and production de luxe are especially effective here; now you see it, now you don't; it's got to be super while it lasts. But corn, as you might expect, can exist in the form of words on the printed page, in pictures which are engraved to resist the ravages of time—and do resist, but fall under the blight of changing fashions. Nothing is sourer than old corn in the sentimental pictures of thirty years ago; fifteen years later the corn may be considered quaint; but the fact is that the really bad stuff of earlier generations doesn't come back. It wilts and rusts and dies away.

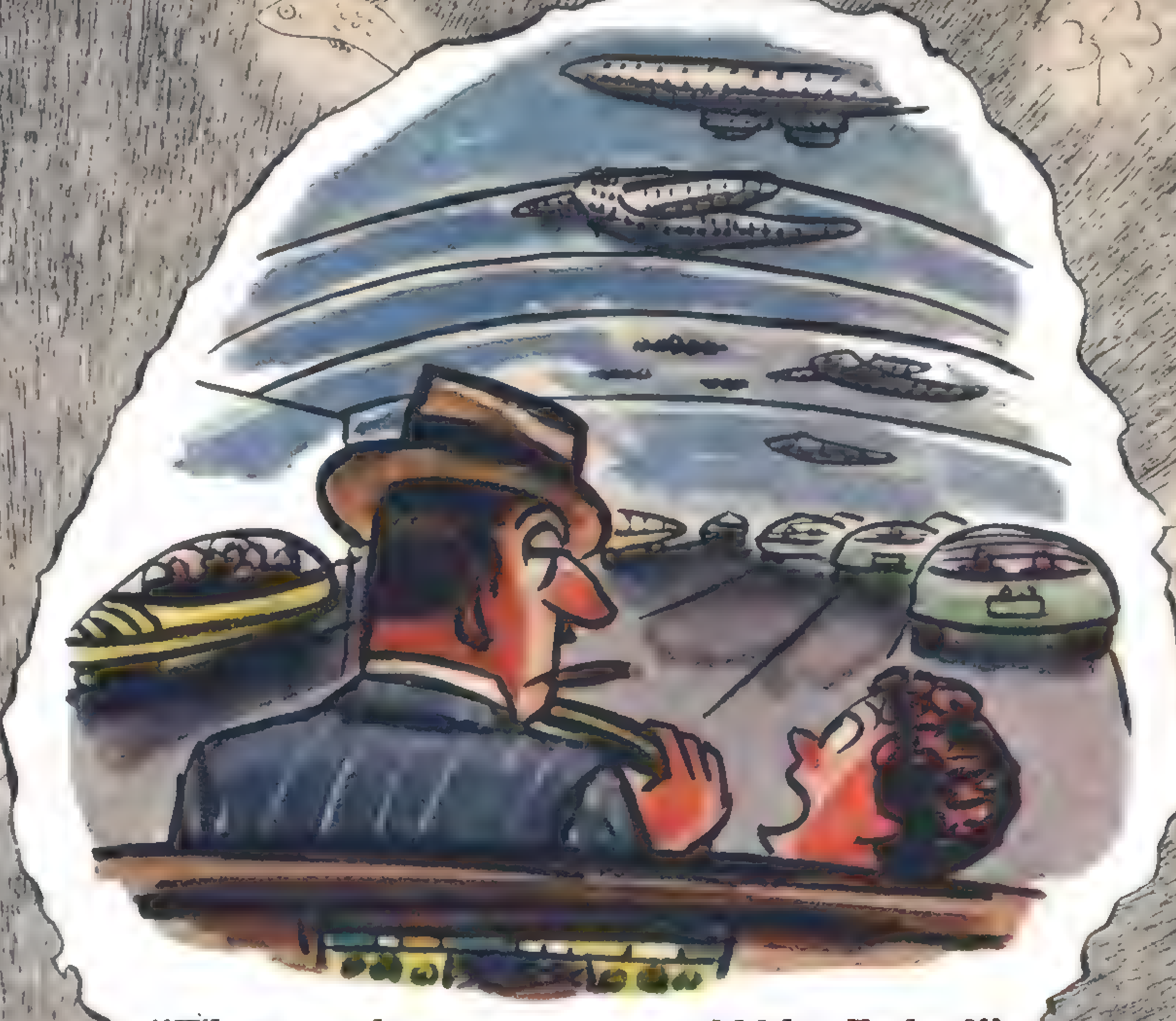
I think, perhaps the quick arts, like radio and pictures, will have an effect on heavier-laden ones, like books and pictures. In paintings there are various schools whose ambition is to trick the eye—from the real *"trompe-d'oeil"* masters through Picasso to Dali; and in good prose there are a few minor masters of hokum—like Evelyn Waugh, whose every sentence is a trick concealing what he is really communicating. Humorists use hokum, as caricaturists do; and I have a feeling that a little of it, while it goes a long way, is a necessary part of the equipment of every popular artist.

There are movie makers and radio artists who are too exalted to use hokum; they don't last. But there are some too simple to need corn—and they do last. Between these extremes—and bowing to the art of production without which ideas seem somehow to die on the vine—I see, as usual, the chance that the popular arts may be crossed with the serious ones, giving them a hybrid and desirable quality they can certainly use. For hybrids are both sturdy and prolific. Like Wallace's corn. ##

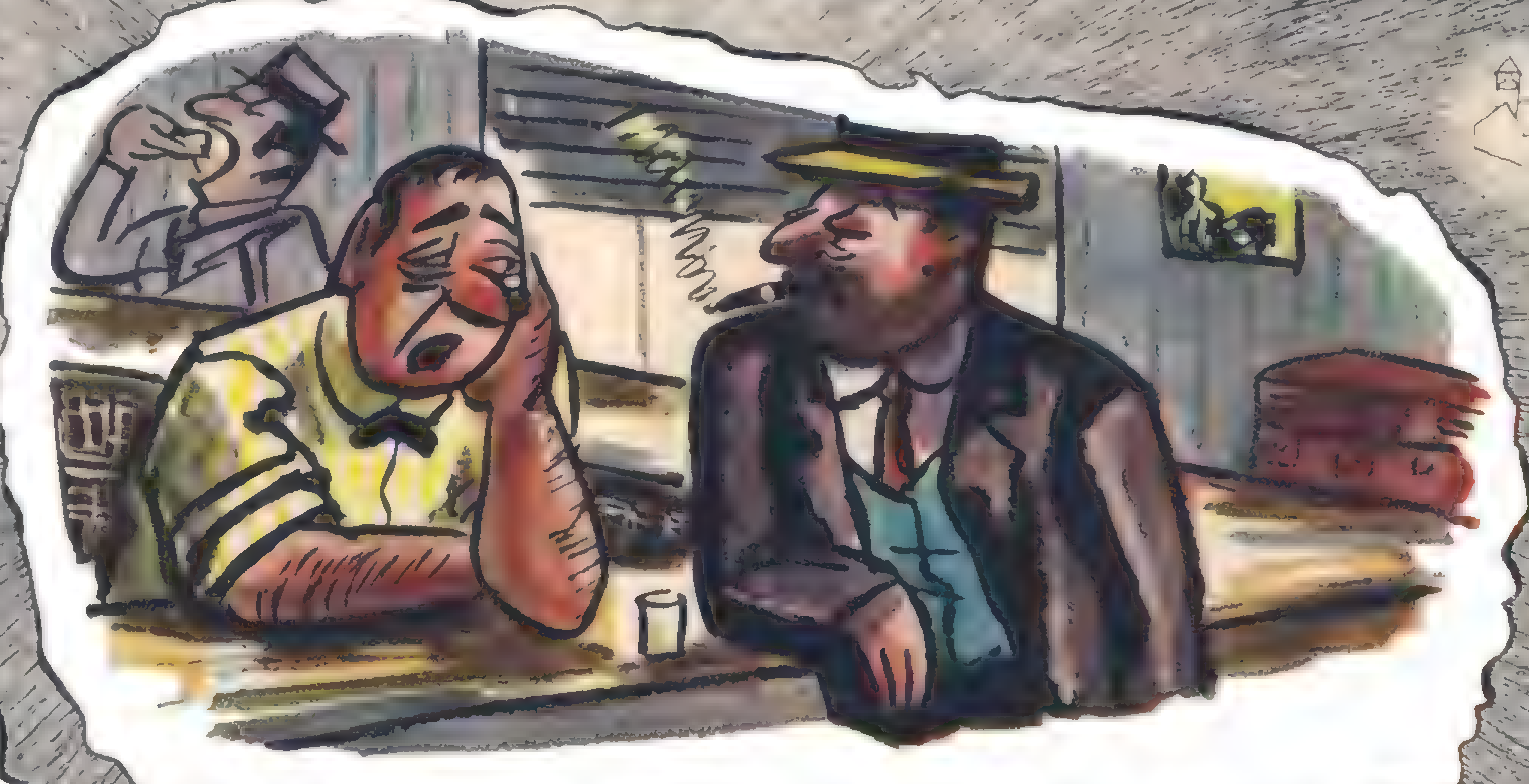

HOME SWEET HOME

". . . but, dear, we always had these in camp!"

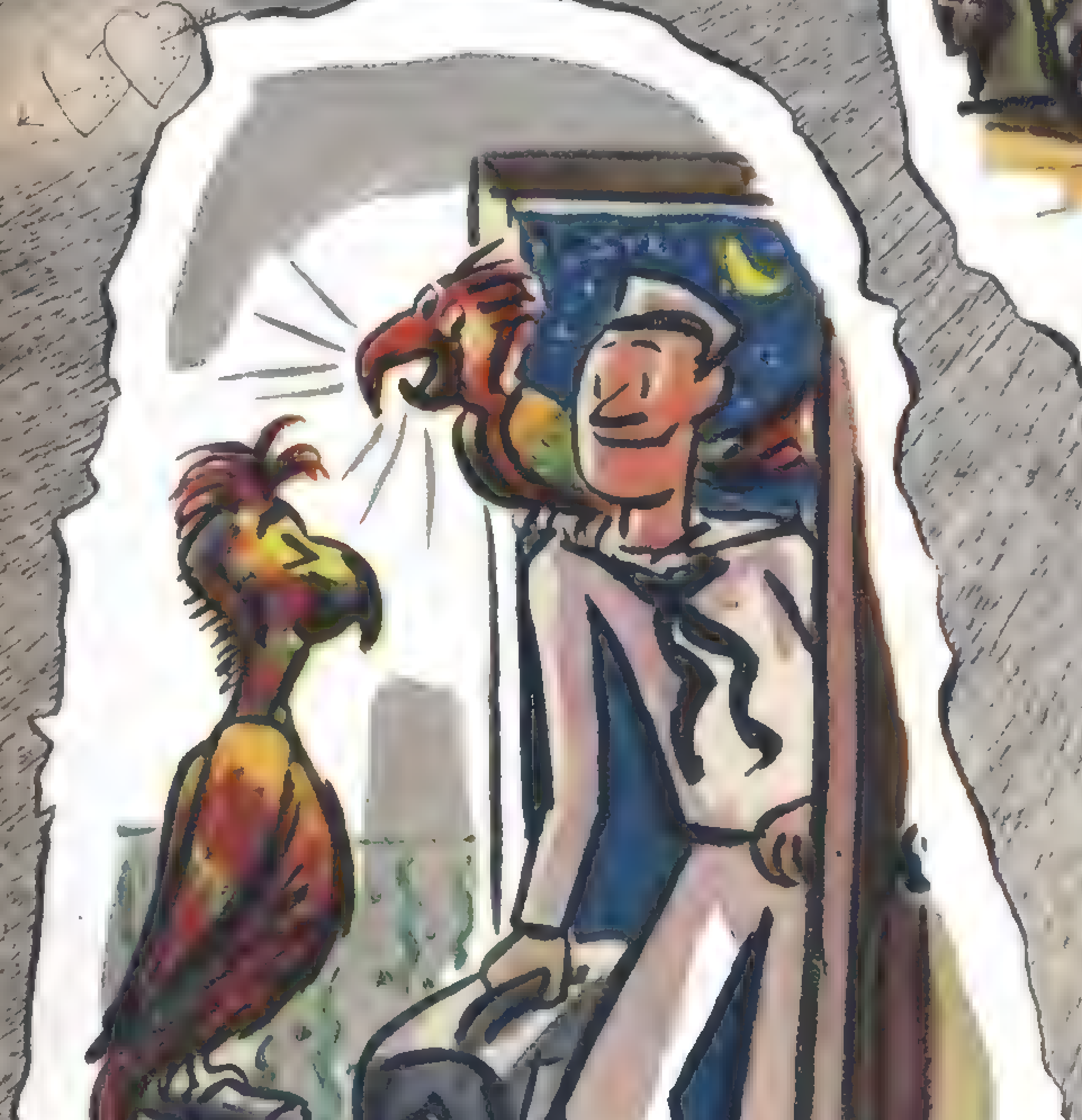




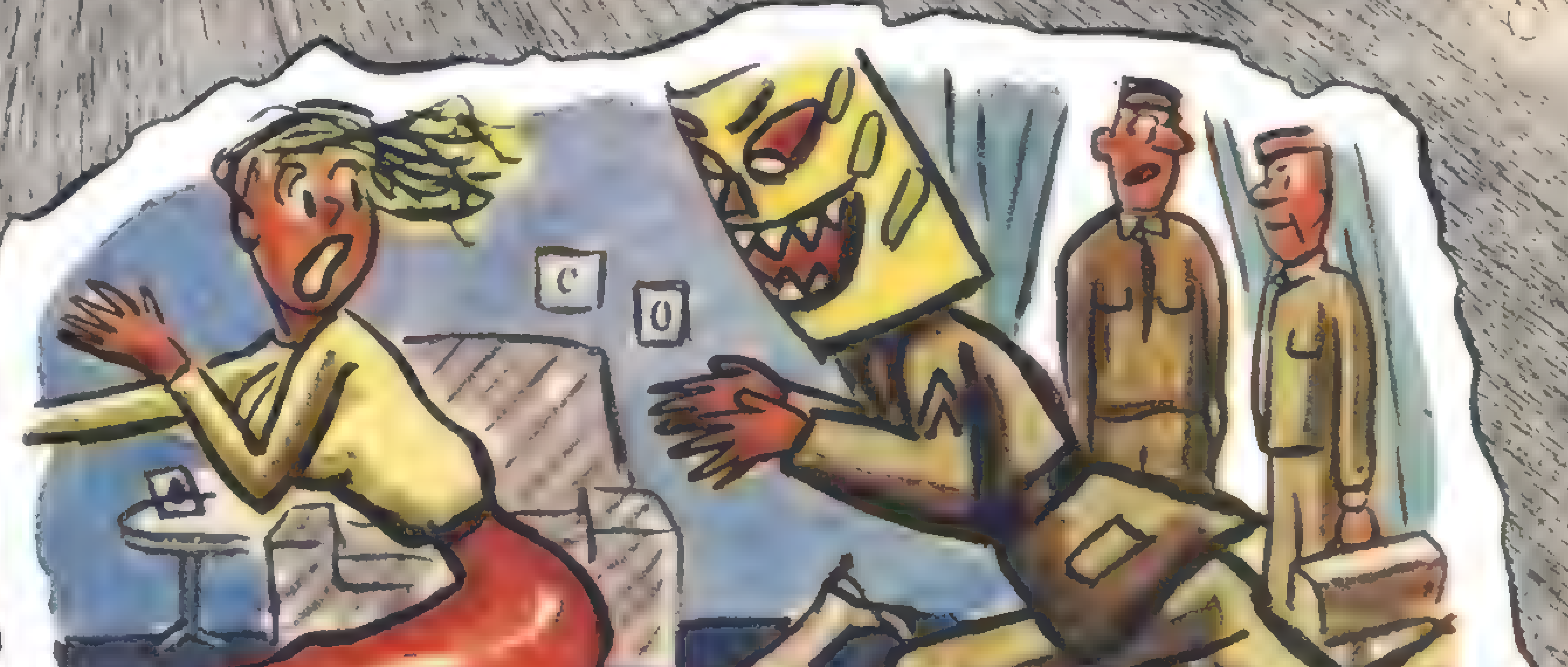
"What was the pre-postwar world like, Father?"



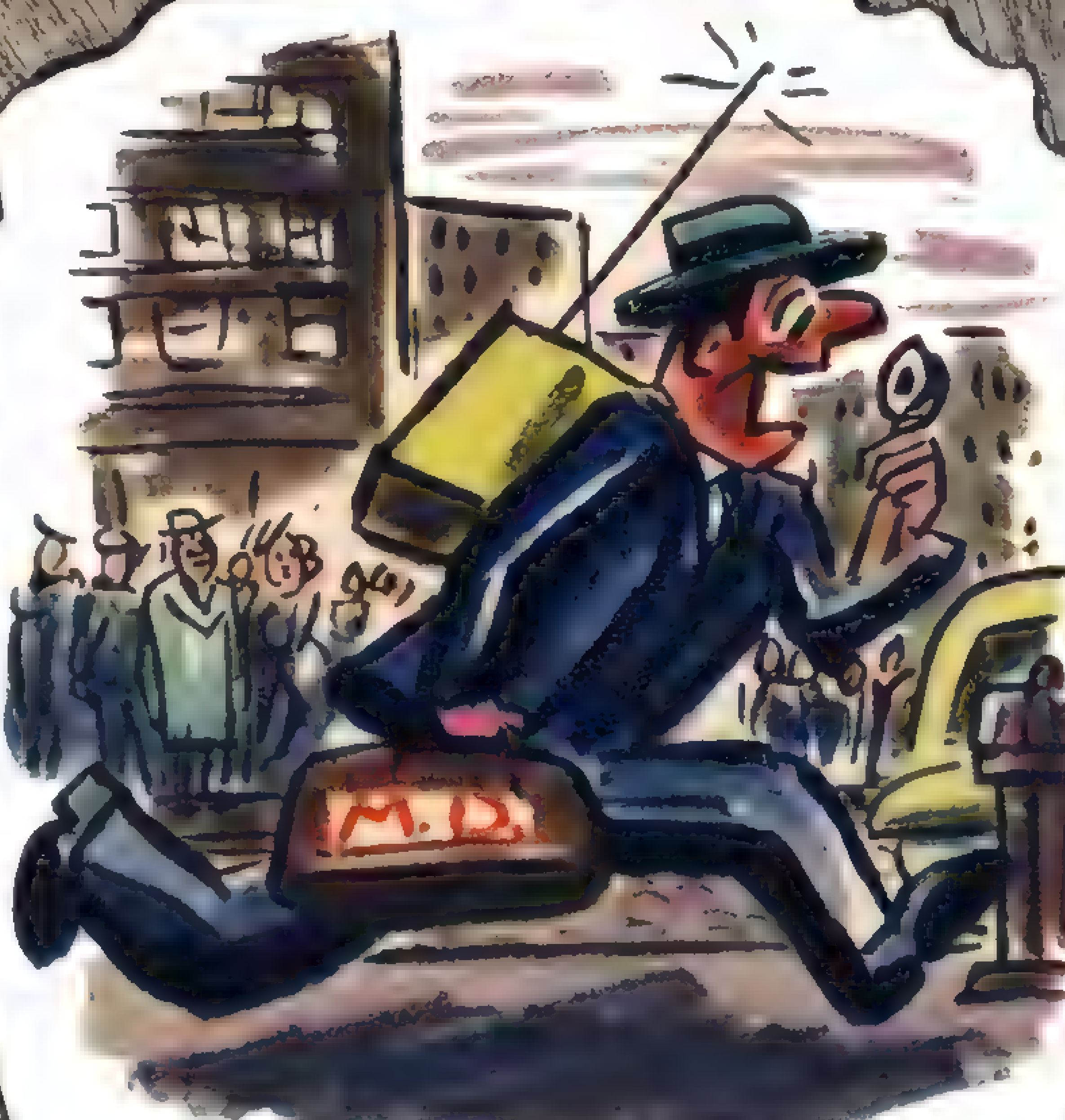
"You think you got troubles—just let me tell you mine!"



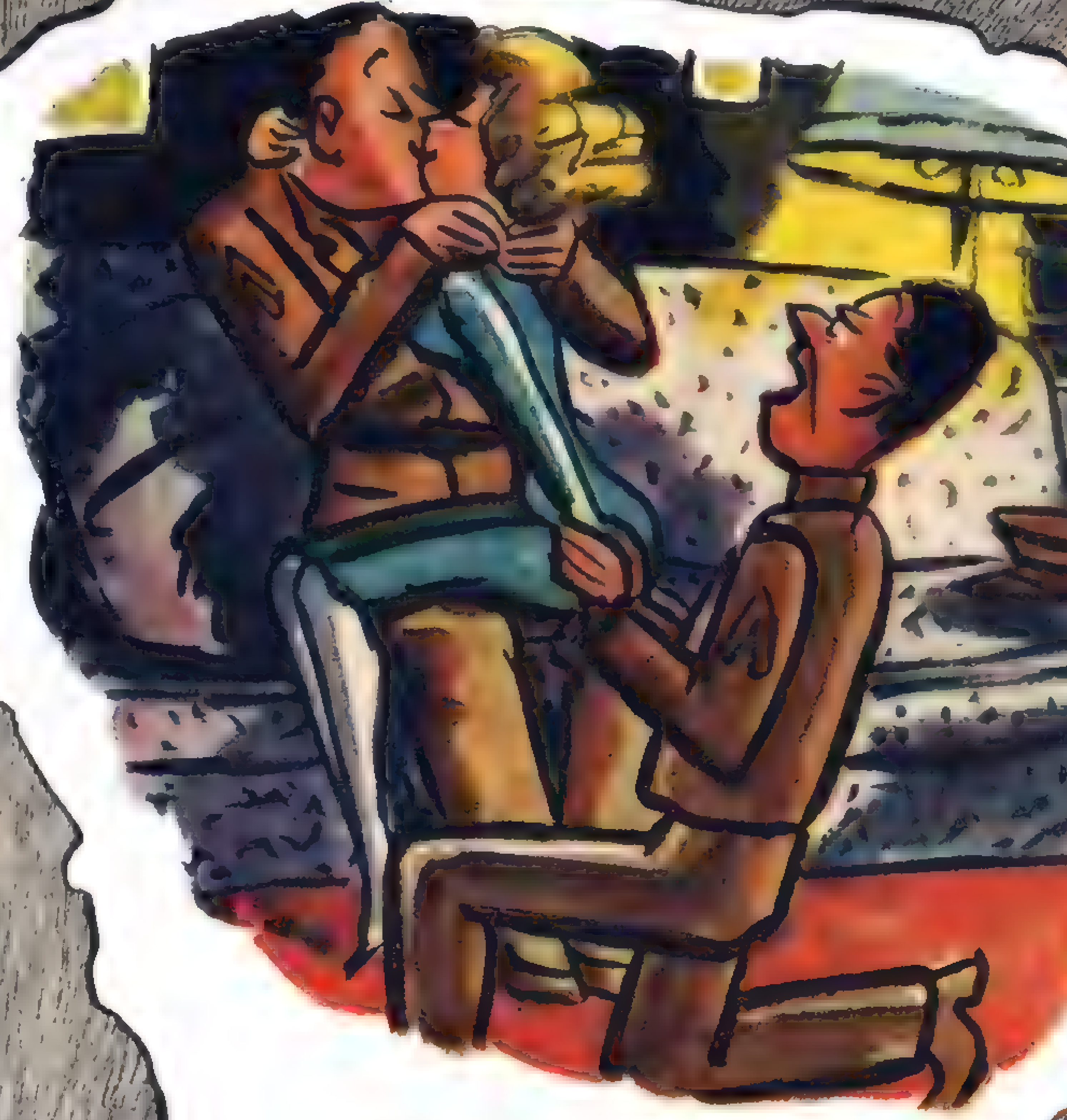
"Wow—I thought I was doomed to be a bachelor!"



"He's the only soldier in the South Pacific who wanted to come home and scare his wife"



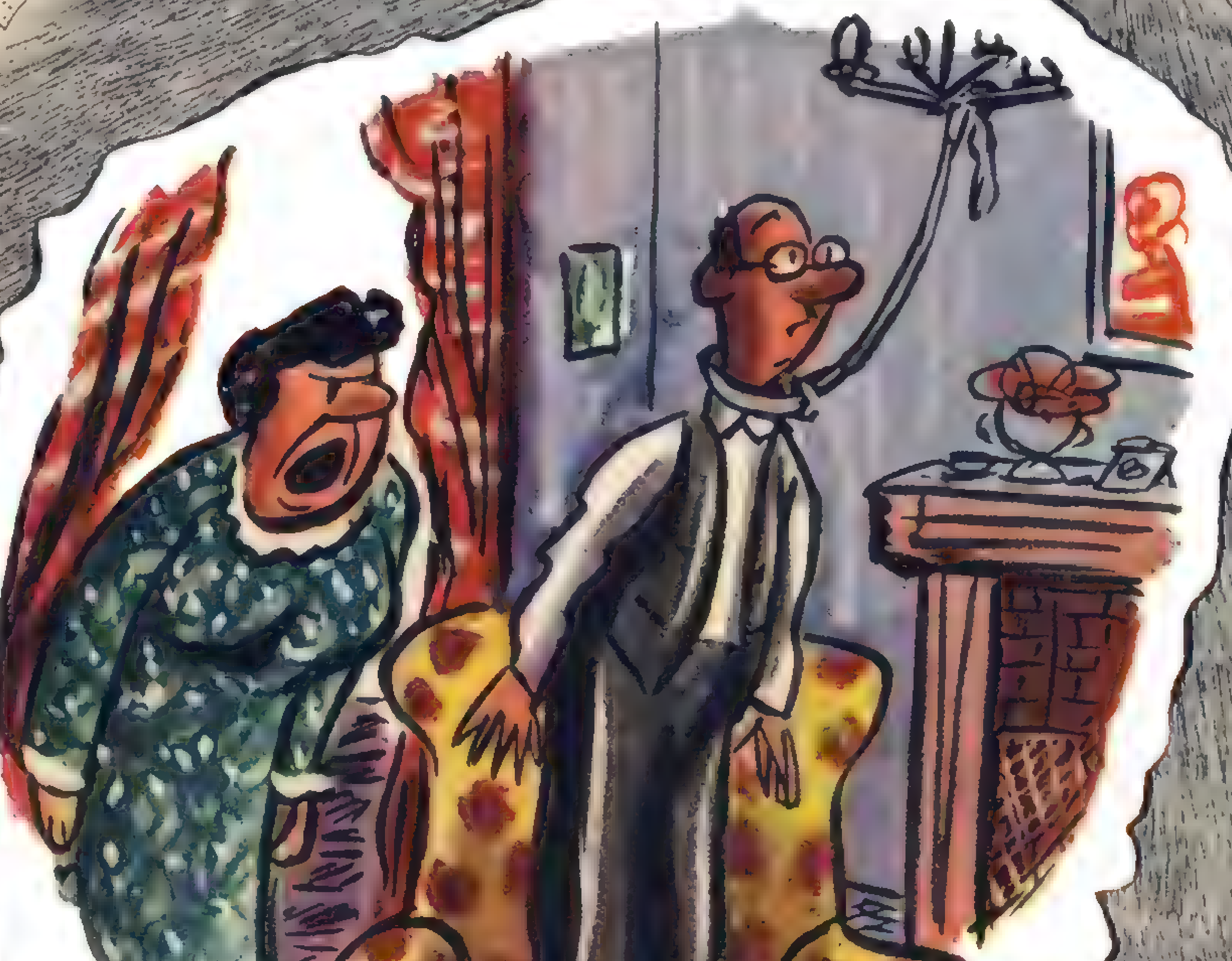
"Tell the stork to be seated —I'll be right there!"



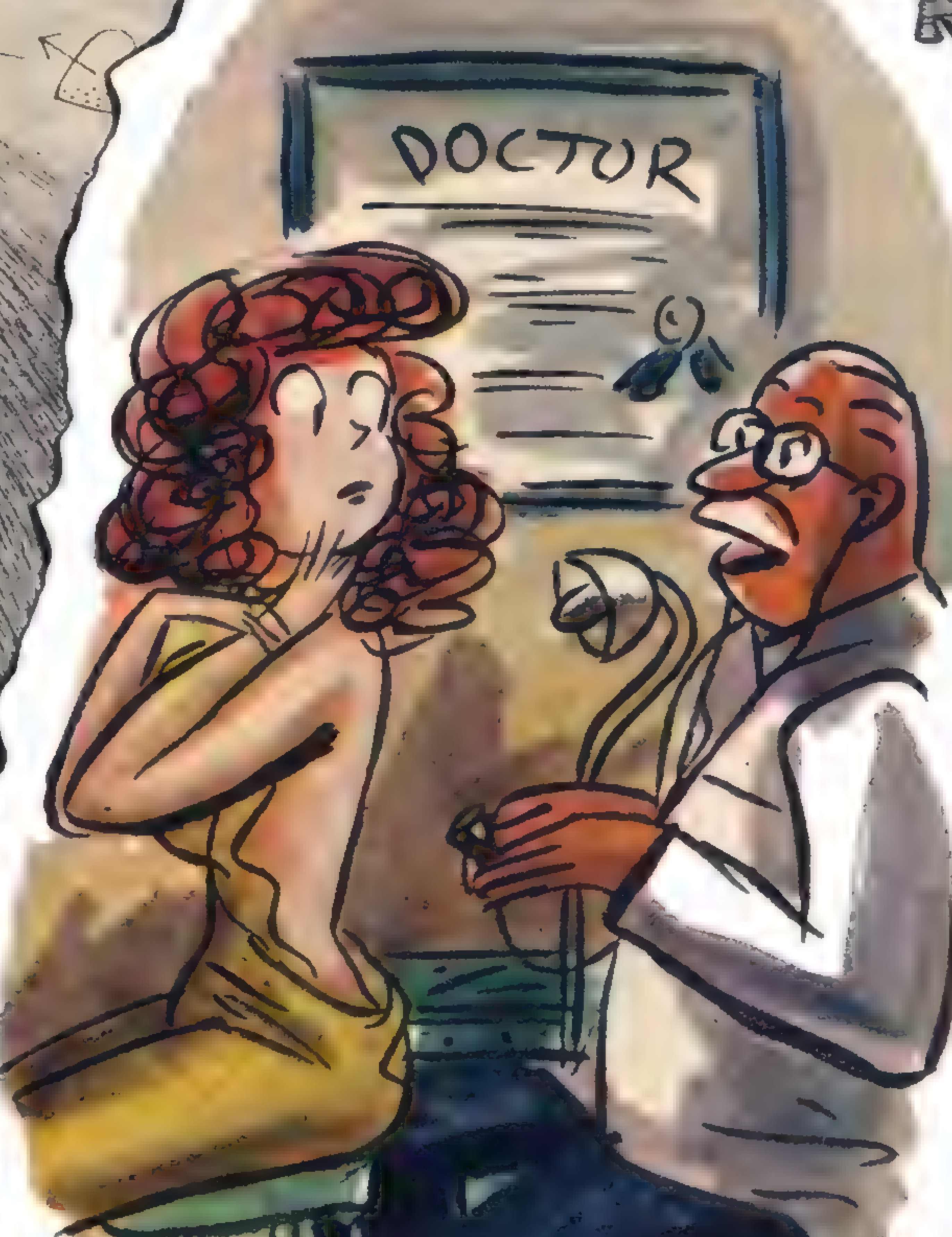
"Tell me, Ernestine, is there someone else?"

O the times! O the customs!

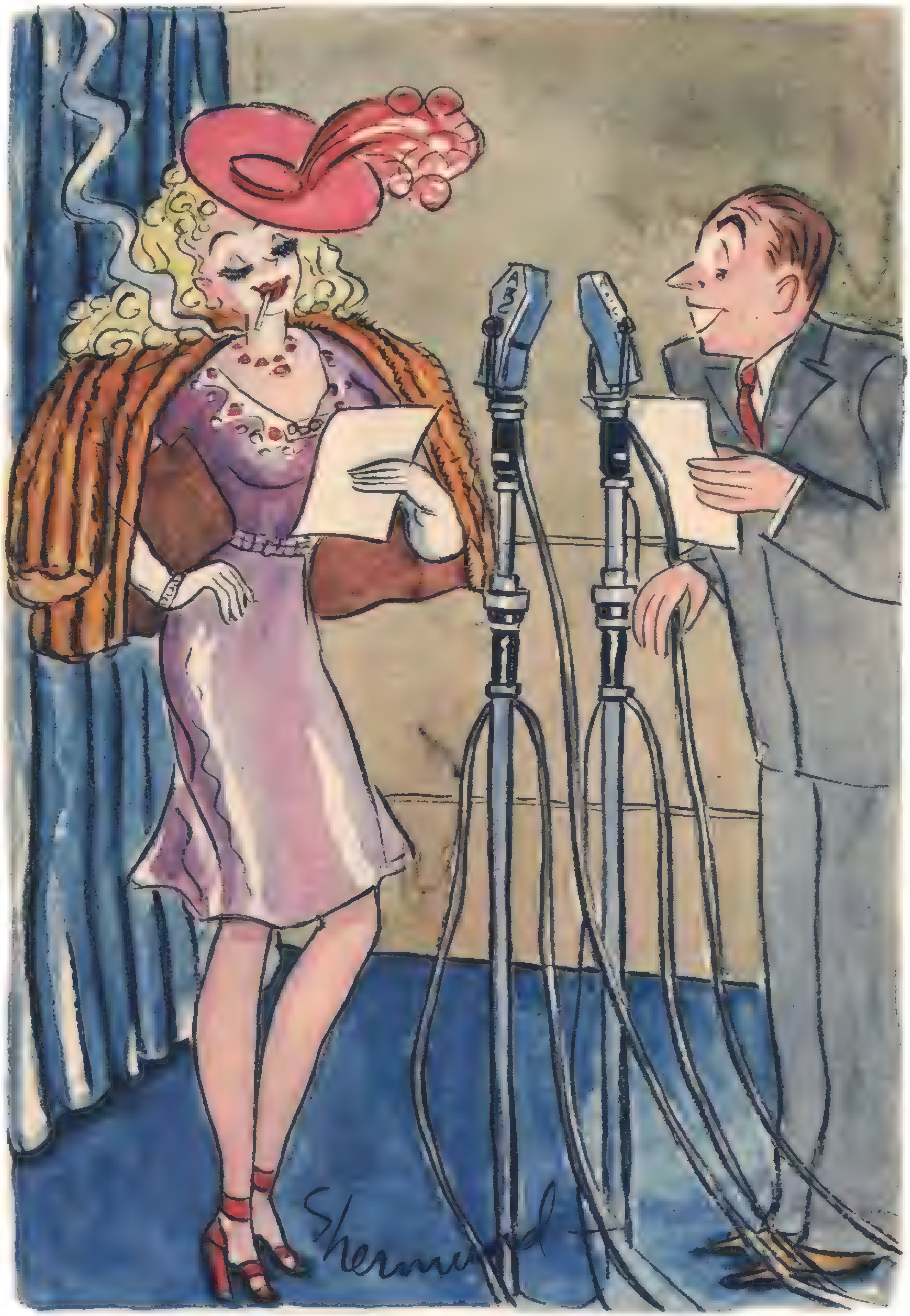
by IRVING ROIR



"I just had that chair covered, Henry, get off it!"



"Either you're a ventriloquist or your tapeworm speaks English!"



". . . and so we leave Mary stretched out on John's doorstep, clutching her baby to her poor, tired heart"

Esquire's Jazz Bookshelf

Leads for collectors concerning books, in and out of print, and magazines, both "little" and commercial, about hot music

by CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

•BOOKS•

At first glance our title may sound pretentious. Modern *concert* music boasts a library that fills several bookshelves, and that goes for most things modern—movies, painting, experimental prose and poetry—almost everything, except jazz. But the jazz bookshelf has grown to the point where it becomes important to examine its contents for the benefit of new collectors wishing to stock up on books as well as records.

To the jazz collector this bookshelf is of specialized, genially academic, interest. There are the technical books that say who played on what label in what year and how many masters were made. And there are the historical-critical books that delve into background and have provided much of the groundwork for the incredible critical battles that overflow from the "little" magazines into the "big" magazines. All of this data—and it does fill a chunky shelf or so—is as intriguing as a 1944 jazz piano solo, sometimes as cacophonous as a corn band trying to pop, and rarely as eloquent as the melodic line of a finespun improvisation on trumpet.

One finds scattered critical comments on jazz long before the 1920's. And if one accepts ragtime as a predecessor to modern jazz piano style—then it all began in the 1890's, like jazz itself. Scott Joplin in a delightful little folio called *School of Ragtime* ventured in his prefactory remarks to the music itself: "What is scurrilously called ragtime is an invention that is here to stay . . . Syncopations are no indication of light or trashy music, and to shy bricks at 'hateful Ragtime' no longer passes for musical culture."

Then there was that New Orleans *Times-Picayune* article of 1918. I first came across it in a back number of *The Musical Courier*, which in 1918 regarded jazz as a noisy, rather harmless brat. The *Times-Picayune* disowned jazz lock, stock and barrelhouse—especially the latter! A few juicy paragraphs from the editorial are quoted in Hobson's *American Jazz Music.*

Jazz caused even more of a furor on its early trips overseas. One London critic found the Dixieland Band harbingers of a new music that would (and it was good prophecy) have international repercussions. Another English critic found it cacophony, unmusical, bad for the eardrums and cultural bolshevism. "Sure," bandleader LaRocca retorted, "it's revolution in four-four time." During that same year soprano saxophonist Sidney Bechet also made his European debut and Ansermet (presently conductor of the Geneva Symphony Orchestra) made his famous remark that Bechet's way of playing was perhaps "the road the whole world will be swinging along tomorrow."

Goffin dug up several samples of early writings on jazz for his book, *Jazz from the Congo to the Metropolitan.* Before the emergence of books and "little" magazines, there were occasional references to jazz but these were seldom indicative of what was to come.

There have already been close to a score of books on jazz and will probably be many more.

The "little" magazines of jazz are confined to *hot* jazz and have been accused of partisanship, usually on the side of New Orleans style. The "big" magazines treat of the jazz field generally; they have only recently given much space to *hot* jazz. With a few notable exceptions one could subtract advertising, stuff on name bands and such, and get a magazine rather smaller than *The Record Changer*, that brave new baby of the brave new world that carries the ball for jazz, *qua* jazz, irrespective of box office, longevity and flatted notes.

Any estimate of prices on out-of-print material must be purely speculative. One copy of *Rhythm On Record* sold the other day for five dollars; I heard of another that was involved in a trade that would make it two or three times that much. So where possible I'd say add five or more dollars to list, on fiction stay nearer the list price, on foreign books go from five or ten bucks to out-of-this-world, and on the better out-of-print magazines you'd better have some very good duplicate discs for trade before you try to get, say, a complete set of *Jazz Information.*

Now let's mention a few. As to books, where the emphasis seems to be historical, the category will read *Historical-Critical.* Where it is the opposite the category will read *Critical-Historical.* But this is an arbitrary arrangement. For *The Jazz Record Book* we proposed to include much critical material of specific records along with an over-all critical article based on one compiled by William Russell and one from an article written for *Modern Music* and two separate articles written for a Spanish-language publication.* Hobson's *American Jazz Music* is another case in point for it blends Mr. Hobson's provocative critical ideas with his fine knowledge of musicians and backgrounds. Now for our checklist.

Critical-Historical

Aux Frontières du Jazz, by Robert Goffin, Kra, Paris, 1932. Out-of-print; hard to get. Price?

Mr. Goffin has changed his views considerably since the 1920's, when work on this book was begun, and much of his material is necessarily dated. Still, it was the first of the lot and when it came out those who could read French gobbled it up and read it aloud to those who could not. Though the book was dedicated to Louis Armstrong, Mr. Goffin had then—and I think in his second book—a bias in favor of the abortive white jazz of the 1920's.

Hot Jazz, by Hugues Panassié, Witmark, New York, 1936. Originally five dollars, this out-of-print book is more in demand than any other, unless it be the French first edition. You can say ten dollars up but you'll have to buck the Yankee horse traders on this one.

There is plenty of reason why Panassié deserves a place of profound respect on Esquire's Jazz Bookshelf. Goffin was literally on the critical "frontiers" as well as the historical. Few of the jazz greats had been truly evaluated. And though Panassié did not evaluate all of them—nor was his critical approach valid to all men in all places—he did have a method of approach, an ability to phrase his evaluations. This was important to American jazz critics who had finally to arrive at more than an "I was in the studio when it happened" attitude.

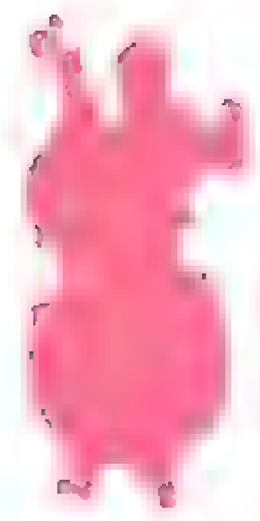
Panassié takes his jazz seriously, but not pompously, his favorites glowingly, but also critically. One need not always agree with him to understand his point of view. I do not mean by this that integrity cannot stand on its own feet but that Panassié has that quality besides viewpoints with which you may, or may not, agree. Outside of a few scattered articles he was the first to demonstrate effectively that a critical-historical approach was possible.

And his analyses of specific rec-

Continued on page 138

"My wife has been resisting advances so long she finds it hard not to"

The Rhythm Section



Of Dixieland and jam, with special reference to the swing musicians' appraisal of their own performances

by **LEONARD FEATHER & PAUL EDUARD MILLER**

• JAZZ •

It was a reformed ex-jazz writer, signing himself E. X. Hack, who once wrote in *Jazz Quarterly* that "the only characters who could really write authentically about jazz are the jazz musicians themselves," and that "any jerk who says a critic doesn't have to read or understand music is plain liquidating in E Flat."

E. X. Hack was nobody's fool. If an Ellington, a Goodman, Tatum or Hawkins had the time and inclination to tell Joe Averagereader how he, the musician, feels about music, a far greater rapprochement between musicians and fans might be achieved.

Some of the musicians do have the educational and journalistic qualifications. Benny Carter, Gene Krupa, Artie Shaw, Billy Strayhorn have had articles published under their own names which were not ghost written. But most musicians don't care to spend the best hangovers of their life at a typewriter—not when they have to face a 350-mile bus hop for a one-night stand.

Esquire's board of experts has done an excellent job of selecting the All-American jazz teams. If the reins of jazz criticism were to be taken over by the musicians themselves, you would get a largely similar list of winners. Nevertheless, you would also see some startling changes in general trends of thought. You would find out that jazz, seen from the inside looking out, is a matter of notes, chords and facts as well as of improvisation and inspiration. You would get expert analyses in place of emotional ecstasies.

If these expert analyses failed to narrow the breach between the jazzmen and the jazzfans who adulate them, it would be because the latter, unwilling to learn, prefer to wallow in the swampland of rhetoric. They would hate to be disillusioned, to find out that what they described as an "overwhelming" or "fundamentally expressive" passage in some solo, showing "organic unity" or "sweepingly majestic motifs," was actually Ed Hall playing a B Natural against an F Seventh chord.

During the past few years, having spent an incalculable quota of time listening to every type of jazz and having devoted endless hours to talking about music with musicians (in musical terms, not in sweepingly majestic adjectives), I've found musicians and admirers fail to understand each other.

For one thing, the musician generally judges things in terms of good music or bad music, while the would-be eclectic jazz lover prefers to assess in terms of jazz or not-jazz. The latter also believes that there are two classes of jazz, improvised and arranged, while the musician knows that there is a very thin borderline between the two, that the same musical characteristics obtain in both.

Typical of this divergence is the attitude toward Eddie Condon's jazz concerts. Condon is a jazz musician with a buoyant belief in the brand of music for which he stands. It has come to be known as Dixieland music (or Nicksieland, for Nick's, its New York headquarters). Condon has been promoted far and wide in the past year. He played a series of Saturday broadcasts over the Blue Network. He did several in-person concerts at Carnegie Hall. Condon's basic groups usually shape up as a seven-piece unit, playing without music. The publicity emphasizes that owing to the improvised nature of the concerts, nobody knows what will happen until the last minute.

This studied carelessness, which is supposed to carry an implication that no good jazz can ever involve any advance preparation, is dangerously misleading. Actually, it is not even entirely true that these shows are unarranged. When a vocal number by Lee Wiley or Red McKenzie is scheduled, scored backgrounds are written out, because Condon knows that a co-ordinated setting will produce a more satisfactory sound. And on the strictly instrumental tunes—*Royal Garden Blues* and *High Society* and the usual old stand-bys—there are certain passages that are always played in approximately the same way.

Some of the musicians who play Dixieland music do it because they prefer the comparative freedom of its structure, especially if they are used to playing in bigger bands where they rarely have an opportunity to take a solo. Others, like Muggsy Spanier, declare that they don't even know what the term Dixieland means or whether there is such a thing as Dixieland music. George Wettling, the drummer, has frequently expressed his displeasure at being typed as a "Dixieland drummer" when he can and does play every kind of music on Paul Whiteman's radio commercial and other big air shows. Sid Catlett looks on the Dixieland crowd with mild amusement.

Actually there is a good deal of praiseworthy music in Condon's shows, which could be made more widely acceptable by a less rigid instrumentation (alto and tenor saxes and solo guitars are taboo) and by more frequent departures from the same old bunch of worn-out tunes. Condon has featured some excellent musicians on his shows, but it is significant that of the forty-five musicians selected this year by Esquire's 1945 board of experts only four have appeared with Condon. The other forty-one either don't fit into the limited style of his programs (or, like Red Norvo, don't wish to try), or else they're considered beyond the pale because they've never worked at Nick's or mixed with the Nick's clique.

The fans who attend these jamborees are no more mature musically than the kids who mill around Sinatra. Dixieland is a fad and a cult exactly as is Sinatra.

Recently, after one of these bashes at Carnegie Hall, I asked some of the musicians how they felt it had gone. Two of the trumpet players described it as a "clambake" suffering from "no preparation, man!" A noted colored clarinetist said that he felt "tight and awkward," is always ill at ease at these affairs and prefers working with his own band. Another clarinetist, who had played *Wolverine Blues*, said, "That wasn't what I wanted to play. They wish these tunes on me." A bass player said, "I played miserably. There was too much confusion." A great trombonist-bandleader smiled and said, "Leonard, maybe you and I are crazy." Yet the next morning some of the most reputable writers in the dailies came out with raves for the show's spontaneity, informality and inspiration!

Musicians know best. They know when a rhythm section gets a fine, integrated beat and when it doesn't. They know when an ensemble is building a well-organized body of sound and when it isn't. They are not flattered when their worst performances are praised by people who think A Flat Augmented is an extra wing built on an apartment!—L.F.

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

ON RECORDS—Arriving just too late for inclusion in last month's list of the year's greatest records was the King Cole Trio album on Capitol. Here is some of the subtlest, swingingest music you will ever hear. If you thought the last word had been said on *Body and Soul*, guitarist Oscar Moore and pianist Cole will reconvert you to this hackneyed theme with their eloquent word-after-the-last.

Cole sings in his wistful, rhythmic manner on *Sweet Lorraine*, *Embraceable You* and *It's Only a Paper Moon*. His piano work, ranging from the indigo mood of *Easy Listening Blues* to the unique version of Rachmaninoff's *Prelude in C Sharp Minor*, never departs from good taste.

This is music to listen to by candlelight, in the company of someone who loves and understands great jazz—or maybe just someone who loves and understands. . . .

Duke Ellington offers the best of the single releases, *What Am I Here For?* which Victor found at the bottom of the pre-recording-ban barrel. The coy title *Joy-Mentin'* should not deter you from scouring for a Blue Note 12-inch disc which features, to good advantage, Jimmy Shirley (guitar), Sidney de Paris (trumpet), Ben Webster (tenor), Vic Dickenson (trombone). The most rhythmic of all altomen, 285-pound Pete Brown, bounces sensuously on *Bellevue for You* (Savoy). Woody Herman's band is ill-represented by *Who Dat Up Dere?* complete with Uncle Tom dialect effects (Decca).

ON RADIO—The above-mentioned Woody Herman group will be on the networks from Meadowbrook soon after you read this. Listen for our ballot winners—Flip Phillipps, Dave Tough, Chubby Jackson—and an extraordinarily talented newcomer, a girl named Marjorie Hyams who plays vibraharp.

IN PERSON—Billy Eckstine is no longer merely "the Sepia Sinatra." Harlem's most popular baritone now fronts a wonderful young band, its musical destinies guided by trumpeter-arranger Dizzy Gillespie. The talent includes Sara Vaughn, whose balladry starts where the Helen Forrests and Frances Langfords leave off; Gene Ammons and Dexter Gordon, two mighty tenor saxmen (the former is the son of boogie-woogie pianist Albert Ammons); many other soloists, all tops, and ensemble work that rocks the roof, allying precision with potency. Catch them at a dance date, not in a theatre. If you can't find them, tell your local dance hall manager to get up off his race-bias and book them, but fast; because fast is how this band is going to rise.

LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz Symposium

Who are the No. 1 challengers of the winners of Esquire's All-American Jazz Bands?

Alvin Burroughs, drummer with Red Allen's orchestra:

I'd call it a tossup between Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman for top clarinet rank. Edmond Hall is good, but most of the stuff he plays is a steal from Benny and Artie. Trummy Young and Tyree Glenn certainly could give Higginbotham and Lawrence Brown plenty of competition. Duke Ellington isn't as good as he was four or five years ago. Too many of his key men have left and he can't replace them; certainly he will never replace Cootie, or Tizol who was the brains of the trombone section. Johnny Hodges, of course, has a terrific alto style, but I'd rate Benny Carter as greater. I can't see Armstrong as the number one vocalist. Among the New Stars, Eddie Vinson is a blues singer—that's all; he can't sing anything else. Billy Eckstine is better—he has more variety. Ethel Waters and Mildred Bailey belong at the top together. Lena Horne looks good but can't sing.

The Silver Award All-American would certainly outswing the Gold Award group. The Silvers would have more fire—the battle between youth and age. Only two men in the Golds have the fire of those in the Silvers—Pettiford and Catlett. Tatum is a good soloist, but if he's supposed to be picked for working with these men in a big band, I can't see it.

If it was necessary to pick hot violinists, then Stuff Smith certainly should be in the Gold Award group. Ray Nance belongs in the Silver group and Ada Smith in the New Stars. Freddie Green could easily challenge Oscar Moore for Silver Award guitar. Dave Tough is fine; he really belongs in there. Bud Johnson should be in there with Lester Young. George Dickson should shove Harry Carney out of the Silver group—but up into the Gold Awarders. Chappie Willett is the challenger for all arrangers, while Gale Broackman could challenge Dizzy Gillespie to the New Star spot on trumpet. Eugene Ammons could do a good job of pushing Flip Phillips out.

Tommy Pederson, trombonist with Gene Krupa's orchestra:

Roy Eldridge is far below Cootie Williams on trumpet; I'd name Al Killian as the challenger for Roy. Trummy Young is the man on trombone and Lou McGarity and Leon Cox show plenty of stuff too. On clarinet Artie Shaw should replace Edmond Hall, whom I can't see at all, while among the New Stars I'd pick Buddy De Franco and Hank D'Amico. The altomen I like and who seem to me to be likely challengers are Johnny Bothwell and Les Robinson. Any tenorman would have a tough job beating Hawkins, but I think the men in line for a good try are Charlie Venturo, Vido Musso and Buddy Johnson. Yes, drummerman Gene Krupa is my boss, but I'd rate him as the greatest challenger whether I were working in his band or not. Buddy Rich is among the younger drummers who should give the boys a good run. A young pianist named Dodo Marmarosa is a musician who should be a challenger when the word gets around; and then there's the fine work that Johnny Guarnieri has been doing, which puts him in a good challenging spot. Stewart Olson on baritone and Remo Biondi on violin are competitors for the other instruments division. Among the vocalists I like Lips Page and Sy Oliver—yes Sy Oliver, who used to do such fine singing with the old Lunceford band. There are at least three good guitar men to watch: Dennis Sandole, Teddy Walters and Hy White. Arrangers Ed Finkel and George Saravo look good to me and so does Ed Mihelick on bass.

Billie Holiday, vocalist:

There's one singer I've been watching for five years, seeing her grow and improve, and she's the greatest to me—Jo Stafford. She has a legitimate voice, knows how to hold notes, knows how to hit them, and she has soul too. Two other singers you should watch are Sara Vaughn, with Billy Eckstine's band—she's great; and of course Billy Eckstine himself. Instrumentalists? Well, naturally, Dizzy Gillespie first. And both the tenormen with Eckstine too—Dexter Gordon, who sounds so much like Lester Young; and Eugene Ammons. I'd name Vic Dickenson on trombone. I don't know any pianists, but I think Dorothy Donegan is great. And on guitar, my two men are Oscar Moore and Tiny Grimes.

Johnny Sippel, Chicago Editor of *Down Beat* Magazine:

After scanning the list of the 1945 Esquire All-Americans, there seems only one conclusion—the greats will always be with us. The repeated selection of perennials, it seems to me, is not benefiting jazz. Good new performers and varied stylings intrigue new listeners and revive the inveterate who knows the solos of music's mighty by heart. Consistently topping the polls makes the veteran virtuoso feel secure; he finds the rut extremely comfortable.

Hope for the future lies with a group of youthful instrumentalist-arrangers who have defied previous limitations. Based upon a foundation of melodic chord study, these novices to the polls are creating a more intricate riff style which startles the hearer.

Two excellent Negro trumpeters—Dizzy Gillespie and Howard McGhee (Auld band)—show the greatest vision in their ideas. Both, using the nonpressure method, play long passages in the upper register, often maintaining a speed heretofore reserved for clarinetists. While playing these fast choruses, both adhere to that melodic chord background, often jumping a full octave to strike the next tone. Charley Parker (Hawkins) and Earl Bostic (Hampton) have shattered the Hodges conception of how the alto should be played. Parker excels Bostic in producing startling improvisations, but Bostic has pioneered the Jimmy Dorsey *Fingerbustin'* technique while still playing a much more complex hot style.

Pianist Ralph Burns and trumpeter Neal Hefti revitalized the Herman herd with a series of complicated riff-pattern arrangements like *Apple Honey* and *Jones Beachhead*. In these scorings, sidemen read passages which once only a star soloist would have dared attempt. The more heavily syncopated rhythm of these advanced arrangements play stress on drummers. Shadow Wilson (Auld) and Art Blakey (Eckstine) show intuitive anticipation of the sixteenth-note improvisations of soloists.

Take care, greats—there's new men a'comin'.

Eddie Heywood, pianist and leader of his own band:

On trumpet I think the best bet is Harold Baker; he was my favorite before he went into the Army. Vic Dickenson is the trombonist to watch. It's great to have him working for me because he can play both types of music: he can play a ballad and take a hot chorus both equally well. I'd like to mention my altoman too, Lem Davis. On tenor there's Lucky Thompson, who was with Lionel Hampton and Billy Eckstine; and I like Georgie Auld on tenor *and* alto. The best up-and-coming clarinetist is Jimmy Hamilton, with Duke. On piano I'd watch out for young Sammy Benskin, with Benny Morton's band, and of course Johnny Guarnieri. My tip on guitar would be Teddy Walters, although he's now switched to vocalizing with Jimmy Dorsey. On bass, Arthur Bernstein, when he has come out of the service, ought to be better-known than ever. The drummers I like to work with best are Keg Purnell and Shelly Manne.

Charlie Venturo, tenor saxophonist with Gene Krupa's orchestra:

Buddy De Franco is the clarinetist who's pushing the better-known men on that instrument. I think Bill Harris deserves a higher rating, and although I like Higginbotham for jazz, Harris is more modern and better all-around. About four or five years ago I had a little band of my own in Philadelphia, and both Harris and guitarist Teddy Walters worked for me. Maybe that's why I like both those men, but regardless, I think they're plenty good and I can truthfully name them as challengers. And don't overlook Tommy Pederson, with whom I've been working in Krupa's band and whom I've had a chance to watch closely. On tenor I feel that Ben Webster should rate above Lester Young, and Don Byas can stand more spotlighting too. Among the drummers I'll take Gene Krupa and Cozy Cole. I like Ed Mihelick on bass: equally as well, Sid Weiss. The altomen who most impress me are Boots Mussulli (Stan Kenton) and Johnny Bothwell. The pianists for me are Johnny Guarnieri and Dodo Marmarosa. P.E.M.

ON THE EDGE OF THE CLEF

In the fifty year period from 1895 to 1945, the city of New Orleans has done more than any other urban center to fertilize and nurture jazz and the jazz spirit. New Orleans has sent forth many great jazzicians whom the whole world has honored; it has retained others whose talents and virtuosity have been equally great but whose reputations have been localized and thus small. During the past few years the abilities of some of the boys who remained behind have gained the limelight and subsequent recognition, although it is forever impossible to convince a new generation of jazz lovers how wonderfully these men played—because, unfortunately, the mechanism of recording had not yet reached the commercial stage.

After fifty years, certainly, it is fitting to recall the names of some of the New Orleans jazzists who have made a lasting and powerful impression on jazz. These few words are but a sketch and a suggestion of what has been approached in more detail in the new 1945 Esquire *Jazz Book.*

I have called Sidney Bechet a Giant of Jazz. To my critical eye he towers above every other New Orleans jazzman: I base this judgment on the fact that for over thirty years he has consistently performed with the true greatness of combined feeling, artistry and technique. I do not, of course, take the position that no other musician has ever played magnificently in a like manner; I do emphasize that Bechet is the only man who has done it continuously and consistently over so long a period of years.

In his prime years (1922-30) Louis Armstrong achieved tremendous reaches of feeling and artistry; since that time, while his technical powers have not diminished, the quality of his feeling has lowered itself almost to the point of the maudlin. Nevertheless, Armstrong ranks among the very greatest All-Time New Orleans jazzmen. In this category, too, I find it critically justifiable to place King Oliver, Bunk Johnson, Mutt Carey, Wade Whaley, George Lewis, Johnny Dodds, Barney Bigard, Eddie Miller, Irving Fazola, Albert Nicholas, Edmond Hall, Omer Simeon, Richard M. Jones, Jelly Roll Morton, Paul Barbarin, Zutty Singleton, Jimmy Bertrand and Baby Dodds. Johnson, Carey, Whaley and Lewis I have heard only on recordings—but that has been enough to impel me to extend them my unhesitating approval. These men, like the others, bring a powerful feeling, a deep and telling emotion to their music. —Paul Eduard Miller

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Terming *Men to the Sea* neither good nor blasphemous and endorsing John van Druten's play, *I Remember Mama*

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

The many new productions prevent my indulging myself this month in the usual very tasty, lengthy preamble, so I trust you will smother your disappointment if I get right down to tacks.

While the Sun Shines, by Terence Rattigan, was another of those monumental British comedies, this one about three men and a girl, containing the impeccable butler and his obsequious yes-my-lords, the active whisky decanter, the sporty old Duke with his "Am I to understand that you are batting on an entirely different wicket?" which the bewildered American can't understand, the young earl with the Adam's apple who periodically comes on in a silk dressing gown and pajamas that were visibly never anywhere near a bed, his aristocratic fiancée with the thick legs who proudly exhibits them every time she sits down and the trollop who is a dear withal and magnanimously refuses to stand in the way when he wishes to get rid of her and marry Thick Legs. You have seen it in one form or another, lo, these many years and, hi, and dry on the beach. This paraphrase has a few amusing moments but for the most part is jolly well you know what. Although Melville Cooper was sufficiently entertaining as the Duke, it would have taken Noel Coward, the Lunts, Clifton Webb and maybe Gertrude Lawrence to boot, to persuade even the most Anglophile drama critic that it was any better than it was.

The success of the play in London and its failure to duplicate it here recalls a story about the late Charles Dillingham, that most soigné of theatrical producers, and the late Duchess of Sutherland. Charlie was occupying at the time a former Vanderbilt house in the East Sixties and the Duchess was his guest at a large and eminently fashionable dinner party. Extending his arm to lead her in to table, he was loftily informed by the lady, "But, dear Dillingham, we don't do such things in England." A moment later the Duchess tripped on the short steps going into the dining room and fell flat. Whereat Charlie in turn loftily observed, "But, dear Duchess, *we* don't do such things in America."

The chief interest that attached to Herbert Kubly's defunct *Men to the Sea*, which dealt with the faithlessness of sailors' wives while the men are at the fighting fronts and which dealt with it in critically very defective drama, lay in the ridiculous activities of moral censorship against the exhibit. In both New Haven and Boston, where the play was tried out, indignation reached such a pitch that further performances were possible only after all kinds of excisions were made in the script and all kinds of changes made in the staging. In New Haven, for example, a small figure of the Virgin was peremptorily ordered out on the ground that the characters were indulging in sex talk, though the idea of substituting for it a figure of Christ was fully endorsed.

In both cities the authorities forbade a slight jazzing up of the hymn *Silent Night* and nothing could persuade them to alter their stand. "You can't do that with a song that's religious!" they affirmed. It is apparent that the education of the authorities in question has not embraced religious music in any of its phases. *"Onward, Christian Soldiers"* is, in the words of a late Harvard professor and able critic, "set to the militant religiosity of Baring-Gould's un-Christ-like words," and has been used frequently as a football song. The *Good Friday* music from *Parsifal* is, as they should know, of sexuality all compact and follows a wonder over the gaiety of Nature on the Day of Agony. Honneger's *King David* oratorio is not without its jazz passages and *Yes, We Have No Bananas* is derived in part from Handel's *Hallelujah Chorus*. There are points in common between *Nearer, My God, to Thee* and *Goodbye, My Bluebell*, that old booze party favorite. And the variations upon *Silent Night* to which they wrathfully objected were foreshadowed years ago in a ragtime parody called *Silent Newt* which never got a complaining peep in Boston when sung by the visiting minstrel show troupes.

Men to the Sea was a bad play but it wasn't a dirty or a blasphemous play and the Boston objection to it was only a further sign of that city's psychosomatic morality. I don't like dirt whether in ears, steamed clams or the drama, but if the bedroom scene in Kubly's play was dirty, as Boston insisted it was and ordered deleted, then the bedroom scene in *The Voice of the Turtle*, which Boston passed and which isn't dirty either, is or should be twice as dirty from the Bean City viewpoint. As for New Haven and its attitude toward religious music, matters are probably to be forgiven, since it is obvious that its moral cops' musical experience does not extend much beyond *Boola Boola*.

Kubly's effort to mix religion and sex was far from fortunate in the eyes of drama criticism, but no one may contend that he was not perfectly sincere in his effort or that he was deliberately and calculatingly mucky. His play, confused and amateurish though it was, as a matter of fact was a lot cleaner than any number of plays with similar themes which have been acceptable to the church and lay authorities.

This whole business of plays that touch on religion calls for a going-over in the interests of censorship clarification. If *Men to the Sea* was censorable, what, for example, of some of the early Passion Plays—the *Passion of Revello* for one, or of the early Festival Plays—*Feast of the Ass* and *Feast of Fools* for two, or of the early Mysteries—*The Baptism of the Virgin* for just one? And when it comes to what in the moralists' eyes is sacrilegious, why not go the whole hog and consider, yes, consider even today, at least in New Haven and Boston, the treatment of the cloth in Sudermann's *The Fires of St. John*, Synge's *The Tinker's Wedding* and Henry Arthur Jones's *The Crusaders* and *The Hypocrites*? To say nothing of in the plays of Ibsen, Hauptmann, Björnson and others?

If we must have censorship, let us at least try to horn a little logic into it.

Rose Franken's *Soldier's Wife* starts out seriously to consider the problem of readjustment in the married life of a young woman and her returned soldier husband and ends up with a lot of vaudeville jokes about corned beef and cabbage, new antique furniture, and Hollywood. As a play of any critical merit it amounts to little more than a paraphrase of its author's *Claudia* commercially designed for devotees of the art of trained seals and ZaSu Pitts. Yet here and there in its second and third acts, after Miss Franken has thrown her theme aside and swung herself on the trapeze, some character laughter palatable to the more particular taste emerges. Miss Franken has talent and even when she deliberately sacrifices it to the box office, as in this case, it can't entirely resist her. But it is a pity, since she certainly doesn't need the money, that she does not

Continued on page 126

ESQUIREGRAPH No. 4—WALT DISNEY ➧

Walter Elias Disney, the Pied Piper of Hollywood, is a triple-threat man of World War II. His service training films teach G.I.'s in a few minutes more about knocking off the Axis than they could otherwise learn in days. His home front sermons in color are demolition bombs dropped on objectives such as black markets, apathy and inflation. His stock company of characters—Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Pluto and the others—furnish the fleeting escape that is such an integral part of morale.

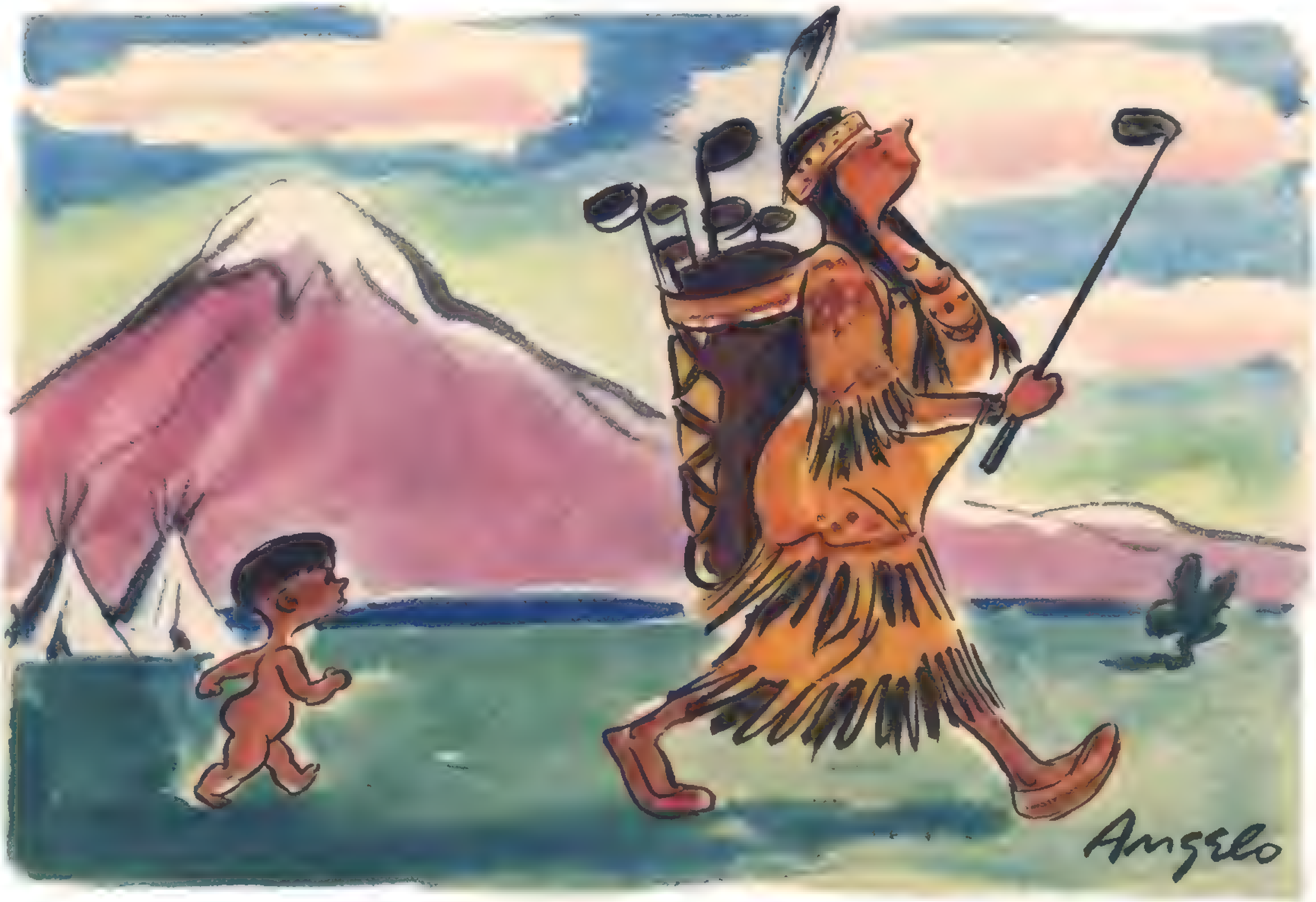
The mild, easygoing sorcerer grinds out fantasy, with more than a thousand other animators, in a multi-million-dollar genius mill at Burbank, California. His fairy tales for juveniles and adults have given him the stature of Aesop, Hans Christian Andersen and the Grimm Brothers. In these boom days, when all a theatre manager has to know is how to avoid being trampled to death when he opens the doors, a Disney fable in celluloid is, to discerning movie patrons, something that makes sitting comfortable.

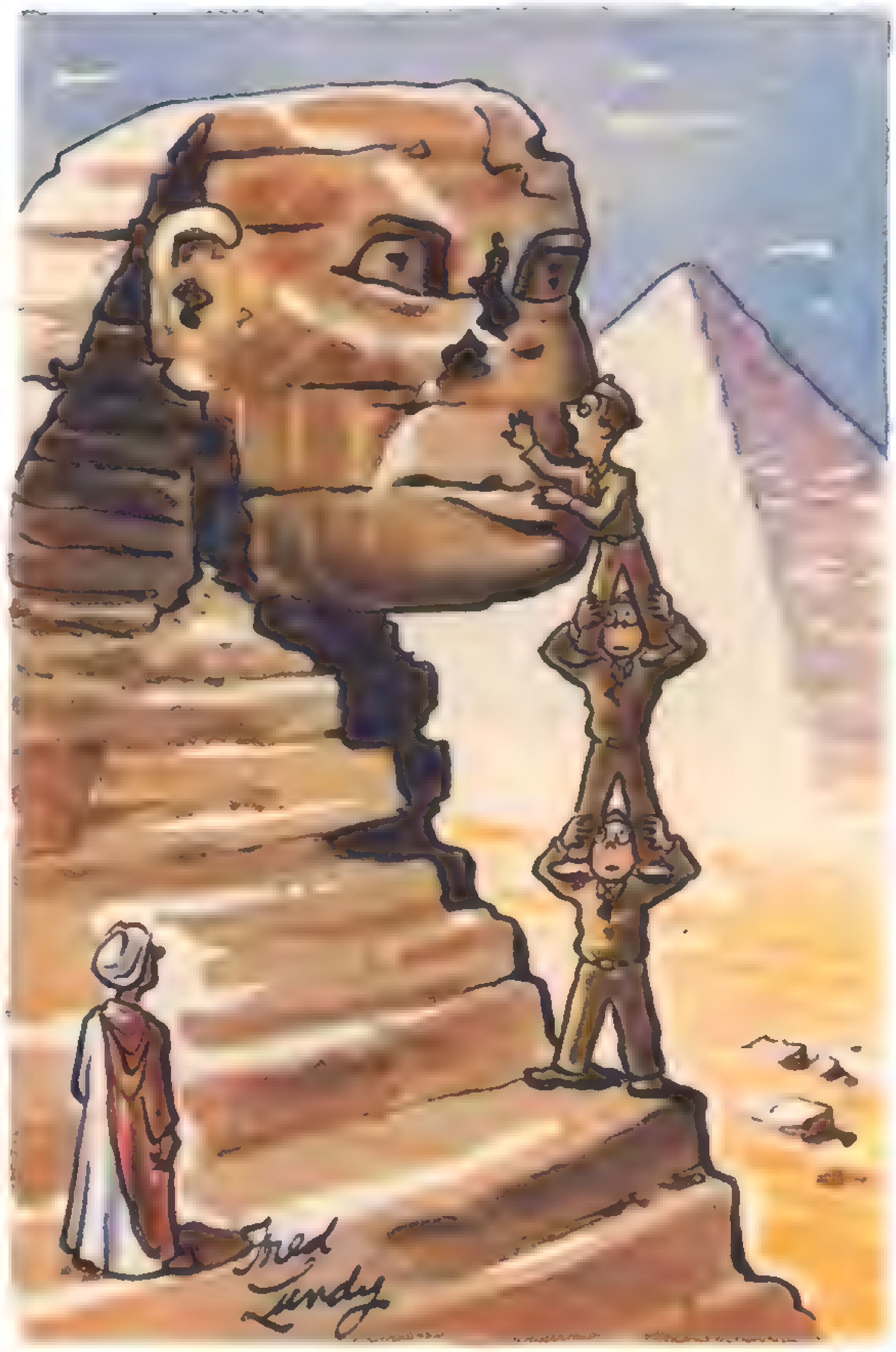
The merchant of enchantment was born in Chicago forty-three years ago. He learned about animals during a boyhood on a Missouri farm and was a Red Cross ambulance driver in the last war. His first art work was done at eleven when he drew barbershop posters for haircuts. His formal art training consisted principally of a night course in Chicago. Two decades ago he started to draw an animated cartoon called *Oswald the Rabbit* in a Los Angeles garage.

Disney has the rare gift of humility, and even the studio office boys call him Walt. His animators work from three-dimensional models, here pictured. The sober looking Adonis in statue form is Oscar, the movie award, and in the lower right are the Order of the Southern Cross from Brazil, the Order of Aztec Eagle from Mexico and France's Legion of Honor—presented to Disney in appreciation for the universal language he spoke in such classics as *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, *Bambi* and *Fantasia*. Students of international complications aver that the double-domes getting ready to redraw the world map could do worse than ask for suggestions, in colored animation, from Walt Disney.—Alan Hynd.

PHOTOCOLLAGE BY RAVITZ-PALAZZO

© WALT DISNEY
WALT DISNEY





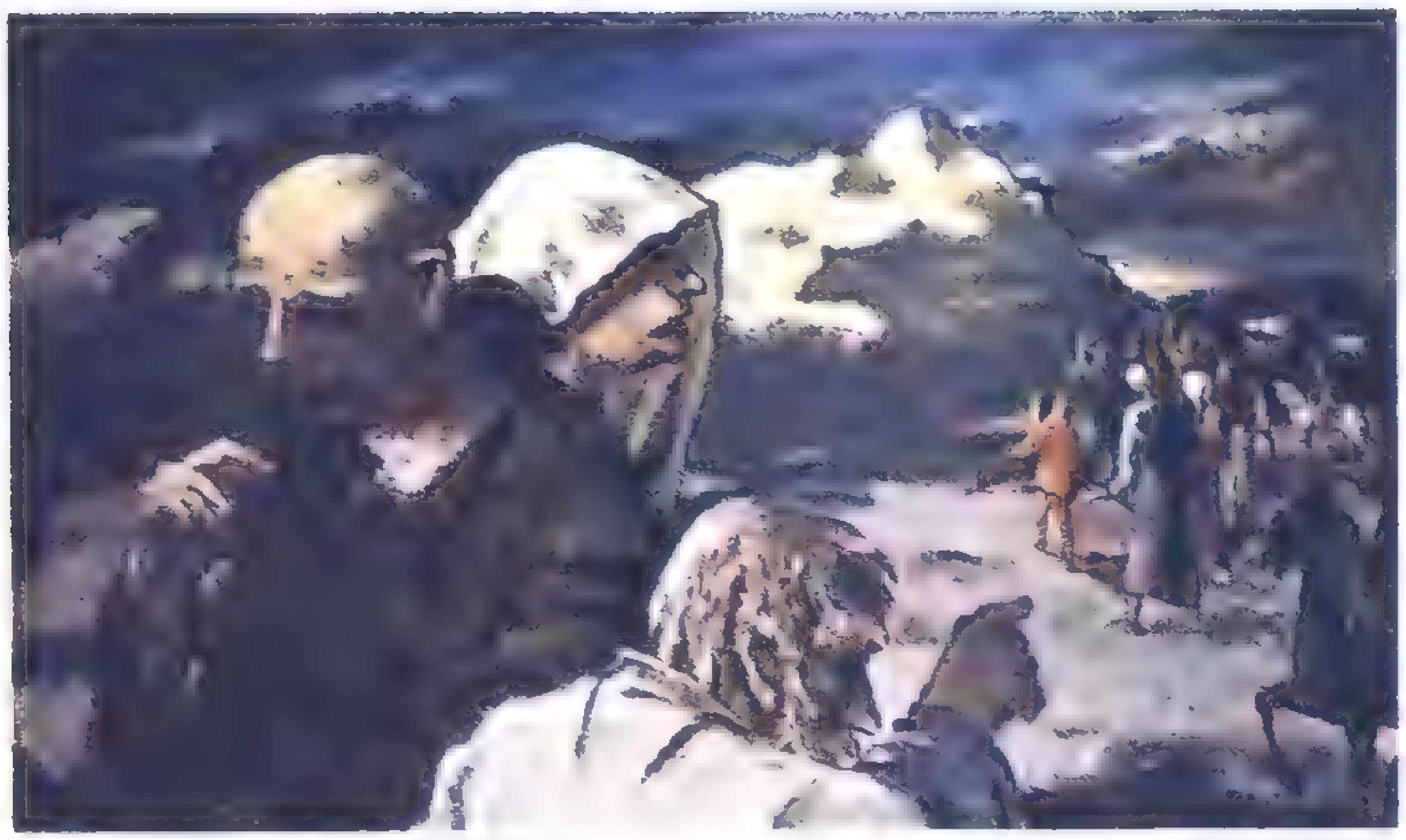
"Hmmm—sinus trouble"

ON WINGS OF STEEL

WHETHER we have progressed much socially since the time when men fought quaintly with arrows, lances and battering rams is questionable, but certainly each war shows marked improvement over the last one where weapons, transport and care of the wounded are concerned. Designed for our Navy's use in this war, but readily adaptable for peace, the Conestoga can carry a load of more than five tons at a cruising speed of 165 miles per hour, with a range of better than 600 miles. It is made of welded stainless steel, an innovation of its makers, the Budd Manufacturing Company, and its two fourteen-cylinder engines deliver 1,200 horsepower each for take-off, with a normal rating of 1,050 h.p. Wishing to make the plane useful in all war theaters, and able to operate from hastily- and crudely-built airports, its designers, led by Dr. Michael Watter, provided that the Conestoga should be able to take off, heavily loaded, from short landing strips. The ship can lift as much as 10,400 pounds of payload off the landing strip in a run of only 920 feet. After the war it may be used on routes in South America, where unimproved fields and short runways are common. A large cargo hatch in the underbody of the plane is lowered to form a ramp to the surface of the landing field or a loading platform level with that of a truck. An ambulance and a jeep can be rolled into the yawning cargo space with room to spare for other freight. All loading is done on the level and the floor of the cargo compartment stays horizontal on the ground and in the air. If the plane is used to evacuate wounded men from battle areas to base hospitals, the level loading will offer a distinct advantage for stretcher cases. The Conestoga is also able to transport troops and in the case of paratroops, two doors in opposite sides of the fuselage open to launch the men twice as quickly as is usually possible. Paratroop supplies and equipment can be discharged by parachute through opened clearance doors aft. Thus men and material land simultaneously in a concentrated area—an obvious benefit to speedy offensive action. This ship requires only a pilot and co-pilot, and shows exceptional stability. The pilot who first took the Conestoga off the ground reported: "A little boy could fly it."

A Group of Six Paintings

by RAYMOND BREININ


FROM THE COLLECTION OF MILTON LOWENTHAL

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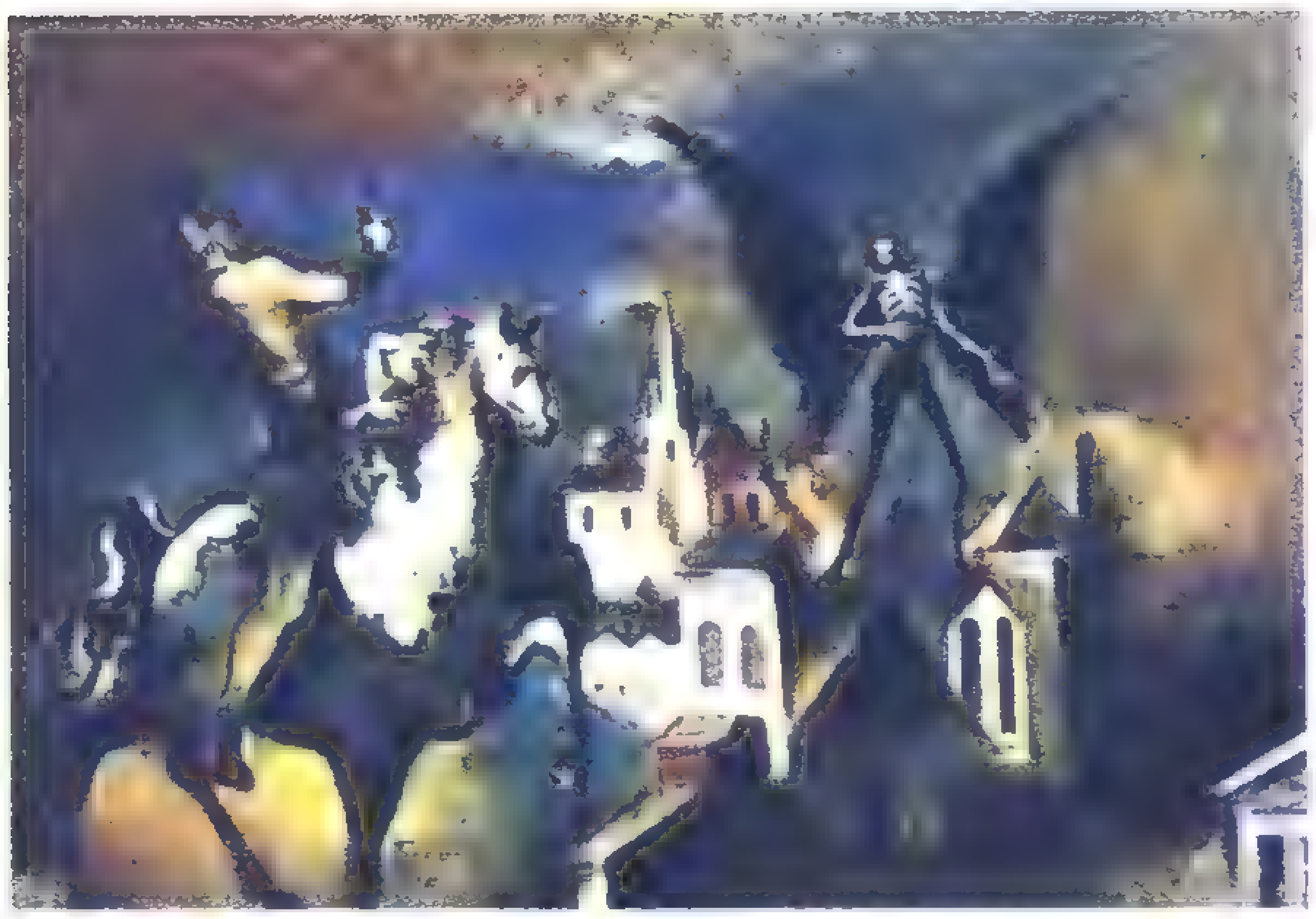
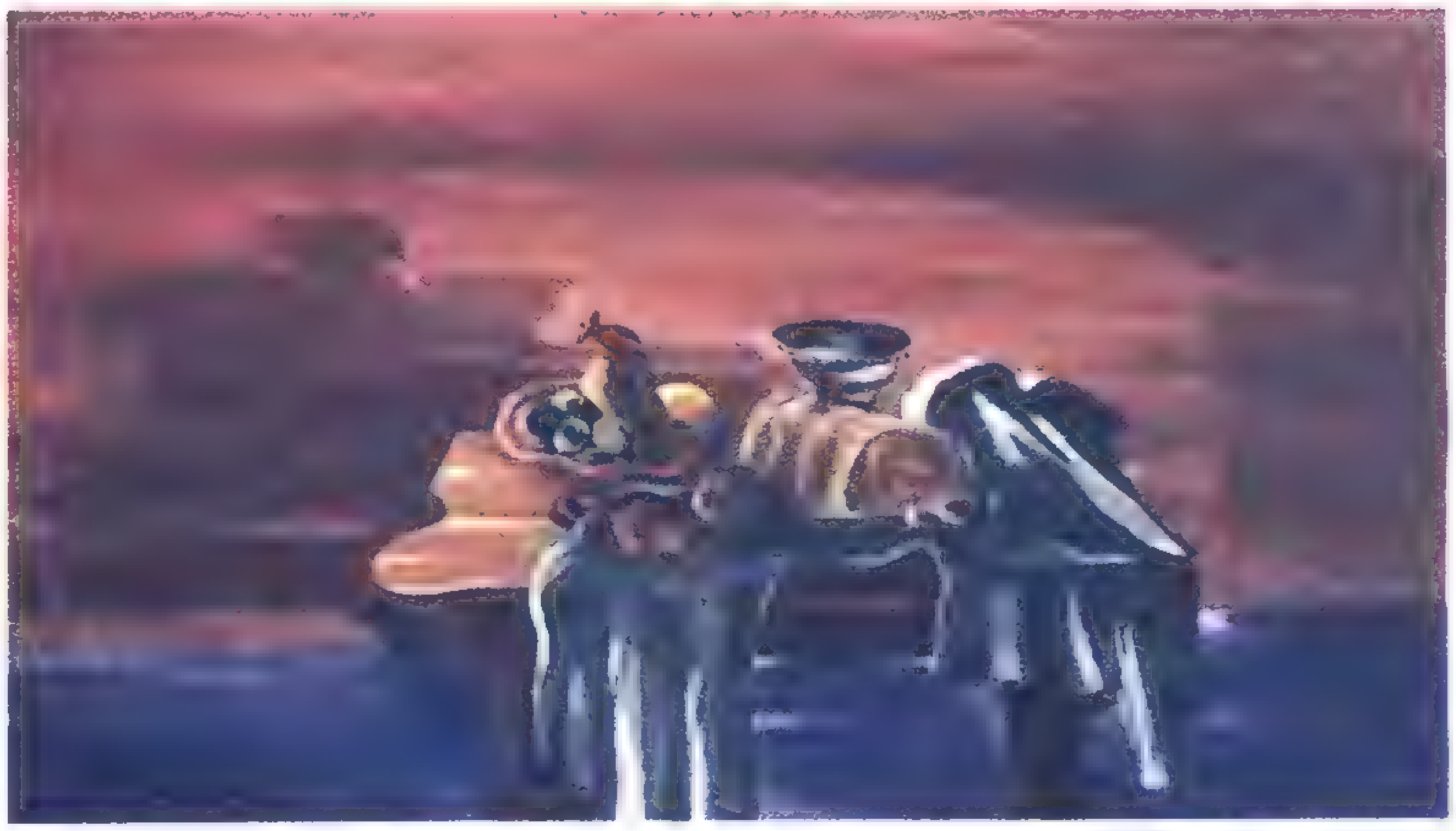
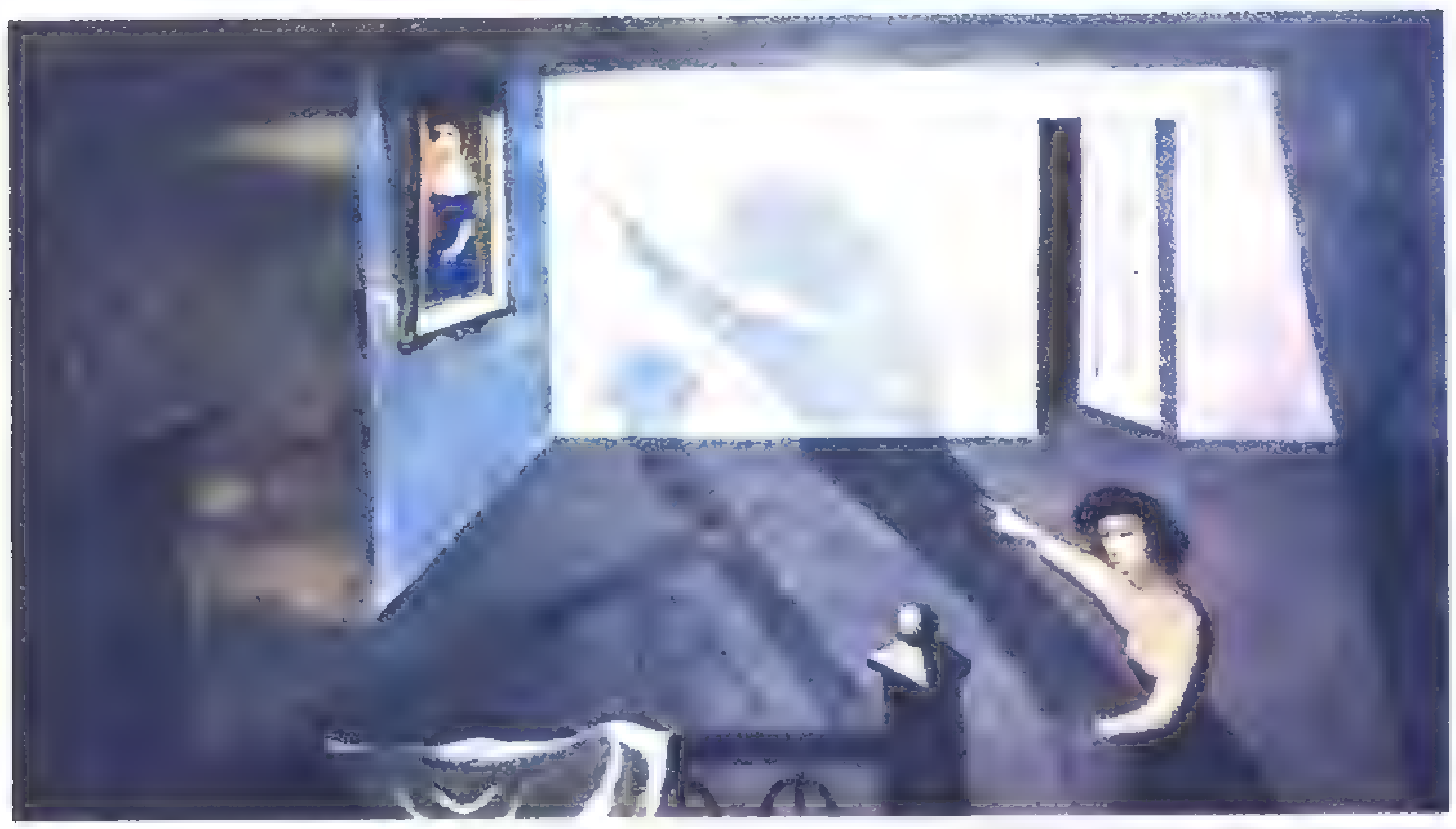
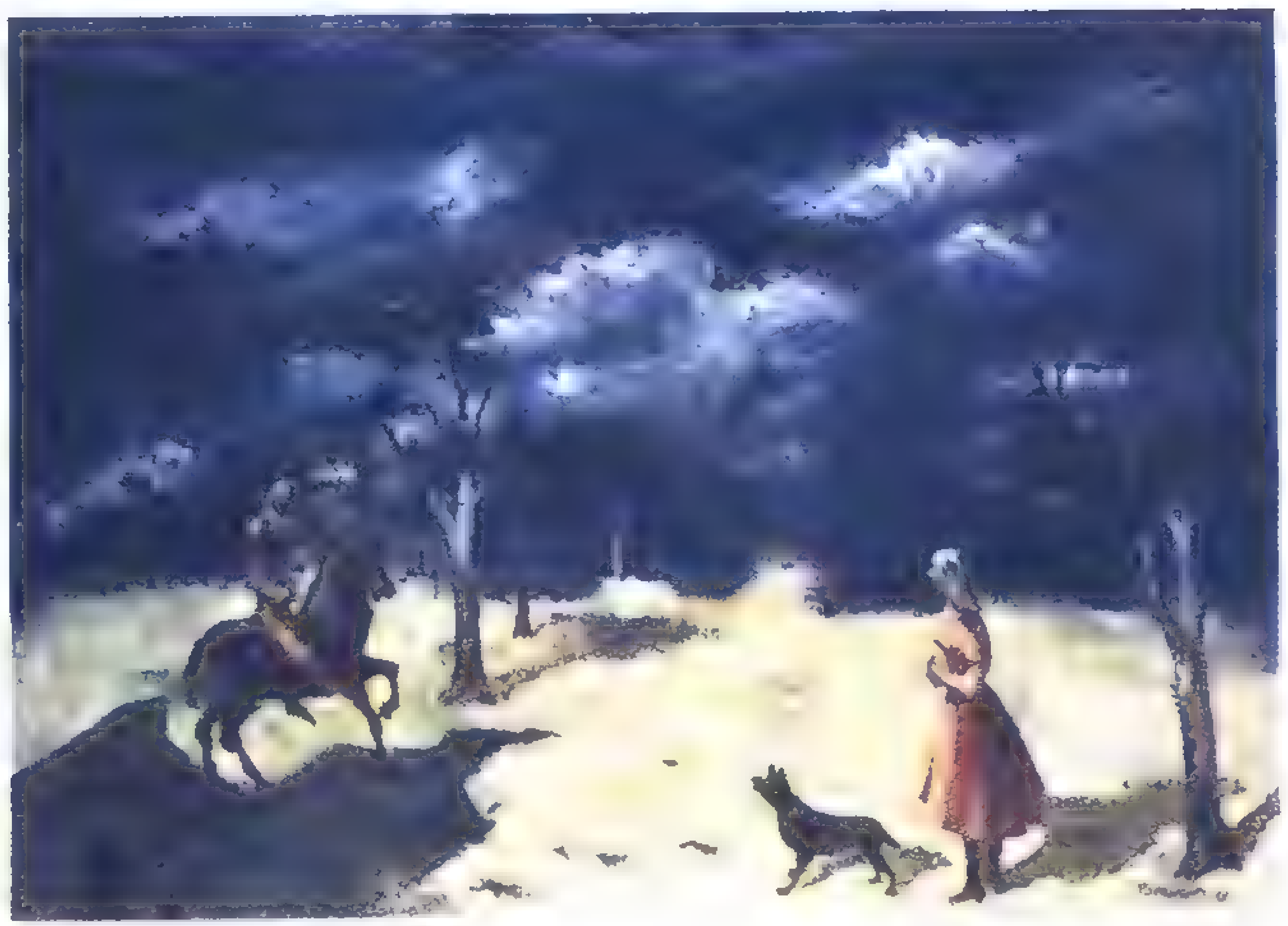
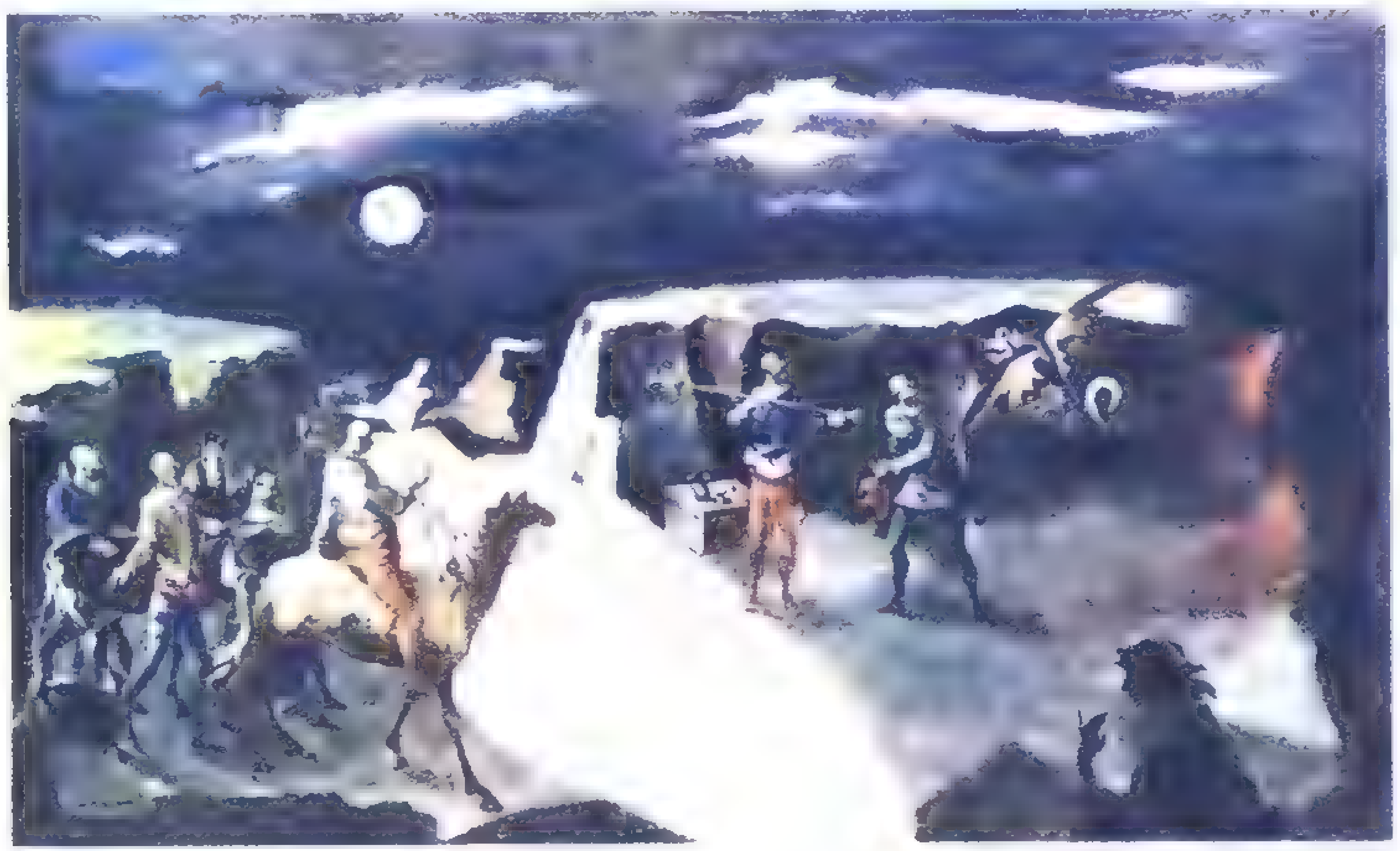

THE WINGED GUIDE


RED AND GREEN


FROM THE COLLECTION OF COLE PORTER

THIS WAS MY SISTER


HER LOVER'S RETURN


THE MAGICIANS

These paintings are reproduced here through the courtesy of the Downtown Gallery of New York City

Church Spires and Flying Steeds

Raymond Breinin distills his paintings from a rich imagination and memories of his boyhood on the Russian river Dvina

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

RAYMOND BREININ has the courage of his fantasy. He paints pictures as if the combined spirits of Merlin and Quasimodo had entered into him—the magical and the grotesque. When he is in full command of his technical means, he gives one the sensation of magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

In saints and winged horses and bat-like men, in magicians evoking a monster in the forest, in sea and woodland scapes dense with brooding melancholy, in the strange coloration with which he endows a burning city, in the spires and rooftops and embankments which are for him the symbols of his native city in Russia, in the absolute loneliness of spirit which so many of his paintings declare—there is the specific character of Raymond Breinin's art. That character lies not in the dusty masks and costumes and lighting devices by which he conveys the mechanism of his magic—but in the dense atmosphere of the unreal in which his men and horses and buildings and landscapes are steeped.

"I somehow wish that artists today believed in angels and devils and would be more impressed by the magic of Nature," he once declared. "I have learned that no emotion is taboo in art," he wrote to me recently. He was properly chosen to interpret the haunting music of Debussy's *Engulfed Cathedral* for the series of Capehart paintings, and I will wager that he did right by the wall he decorated for the Illinois state insane asylum in W.P.A. days.

When he was a boy in the city of Vitebsk on the river Dvina—a cavalry regiment used to be encamped there at certain times and it was his greatest joy to be allowed to lead the horses from one side of the river to the other. That is why, today, there are so many prancing, winged steeds in his paintings—creatures who carry themselves as if they were enchanted princesses awaiting the liberating abracadabra. I wonder with what stories from Russian folklore young Raymond was entranced, what gnomes and hobgobblins and good and evil fairies inhabited the tales he heard upon his mother's knee, for it is in them, I am sure, that we may find the most fruitful clues to that world which, far more than the clanging world of Chicago in which he physically abides, is Raymond Breinin's home.

Only poets and composers today have the license to dream out loud. Artists (in the sense of painters) who used to dream out loud tended to decline to the bathetic status of romantic Academism, like the Germans of the last century. The dominant spirit of contemporary American art is hard and realistic, descriptively factual. It is an art which sends us back to the world of its reference more often than it takes us away from it. If Romanticism in art had not so regularly fallen in the morass of sentimental mush, if it had not served as the final refuge of the most sterile painters of Academism, the realistic painters could not have taken over. They brought vigor, honesty and critical commentary, caricature and propaganda. They put adrenalin into the veins of American art.

Their day is far from ended, for it is upon them that we shall have to rely for the recording and documentation and organization of the war, among other public and archival purposes; but the recent vogue of the primitives, whose strong feeling makes up for their lack of corner-cutting technique; the recent emphasis upon Romanticism as a continuing (although subordinated) tradition in American art, the exaggerated vogue of the surrealists, who take us back in art while they are concerned to take us forward into psychiatry; the unexpected success of so other-worldly an artist as Darrel Austin—these ripples in the pool tend to suggest that perhaps the people who draw some kind of sustenance from the art of painting will find pleasure in the work of a man who dares to daydream but who has also the strength to give his audience passports to his private universe.

"I paint not without influences," he wrote to me recently, "but so far as I know, you will find little of our contemporary painting vogues mirrored in my work. For my money, I'll exchange Cézanne, Matisse, Leger or Benton for any Bosch or Velasquez. [Curious, to confuse the painting values of Cézanne with the publicity values of Benton.] I'd like to see more dignity in our painting as I'd like to see it in man. But it isn't easy, for there is no public madly clamoring for good works of art. Some artists, especially those intellectually inclined, have discovered that it is wrong for an artist to remain in an ivory tower, but they are perpetually content for him to be in a dingy garret."

Breinin—described as "a dark, bird-faced man of solitary habits"—works today in a small studio on North State Street in Chicago, oblivious to the grinding of a near-by trolley line, and if it is in a dingy garret that he is transposing his daydreams to canvas, I am certain that his awareness of dinginess does not invade his vision. To a man who likes to speculate upon "the wonderful mysteriousness of life" and who is conscious of the extent to which "America is full of wonderful things that belong to other places and periods," mind and spirit must be bountifully furnished with all that they require.

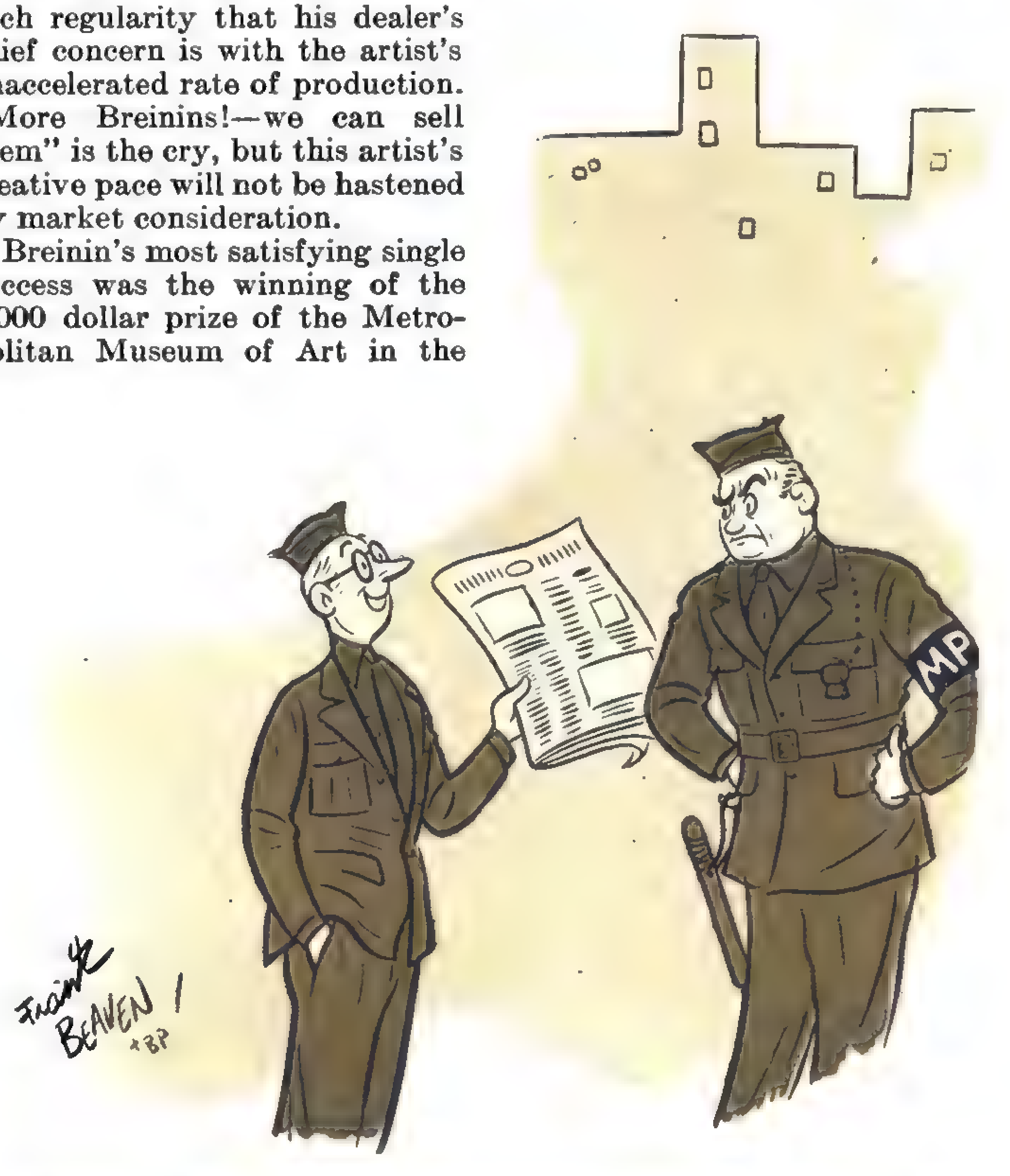
By this we do not mean that the dingy garret shall be imposed upon the romantic painter even during his non-dreaming moments. Breinin's recent successes have set him on his economic feet. Indeed, his paintings have been attracting prizes and purchasers with such regularity that his dealer's chief concern is with the artist's unaccelerated rate of production. "More Breinins!—we can sell them" is the cry, but this artist's creative pace will not be hastened by market consideration.

Breinin's most satisfying single success was the winning of the 1,000 dollar prize of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in the 1942 Artists for Victory exhibition, with *The Night*, a winged horseman and flying steed over a melancholy, night-clouded, church-spired town. Nineteen forty-two might be called his jubilee year, for he then won three other prizes in exhibitions at the Art Institute of Chicago, of which he is an alumnus; the Joseph Eisendrath prize for *Harlequin Horsemen*, the Watson F. Blair purchase prize for a gouache, *The City*, in the International Watercolor Exhibition, and the Norman Waite Harris prize and medal for an oil, *He Walks Alone*.

He has had one-man shows, beginning in 1939 at the Downtown Gallery in New York and representation at the Museum of Modern Art, the Bloomington Art Association and the Art Institute. His pictures are in the permanent collections of ten museums, and in private collections, including those of Nelson Rockefeller and Cole Porter.

Breinin was born in 1910 in

Continued on page 146



"I am not wearing the uniform improperly—it says in this New York paper that this season only the bottom button on a man's coat will be buttoned"

The Esquire Sports Poll

College prexies show less fervor than does the general public over benefits of football to players and to schools

by HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON

▪SPORTS▪

Which direction will football take after the war? Will it veer off onto the sidetrack toward the University of Chicago, now defunct on the gridiron under the guidance of **Robert Maynard Hutchins** who said on this poll that football *"is not a subject which I am competent to discuss?"* Or will it continue on the main line to a greater boom than the game enjoyed right after the first world war.

Esquire asked the college presidents for their views on the sport, seeking the academic outlook on possible coming trends in the game. The results indicate that the college heads are about evenly divided on the subject. This cannot be interpreted as too much of a black eye for the sport in view of the fact that college presidents to a large degree have always been dubious backers of the game and considering also the fact that football has always meant grief for college presidents, particularly when they have losing teams. That half of them are for football is encouraging.

QUESTION I

Is it your hope that football will regain its position of prominence in the colleges after the war?

The college presidents voted 52.39% "no," The general public voted 95.29% "yes."

This latter fact alone is enough to guarantee the future of the game, for where there is so strong a demand, somewhere it will be supplied. It is encouraging to those who like the game to find among the college presidents voting "yes" on this question such men as: **Howard L. Bevis,** Ohio State; **Frederick A. Middlebush,** Missouri; **Marion L. Brittain,** Georgia Tech; **R. G. Gustavson,** Colorado; **John A. Hannah,** Michigan State; **Roy M. Green,** Colorado Aggies; **Hamilton Holt,** Rollins College; and **John Edwin Pomfret,** William and Mary.

The objection most frequently expressed by the president was that the exploitation of the teams to make a "Roman holiday" misrepresented the schools as intellectual institutions. The hope of the presidents, judging from their comments, is that the game can be carried on as "a sane program of competition with teams made up of normally enrolled students," and that "this program should include all students." All students should be "expected to develop their bodies and enter athletic competition just as much as all take part in intellectual and scholastic pursuits."

QUESTION II

Do you believe that college football coaches exert beneficial influence on their players and on the student body in general?

Again the college presidents voted "no" by a 53.12%, while the public voted "yes," 83.21%.

Whether or not the coach is a good influence in the whole school depends in part on the man himself. But it also depends in great part on the pressure he is under to produce winners. A losing coach loses prestige. A winning coach is a hero. Knute Rockne unquestionably influenced the entire undergraduate body at Notre Dame.

QUESTION III

Do you believe that whatever harm is done a college by the exploitation of its football team is overbalanced by the good the institution receives in various ways from such exploitation?

Again the presidents and the public were at opposite ends of the debate. The presidents voted 57.38% "no," and the public 53.04% "yes."

QUESTION IV

Is it your conviction that schools with popular football teams are lenient with football players in their scholastic grades?

College presidents	"yes"	69.70%
The public	"yes"	67.49%

Is such a policy justifiable?

College presidents	"no"	100%
The public	"no"	76.99%

Do you believe that football players should be judged on the same standards as the other students?

College presidents	"yes"	100%
The public	"yes"	86.28%

The idea that football players are given breaks in the classrooms is a false notion. The facts are that mighty few schools, if any,

"Football is a perfect example of corruption of a good thing"

Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, outstanding literary critic:

College football is a perfect example of the corruption of a good thing by what, on the whole, can be called greed and vanity. The strenuous and careful training of the relatively few among the students undoubtedly has been of value in preparation for what might be called the athletics of this war. The loyalty engendered in many more of the college population has been naive, but again has definite moral and psychological value. But the professionalism of the game and the lowering of ethical standards in education in order to enable a college to profess one set of values and practice another, have been, to put it mildly, unhappy. And over-emphasis in competition in bodily skill (all right in itself) is largely responsible for our failure to succeed in the difficult, but by no means impossible, task of lifting a democratic people to the standards of aristocratic education. The best colleges and universities are without exception those where athletes are vigorously encouraged, but not overemphasized. Check the careers of our semi-professionalized football heroes, and see what you get.

Lieutenant Donald E. Swanson, Army aviator, Childress Army Air Field, Texas:

In the majority of flyers I have noticed, it was important that they be good athletes but not necessarily trained and experienced athletes. In other words a good flyer has to be a good potential athlete. The big boys who are so popular on the gridiron sometimes are dull and slow in their mental reactions, while the little fellow who has had experience in compensating by quick action and quick thinking for his smaller build has developed fast motion and wits that are invaluable in flying. Good physical condition is required, of course, but a good, quick mind is even more important. The best flyers I have associated with have been as a rule the small well-built fellows who might have made good quarterbacks if they could have gotten on the team. The exceptional boys in the air are distinguished by their initiative to work hard and by their deep thinking of the calculative type. Unobtrusive and modest, they may appear to be slow movers, but when action nears they are cat-quick, yet retaining their cold, penetrating thinking.

Lieutenant Glenn Cunningham, the great mile runner:

Coaches should be more carefully selected. Their character, intelligence, academic as well as athletic preparation and their influence for good on the boys should all be taken into consideration. The coach should be selected as a faculty member with the same standing and tenure as any other faculty member. If he is a good teacher of football or whatever the sport may be and exerts a beneficial influence on his students to make them better, more intelligent people, he should not have to win games to hold his job; therefore the same salary as other teachers should be his.

Vic Diehm, Radio announcer, WAZL, Hazleton Pennsylvania:

Luzerne, Schuylkill, Lackawanna, Carbon and Northumberland counties in Pennsylvania produce most of the anthracite of the United States. They also produce, by reason of the nationalities of the miners, many of the football greats and recent All-Americans. To name a few: Andrejco, Cherverko, Yascanicz, Sartori, Filipowicz and Eshmont of Fordham; the Holovak brothers of Boston College and Georgetown; Scotnicki and Chovanes of Maryland; Baddick of LaSalle; Kracum of Pitt and many more. I've seen many of these boys (not necessarily those listed) come back to the regions, their football feats soon forgotten and not trained well enough to take a job that the ordinary college graduate should fill. I believe that all schools should, in fairness to the boys, insist on certain requirements.

Dr. R. G. Clapp, Physical educator, University of Nebraska:

Major sports develop strength and co-ordination in the lower part of the body and fine competitive spirit, but fail to develop even fair strength and co-ordination in the upper body.

Dr. Jess Feiring Williams of Columbia, one of the country's foremost physical education leaders, voted "no" on Question I, indicating that he personally does not approve of big time football in the colleges. He is a bellwether of the physical education bloc.

have any policy of giving the football players any favors in their grades. Such a practice would prove to be too disruptive in its effects on the other students. Here and there a professor who happens to be a football fan (and they are in the minority) may give a star a little edge, but this happens very seldom. The chances are greater that the professors, normally resenting the attention paid to football coaches and players, put the screws on grid men tighter than on the others.

This idea of soft studies for football men evolves from the coaching schools and other so-called soft courses that some schools put in during the football boom of the twenties and which to a large degree now have served their purpose. In the regular standard courses the football men are treated the same as all other students. What *is* done in this field is tutoring of grid men during the fall grind—a perfectly legitimate form of instruction.

Leonard Carmichael, President of Tufts College, said: *"The institutions that I know best are not lenient with football players in regard to grades. I do not know of any institution that is. At Tufts College we have played intercollegiate football for approximately seventy years, and so far as I can tell such intercollegiate contests have tended to give motivation to our active intramural sports program. Whatever disadvantages football may have developed in other sections of the country, I think I can say with assurance that it shows very few of these unfavorable characteristics as played by the older colleges of New England."*

"It's nothing at all—one blinding flash and you're back in the dressing room"

QUESTION V

Do you feel that the institutional loyalty that athletic teams develop in colleges can be regarded as having any value in helping develop other loyalties, such as patriotism?

The college presidents and the public got together on this one, with the former voting 75.36% "yes," and the latter running the count up to 91.49% on the affirmative. It was generally agreed that rooting for the old team is of great help in building fires of loyalty.

A. N. Jorgensen, President of the University of Connecticut, commented: *"I do not believe that athletic teams develop institutional loyalty. Furthermore, I do not believe that there is any carrying over of institutional loyalty to other loyalties, such as patriotism."*

A. L. Strand, Oregon State, thought football did help develop school and national loyalty.

QUESTION VI

Do you feel that the present generation was bettered for the ordeal of war by the competitive sports programs that prevailed in the colleges during the past twenty years?

The college presidents voted "yes" by 70.42%, and the public raised this tally to 93.57%.

QUESTION VII

Do you believe that a boy who participates in intercollegiate athletics emerges from college with a stronger character and as a potentially better citizen than if he had not taken part in such activities?

The college presidents voted "no" on this one by 52.30%. The public voted "yes" 68.57%. Who's out of step here?

J. F. McKale, Tucson, Arizona, said: *"If 'it' was handed to him for his athletic ability alone, he's a damned sight worse off."*

QUESTION VIII

Do you believe that there is any justification for the salaries of football coaches being higher than the pay of other faculty members?

Again the presidents and the public differed. The presidents voted 78.26% "no." The public's vote was 67.69% "yes."

The answer to this question depends on the policy of the school in football. For example, one of the big powers in football is reputed to pay its coach 18,000 dollars. It is the responsibility of this coach to produce winners, which draw in thousands of dollars at the gate. This, therefore, is a positive economic situation. Obviously this coach is worth more in money to the institution than an instructor in English or chemistry—as long as the coach is winning. On the other hand, if the income from football is a matter of indifference the coach could very well be a faculty man.

Robert Franklin Poole, Clemson College, said: *"This problem does more to brand college athletics 'commercial' than anything else."*

Edward J. Whelan, President of Loyola University of Los Angeles, had the definite, forcible idea that: *"No coach should receive a salary greater than any instructor, and I do not say professor or head of a department, but instructor. And as a means to put a stop to the professional attitude, the number of substitutes in a game should be limited to five. Thus eleven men and five substitutes should constitute a team; let a college have three or four or five teams, but never more than eleven players and five substitutes. And with that the commercial attitude would die."* ⌗

"Collegiate football is a necessary American institution"

It was not so many years ago that a college education was just another of the premiums of the vested few. Then football began getting into the headlines and into the hair of the people. Folks got stirred up about all the shootin' and began sending their boys off to college. Just take a gander at the All-American scrolls down through the autumns and you'll get the impact of the dramatic transition from the Poes, Stillmans, Lees, Whartons, Palmers, Morses, Olcotts, Shevlins, Knowltons, Burrs, Biglows, Cabots (What—no Lodges!), who played the game in the grand manner, to the rugged Unpronounceables who have come into the picture since the war of 1914-18. And from the school side of it, look at the increases in enrollment. **Max Moseley,** WSFA, Montgomery, Alabama, notes that: *"Alabama's Rose Bowl teams built the school up from an enrollment of 2,000 to 5,000 students."* Football no longer is the chivalric old "gentleman's game" that it was in the heyday of that honorable old dandy, The Ivy League; it is now the people's game. In fact the crowd has deluged the campus so robustly that college presidents as a bloc now are inclined to resent secretly this turbulent invasion of the comfortable tranquillity of their ivory cloisters, even though the noisy big shows do mean cash in the till to support extensive intramural physical fitness programs for all.

Captain Hank Mazur, U. S. Army; former Army football player, now an Army flyer:

Football and the superior air teamwork of our Air Corps are as closely related as ham and eggs. Football plays are executed as key strategy in whanging those Messerschmitts down. We mouse-trap 'em. We have an air version of an end-around play. We even have a quarterback sneak. The Jerries, never having known anything about our football, fall into the sucker plays so easily that we practically yowl "wah-hoo" in the cockpit. Football, Jack, built something more than stadia, let me tell you. We didn't know then how much it could mean now.

Don H. Pierce, Topeka, Kansas:

No football coach is overpaid in relation to the responsibility charged to him. How many college professors are held directly responsible for business failures of former students? The prof isn't expected to make a grade-A success out of every student, but the football coach is expected to construct miracles year after year out of material that may be slow, undersized, injured or athletically inept. The football coach is the only man in any business I know of who is sometimes charged with knowing less after an added year of experience.

George S. Alderton, *Lansing* (Michigan) *State Journal:*

American boys who are winning this war learned how on the high school and college athletic fields. Their ability to make a lot out of a little, to improvise, to devise ways and means of winning battles has confounded and confused the enemy. The fierce, competitive spirit that burns in many of their breasts may have been kindled largely while playing for Old Siwash. Some coach somewhere taught them the value of team play.

O. B. Keeler, Atlanta *Journal:*

We should have compulsory training in the competitive sports. In this war we seem to have gotten by with a shocking collection of drugstore cowboys, but we can't do it again. **Gene Sullivan,** St. Joseph, Missouri, *News-Press,* noted that: Without compulsory military training we win wars off our sports program.

Staff Sergeant Edward R. Gray, U. S. Army:

Collegiate football is a necessary American institution and the de facto situation which finds American colleges lowering scholastic barriers for their athletes is, shall we say, a necessary evil. The war, I think, brings out one important fact. Athletes, many of whom are lacking in the higher scholastic attainments, have proved that in a rough and tough scramble they have what it takes, namely, the ability to use their talents to get a job done. Peacetime requirements on the same men have similar aspects to the requirements of war. College athletics are rugged and train a man to surmount the rugged obstacles imposed by the business and industrial world. They, in fact, represent an important part of the education and training colleges provide. Tramp athletes, after all, have never proved to be a drug on the market; they are the exception among college graduate athletes, rather than the rule.

Man the Kitchenette

Passing by free association from jazz to New Orleans to Creole cooking and some restaurants of the French Quarter

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

Esquire's All-American Jazz Concert will be held this month in Los Angeles, but though I would like to, I cannot discuss Los Angeles gastronomy, simply because there is so little of it.

Everyone knows that the cradle of jazz music is New Orleans, so I grasp the opportunity to talk about gourmandizing in that charming old southern burg. And I know that one day the All-American Jazz Concert will come home to the birthplace of jazz, too.

I would like first to establish that modern music is related to eating. Food-vendors' chants in New Orleans' ancient Vieux Carré section were one of the numerous themes influencing the Birth of Jazz. I cite just one stanza from such an old peddler's song:

"Black-berries, fresh and fine,
Three glass fo' a dime . . ."

And you cannot disregard the fact that one of the first New Orleans jazz bands (the "Razzy Dazzy Spasm Boys") had several members who bore the culinary names of "Warm Gravy," "Stale-bread Charlie" and just plain "Whisky."

The genealogical relationship between jazz and food may be weak, but there is nothing weak about Creole food. New Orleans has contributed to two of man's greatest delights—the enjoyment of modern popular music and the enjoyment of the table. Music, of course, travels faster than casseroles. And the hosanna of the trumpet, the hallelujah of the saxophone and the jeremiad of the clarinet sounds the same in competent hands and mouths whether in New Orleans, Los Angeles or New York. Recipes are more difficult to transport, and for *real* New Orleans cooking you must visit the source.

Visitors to unexplored cities who refuse guidance will have many a poor meal before they get to the good ones. So I advise future pilgrims to New Orleans to clip out the data I am giving below; it will come in handy.

I did not discover these restaurants by trial and error. When I went to New Orleans, I put myself in the hands of my traveling companion, Joe Massoletti, who owns a fine restaurant in New York and whose hobby is sampling food in various bistros throughout the country. He knows New Orleans as I know my own kitchenette and his knowledge led to constant gastronomical contentment while we were there.

Dave Gerard

"Boy, are my dogs tired!"

The New Orleans restaurants I mention will not necessarily be in order of merit, but in deference to antiquity and fame, I must begin with Antoine's. This restaurant was established in 1840, at a time when Los Angeles was a little Mexican city used only to guitars and castanets. Antoine's now is managed by the third generation of Alciatores; the present owner being Roy L. He is a pleasant young man with exceptionally good manners and without the corpulence attributed to most good restaurateurs. In fact he is thin and wiry and if you did not know him you would take him for a reporter, a bank teller or teacher.

The restaurant is beautiful. There are several very large rooms and many small ones, accommodating around four hundred diners. The antique chandeliers and furniture catch the eye first, and in the "Mystery Room" (once a large painting mysteriously disappeared from the wall), you will note the bewitching odor of cedar, as the floor is sprinkled with cedar sawdust. This scent, resembling incense, may arouse an ecclesiastical mood; and rightly, for Antoine's is a shrine to gastronomy. Any restaurant that lasts for a century becomes automatically an institution, and this historical aspect is further accentuated by pictures of persons who were once notables, old cookery books in antique showcases, crowns and sceptres of ancient carnivals.

Oysters Rockfeller are a great specialty of the house and they are excellent. Incidentally, New Orleans oysters are better and saltier than Eastern ones; they seem to be less cultivated, darker and plumper, with heavy, beautiful shells. The bread in all New Orleans restaurants is delicious French bread, in the shape of the cap worn by the French revolutionists in 1789, and naturally you stuff yourself with it, for it is irresistible. Try pompano with a heavenly *marinière* sauce; or daub à la mode, a fine Creole variation on pot roast; or sweetbreads with oysters; baked Alaska, topped with little white pigeons fashioned of egg-white. Antoine's has a great list of wines, too. I'll admit it is rather expensive, but as you know, good food is rarely cheap.

Galatoire's consists of only one room, but it is charming with its good wallpaper and many mirrors. All in all it looks like what it is—a good French bourgeois restaurant. The waiters are efficient and they mix your cocktail at your table, for there is no bar. Brook trout Marguery is the foremost specialty of the house, along with chicken in many forms and the omelettes with oysters, mushrooms, or *fines herbes.* The salads are also excellent at Galatoire's. The place is run most expertly by three French brothers, Gabriel, Justin and Leon. The atmosphere is pleasant, the food, splendid, the lighting, good and the check won't drive you to embezzlement.

Arnaud's is a very attractive place, but the owner, Arnaud Cazenave, is even more appealing. He is around seventy, but looks much younger. He is still handsome and possesses the most sonorous and pleasant voice I have ever heard. He wears two-hundred-dollar suits and old-fashioned, hard-boiled collars, but rarely appears at the restaurant before seven in the evening as he has old and trusted employees in key positions. He will sit down with a guest or a party who momentarily take his fancy and will spend the whole night with them drinking Bourbon whiskey in black coffee. He never tastes the food at his own place, but crosses the street to a hamburger joint whenever he gets hungry.

That the owner does not care for his own food should not mislead you—one eats very well at Arnaud's. Try a Sazerac cocktail before your meal; it is made of Bourbon, absinthe, dash of angostura bitters, orange bitters, sugar and lemon peel. The sea trout *Meunière,* with pecan nuts, is delicious, as are the shrimps with remoulade sauce. The steaks and filets mignon are very good and while I rarely enjoy dessert, I still fondly remember a peach flambé I ate here. Arnaud opened his restaurant in 1923, with a dime in the bank, as he likes to narrate. The "Count"—so called, because long ago, he was nobleman for a night in the court of a carnival king—today is a rich man. He lives in a mansion, among antiques and owns the only tandem bathroom I ever had the fortune to encounter.

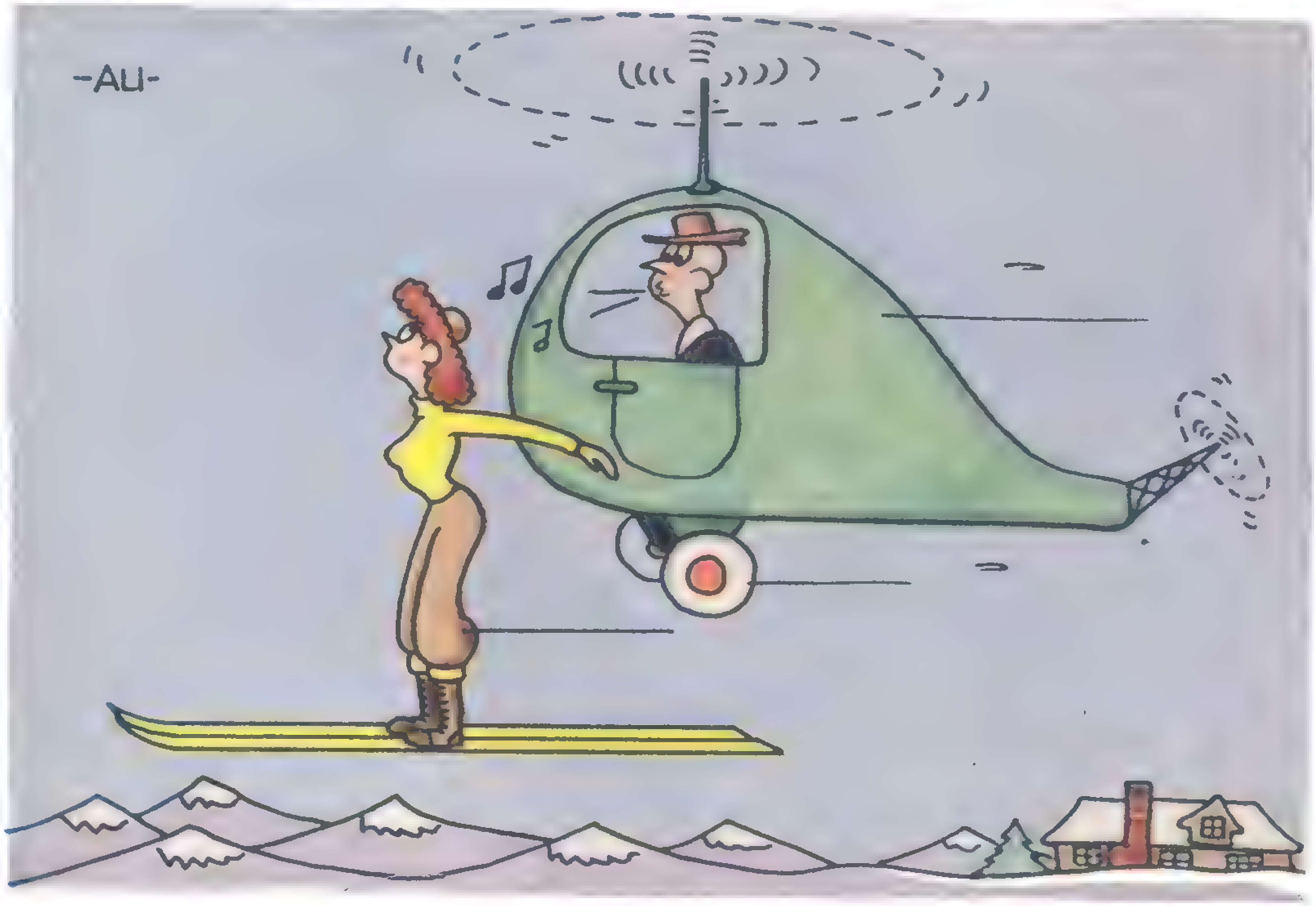
At Broussard's you must begin with Hot Variety Oysters. There will be six oysters on your plate, each prepared differently, one with anchovies, another with bacon, another à la Rockefeller, still

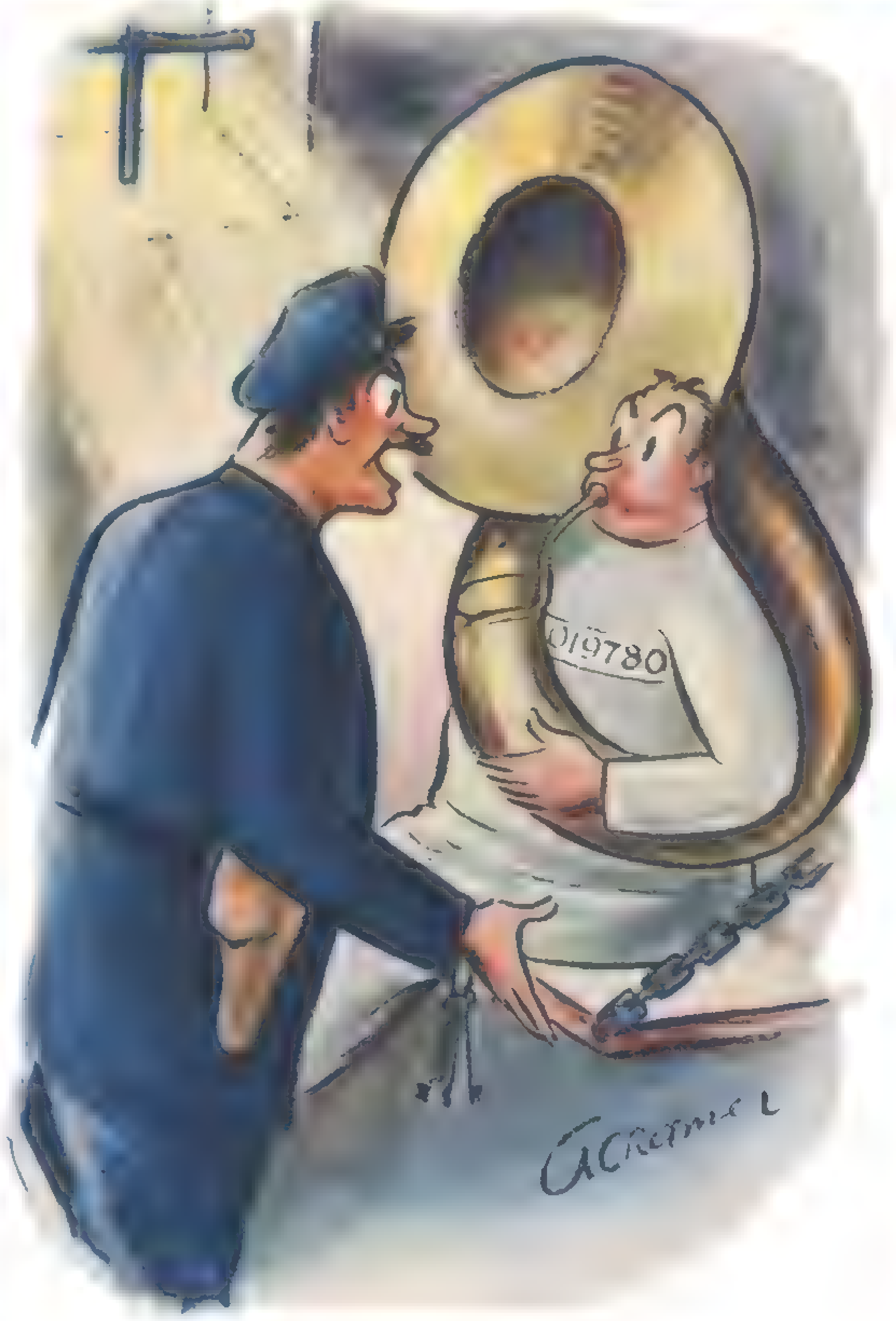
Continued on page 144

White Magic

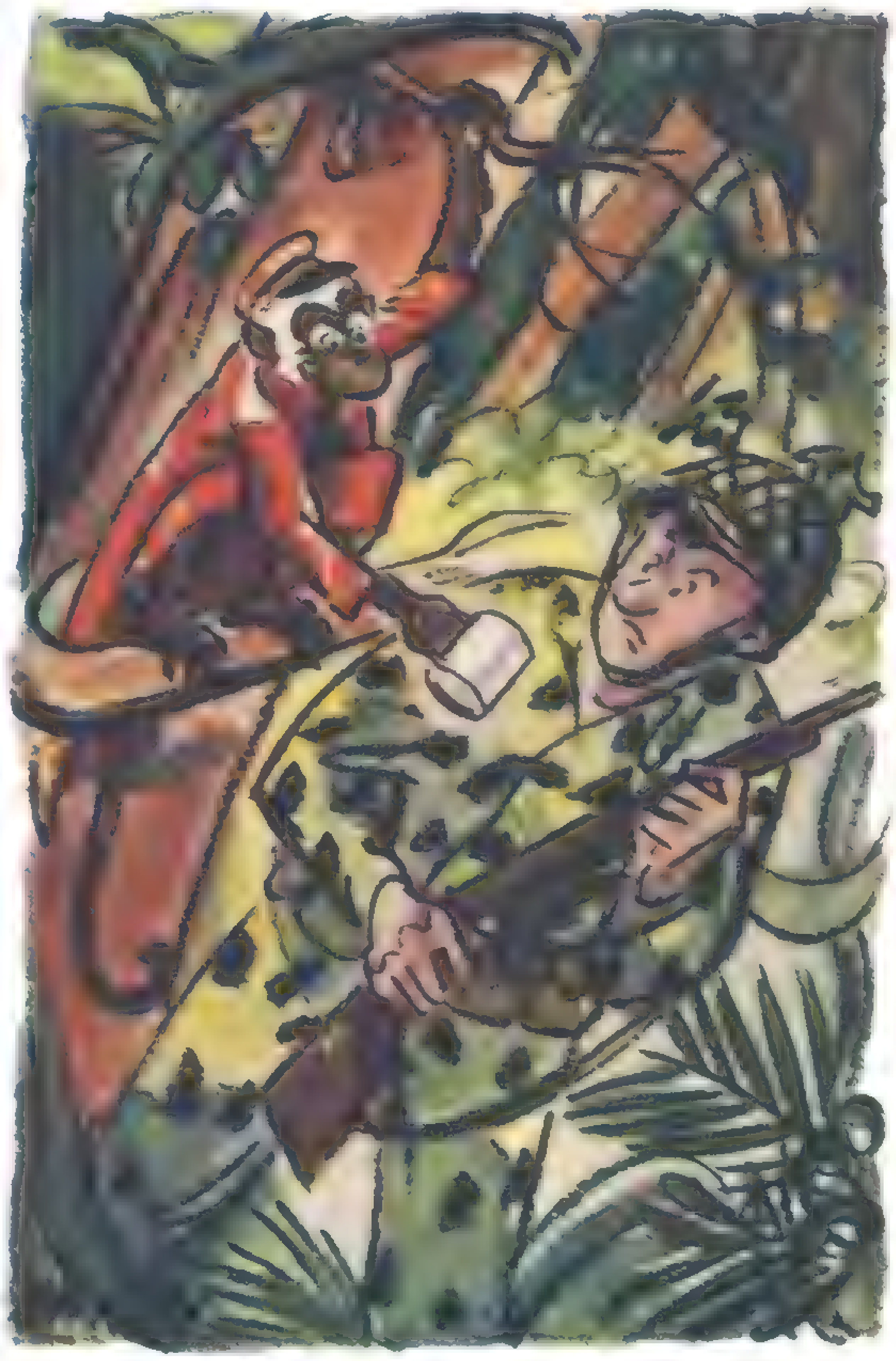
Robert Goodman

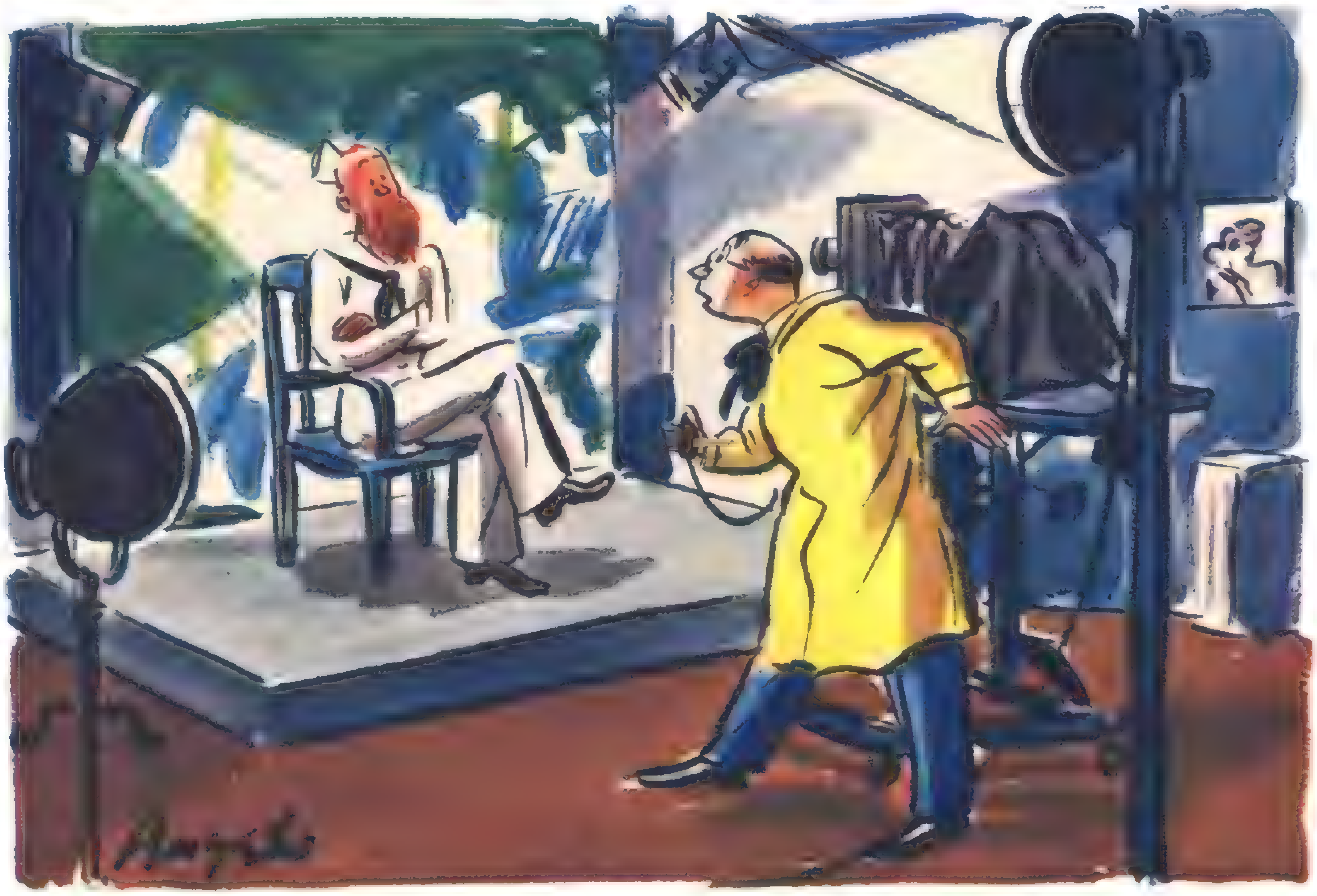
New winter sports clothes are wizards for warmth. The tall one wears a pile fabric lined cotton coat; now the hood is zipped at the top, but it may be worn as a collar. His wool trousers are tucked into socks and boots. The pointer has a coat of the same fabric and gabardine ski trousers. Pin-up wears a snug flannel coat.



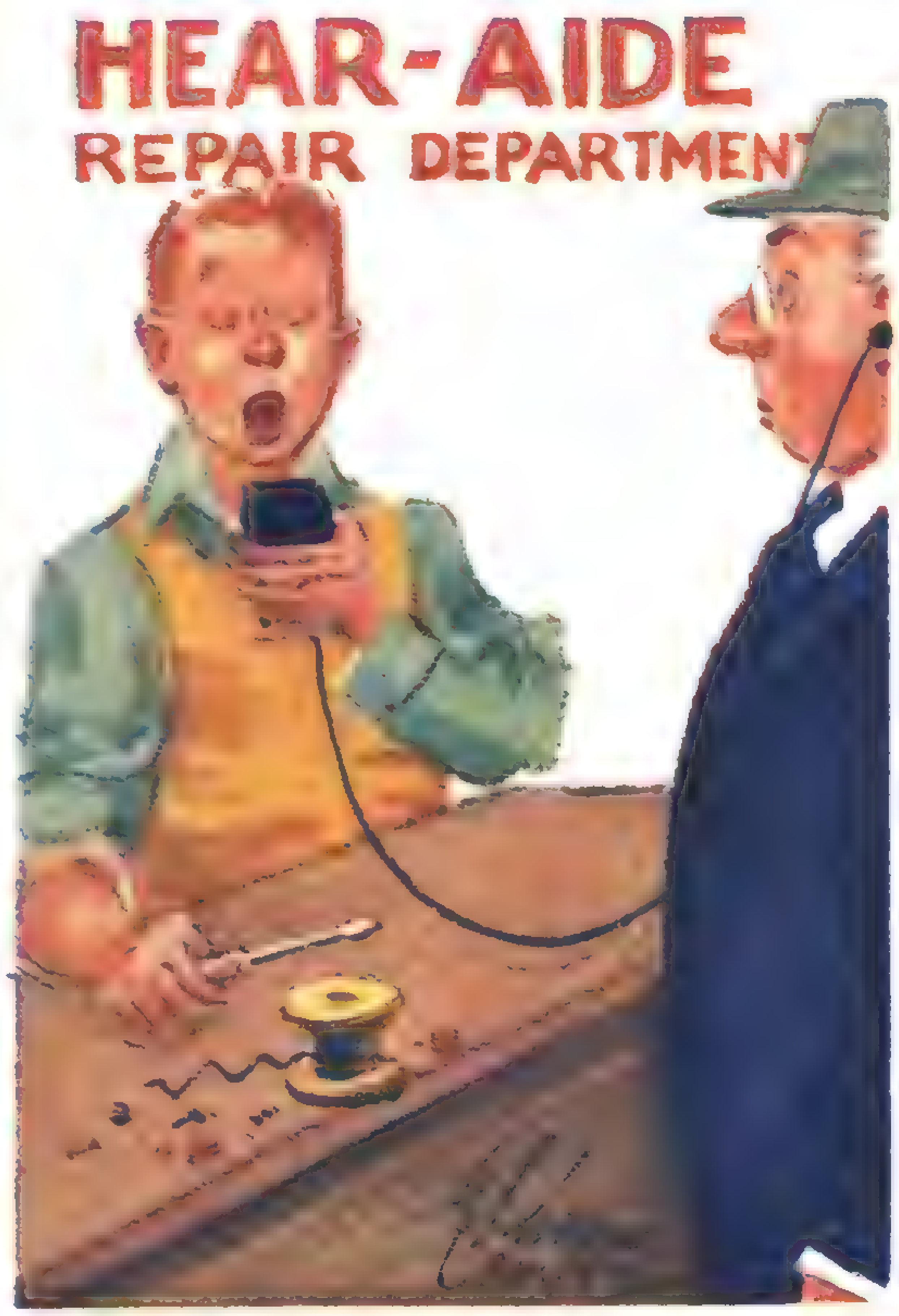


"*Of course it's no reflection on your playing, but the warden is giving you a pardon!*"

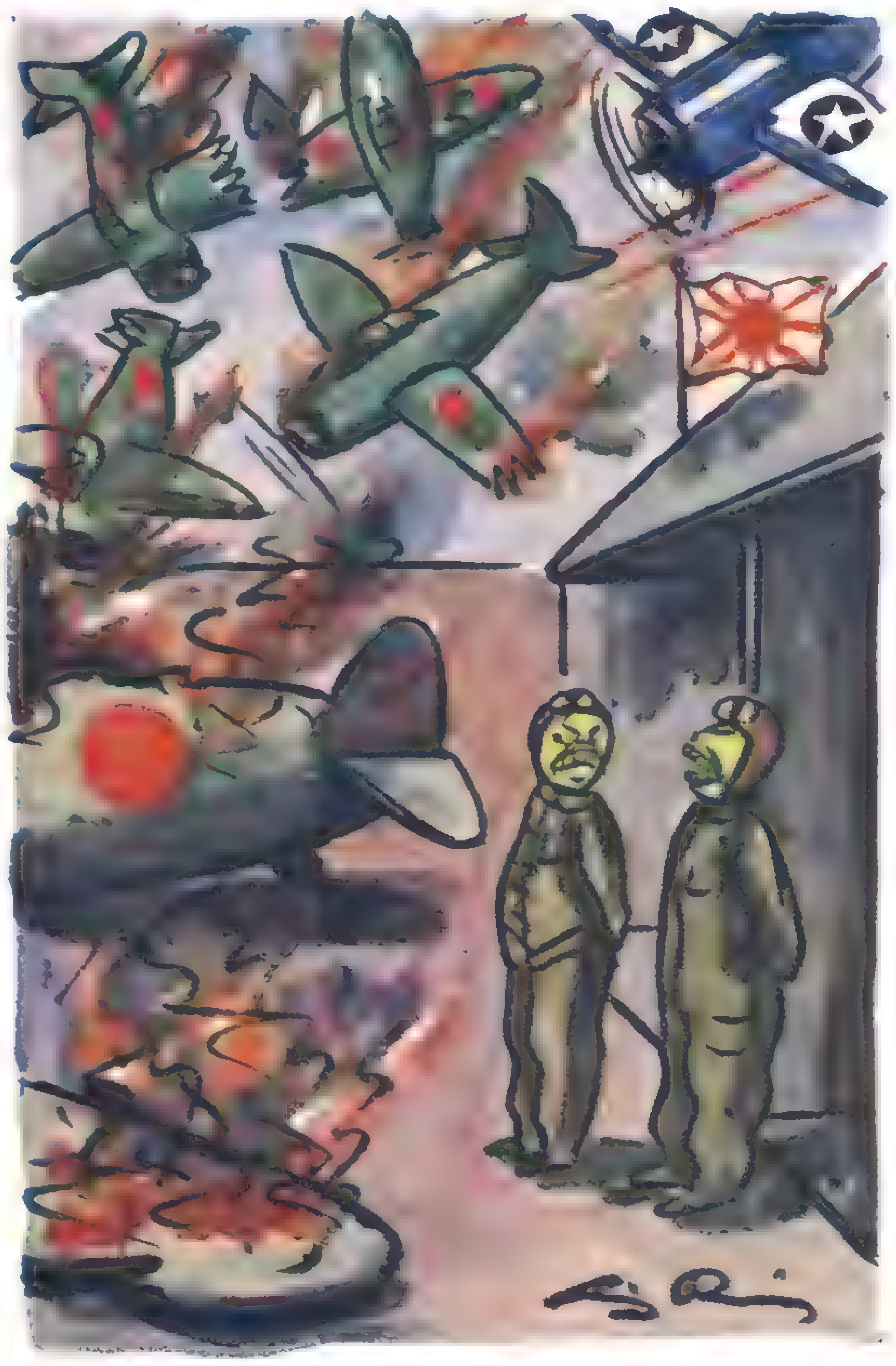




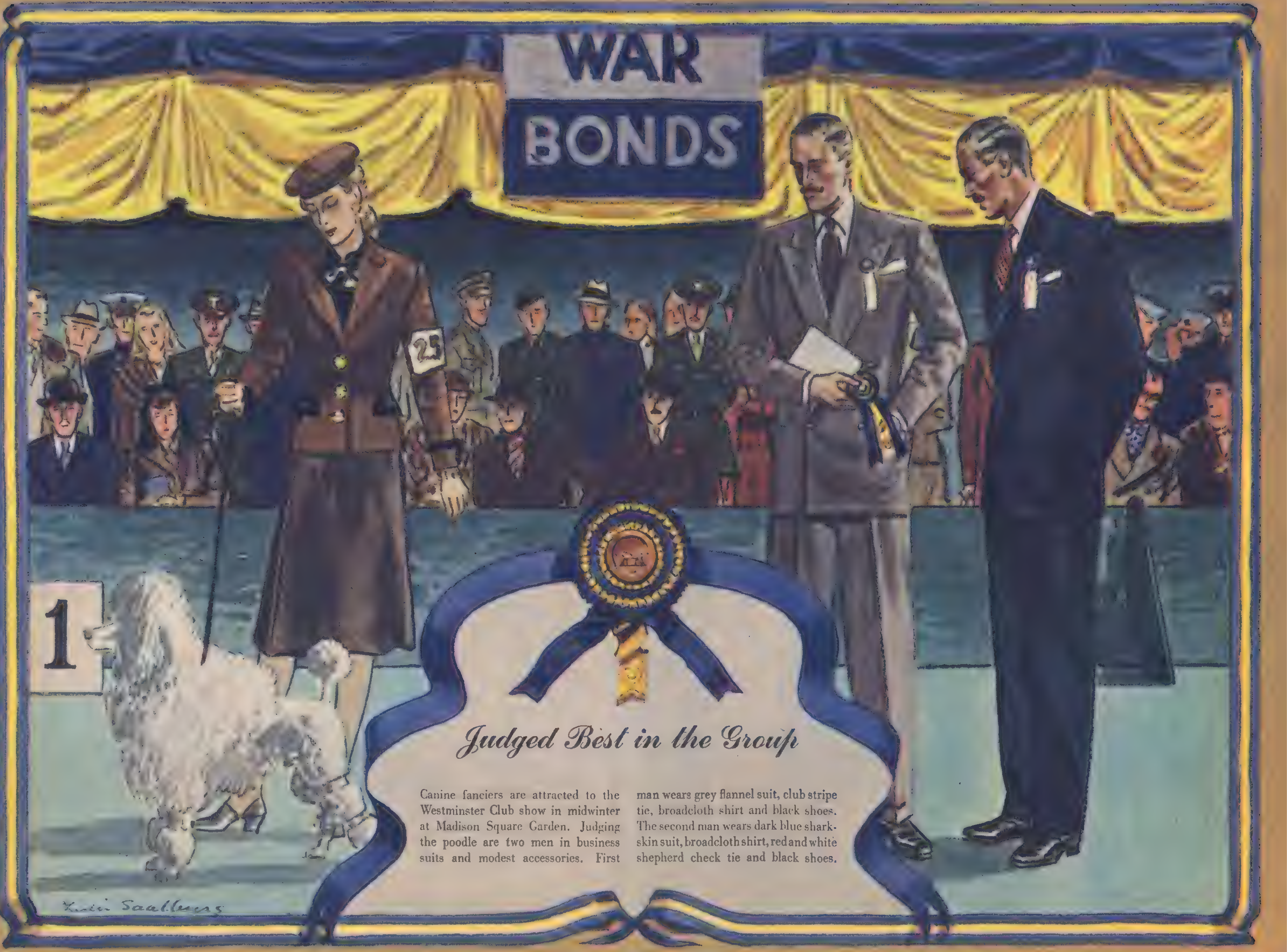
"I am smiling"


HEAR-AIDE
REPAIR DEPARTMEN

"Testing—one, two, three—woof, woof!"



"What's new?"



Judged Best in the Group

Canine fanciers are attracted to the Westminster Club show in midwinter at Madison Square Garden. Judging the poodle are two men in business suits and modest accessories. First man wears grey flannel suit, club stripe tie, broadcloth shirt and black shoes. The second man wears dark blue sharkskin suit, broadcloth shirt, red and white shepherd check tie and black shoes.

A Dip in the Classics

The old-time recipes for Punch, Side Cars, Martinis, Daiquiris and Black Velvet are good enough for this mixer

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

NEW drinks are invented as readily as new salads. You can bank on it that at this very moment, somewhere in this broad land of ours, Ernest K. Enthusiast, with a row of good bottles in front of him, plus the conventional citrus resources, is in the throes of creation. He is probably assured a market for version B—the one with grenadine and a cherry. And version C, dry, with a pearl onion. And the Devastator, with three dashes of absinthe substitute. And the minted Salute to the South. But chances are slim that he will be weaned from the classics.

When drinks are offered him gratis as outpourings of hospitality the average consumer will take them and appear to like them. If he's a Manhattaner and Daiquiris or Martinis are being served, he won't rebuff them, as he has seen elbow neighbors consume the like on occasion and hence knows they aren't poison. But when *he* is paying the tab, he sticks to his regular, prescripted out of bottles bearing the brand names he loves.

Such repetition would pall if it were carried on in some other department of man's five senses. Much as he may care for a certain tune, he wouldn't want to hear it forever and a day. Nor would he turn eagerly to his favorite newspaper comic strip if it were always the same episode, reprinted daily. Yet when fragrant coffee reappears each morning at breakfast, its old black magic that he knows so well is pure joy. Under its spell he sallies forth to the office, lighting a cigarette of the kind he smoked yesterday (provided he can get it). Same for the relaxational drink he'll tilt that evening.

Ah, these "rights" of a drinking man! If two "rights" happen to gibe, it's a coincidence worth clinking about. If thousands of them do, in one grand click, it becomes a classic. Here are some of them:

TODDY. Protean potation that fits all climates, all situations. Starting in ancient India as a mild tree-sap affair—*tari* (pronounced "tadi"), Hindu for "palm"—it took on power when primitive stills were set up. That was arrack, backbone of Swedish Punch and spiker of many a bowl in Colonial America; and if you've ever met arrack neat, you know what it is to be hit over the head with a tree. Scotland, Ireland and England, though unequipped with such juice groves, managed to have whiskey and gin. France had brandy; the West Indies and New England had rum. So "tadi" was toddyized, hot and cold. The only tree it ever thinks of any more is the lemon tree. Cold toddy—dab of water, touch of sugar, lump of ice, in an Old Fashioned glass—draws a twist. Steaming hot toddy—in a mug, with more water—draws a slice, plus nutmeg sprinkle.

OLD FASHIONED. Modernized toddy. Sugar gets the bitters gun; lemon twist may have cherry and a half-slice of orange as associates, but needn't.

SAZERAC. That nice menace from New Orleans. Put a few drops of absinthe substitute into a prechilled Old Fashioned glass and give them a whirl, doing a coating job; oust what's left of them on the loose. Now build a Rye Old Fashioned, applying 2 or 3 dashes Peychaud's Bitters. Muddle well, stir well. Twist of lemon is sole fruitage. Sazerac virtuosi use a pair of glasses, constructing in one and transferring to cold-coated twin.

FLIP. Back in the 17th century when there were no shakers and rarely ice, this style of drink, beaten to a light froth and served in a stupendous flip glass, rated as a gala loving cup. Pours and sips pleasantly even now. Old recipes called for cider mixed with brandy and spices; today flip is more or less standardized as: 1 egg, 1 jigger liquor (whiskey, brandy, fruit-flavored brandy, sloe gin, etc.) or port or sherry, touch of sugar, possibly plus 2 tsp. cream; agitated with cracked ice and strained into a glass larger than cocktail size; nutmeg sowed atop.

BLACK VELVET. Champagne and stout (very dark ale, plenty hoppy and malty) poured carefully, simultaneously into tall glass.

GROG. Title derived from 18th century British Admiral Vernon, of Caribbean fame, who wore a coat of rough-ribbed silk and mohair fabric called grogram, earning the nickname "Old Grog." Under his orders the rum ration was changed from straight rum to rum and water, half and half, which was forthwith dubbed "Grog," and the tag stuck. To a landsman like me, the noblest grog is the goblet of hot water, rum and lemon, known in France as *le grog américain*.

DAIQUIRI. Named for a Cuban beach where U. S. troops landed in 1898, finding enemy gone, but limes, sugar and Bacardi rum available. Since when, the pressure on light-bodied *ron* has been increasingly heavy.

SIDE CAR. The French, enamored of Dubonnet, vermouth, port, sherry, etc., have never gone much for cocktails except this one, made with equal parts of brandy, Cointreau (or other good Triple Sec) and lemon juice; or with brandy holding 50 per cent of the stock and the others in on a basis of 25 per cent each.

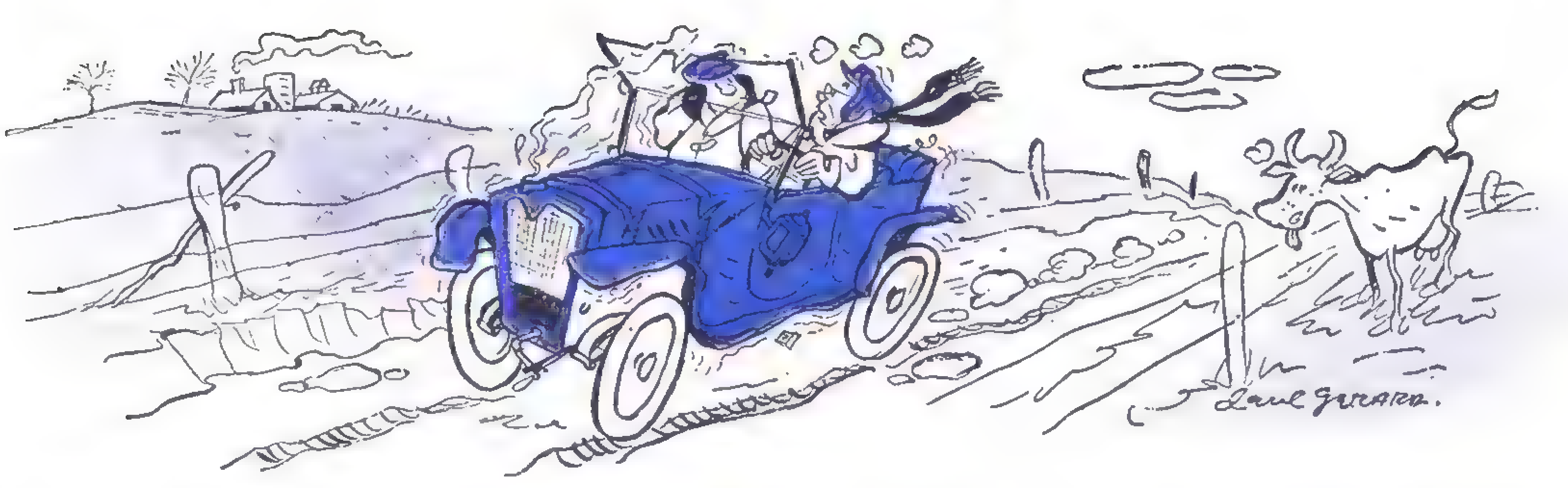
PUNCH. Bowlscale mixtures attained social prominence during the era of Queen Anne, about 225 years ago, and have never lost it for long. (I've got recipes the way that singer in the *Bloomer Girl* show has got ditties.) Most noted one-man punch is Planter's: 1 oz. lime juice sweetened with 2 tsp. sugar, 3 oz. heavy-torsoed rum, several dashes bitters; shake with shaved ice and pour unstrained into Collins glass; fill up with chilled fizz; lemon slice; straws.

MANHATTAN. Though a certain island purchased from the Redskins is assumed to be what the name of this cocktail refers to, such is not so; the entity it honors, the institution it was born in, is the eminent-rostered Manhattan Club. Cherishing tradition, the whitecoaters that toil behind the quench counter make Manhattans with choice whiskey, sweet vermouth and shots of Angostura, as per always.

MARTINI. Swig antiquarians argue themselves into a perspiration over the origin of this one. Was it the cerebral offspring of a bartender named Martinez, popularly known as Martini because of association with a brand name, or was it a couple of other fellows named Pat and Mike? Whatever the direction in which name credit should go, it seems probable that important ground work was achieved in England by the unchilled drink ordered as Gin & It—"It" referring not to any quality possessed by Miss Dorothy Lamour, Miss Betty Grable, et al., but to Italian vermouth. To evolve a Sweet Martini therefrom, all that was necessary was to stir with cracked ice, add 1 dash bitters and pour onto a cherry. And the hop from there to the Medium Martini, or Perfect cocktail, required merely the halving of the sweet vermouth to accommodate an equal slug of dry and replacing cherry with olive. And from there to the . . . Oh! I see, you're one Martini ahead of me. #

"Darling, I've got a surprise for you—you won't have to work late at the office—I've got your secretary here"

Going the Rounds With Esquire



"It ain't got the 'get up and go' it used to have—probably this gas we're gettin' nowadays"

One sunny Miami afternoon Ben Bernie, who loved to watch the bangtails come roaring down the stretch, was enjoying the races at Hialeah. After three trips to the mutuel window he noticed a prosperous looking fellow who always managed to be right behind him at betting time.

Bill O'Malley

During the next five races Bernie kept betting heavily and each time his shadow followed him to the ticket window. After the final race was over Bernie was surprised to find the stranger at his elbow.

"You cost me twelve hundred dollars," came an angry accusation. "I heard you had inside information and I placed the same bets you did. Every damn one of them lost."

Bernie was forced to smile. "Listen, Pal," he said, "You cost me four thousand! Every time I'd leave the window I'd hear you betting heavy on the same horse. I figured you knew something, so I'd go back and double my bets." —Bill Parker

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Amund Dietzel, a tattoo artist in Milwaukee, says he likes his profession for two reasons. It's creative, and it gives him a chance to meet the public.

Dietzel does a brisk business with women—and they are not girls in the service, either. The war has tripled his business with housewives and girls who have sweethearts or husbands in the service. Most of them want an air corps insigne tattooed on the arm or thigh, in memory of that "man in the sky." But there are still plenty of gals who want tiny butterflies tattooed on a shapely shoulder or little red roses on their legs—where they won't be seen through transparent silk stockings.

Even couples go for tattooing, he says. "A short time ago a couple came in. She had his name (in a tiny heart) put on her leg while he went out to the nearest tavern. Then he came back and wanted her name tattooed on his chest. But before I got started he leaned over and said, 'Make that name as small as you can.' "

Selecting a design is a ticklish job and Dietzel wants no part of it. He told of a woman who picked out a design for the man who accompanied her to his studio. She wanted him to put her name on it. "Hell no," the man replied. "This is tattooing."

Then there was the man who wanted the name of his girl friend on a tiny heart. He turned to the girl and said, "By the way, what is your name?" Two weeks later he was back asking the artist to cover up the name with a pretty red flower with large green leaves.

When couples who once had each other's name indelibly etched on each other's epidermis discover that life with them is no longer hearts and flowers, their first stop is Dietzel's. Usually he reworks the design and changes the name to a flower or bird. Actually removing a tattoo is about as simple as cutting off your head—and just as pleasant.— Don Dornbrook

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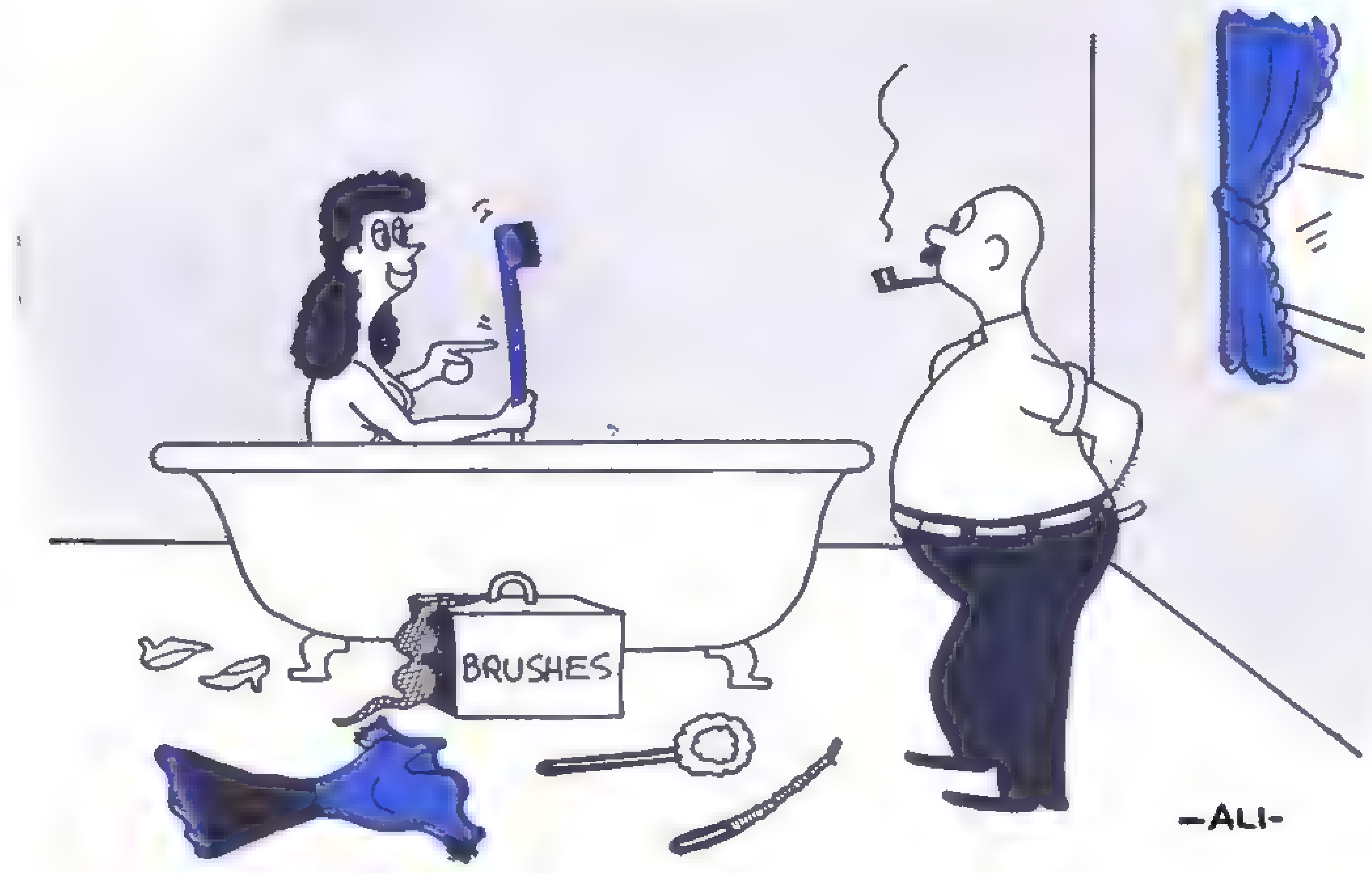
According to Bennett Cerf in the *Saturday Review of Literature:* The best spy story of the month comes from Delos Avery, whose "Bookman's Holiday" column in the Chicago *Tribune* deserves national syndication. The hero is the omnipotent Ying-Nu, husband to a hundred beautiful wives, and at heart a man of some compassion. "One of you incredibly lovely ladies," he told them sadly, "has betrayed my secrets to the enemy. It would break my heart to discover which one it is. I must let the somewhat harsh law take its course. Let each tenth one of you come forth, for ten must die." But when Ying-Nu beheld the tears of the ten and observed their reluctance to have their heads chopped off, his stern features relaxed. "No, no," he cried. "It shall not be! Am I not known as a man of some compassion? There shall be instead a feast with wine and music. Come!" And Ying-Nu gently led the ten away, whispering softly to the headsman as he passed. "Off with the heads of the other ninety!" . . .



". . . or perhaps you'd be interested in this one —it's for scrubbing the back"

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Nat Wartels, head of Crown Publishers, had a closer shave than he bargained for in a local barber shop last week. His manicure girl was very beautiful, and Wartels, keyed up by the big sale of his *A Treasury of American Folklore*, suggested dinner and a show that evening. "I don't think I ought to," said the girl demurely. "I'm married." "Ask your husband," suggested Wartels. "I'm sure he wouldn't mind." "Ask him yourself," said the girl. "He's shaving you."

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A local judge tried to reduce the number of divorces by tacking this sign on his door: "Meditate well before deciding to divorce him, girls, for alimony is little comfort on a cold night."

•

A dear old lady was passing a rural stream where a company of soldiers was enjoying a cool swim. The lack of bathing trunks was fairly obvious.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed the astonished woman, "those must be our shock troops."

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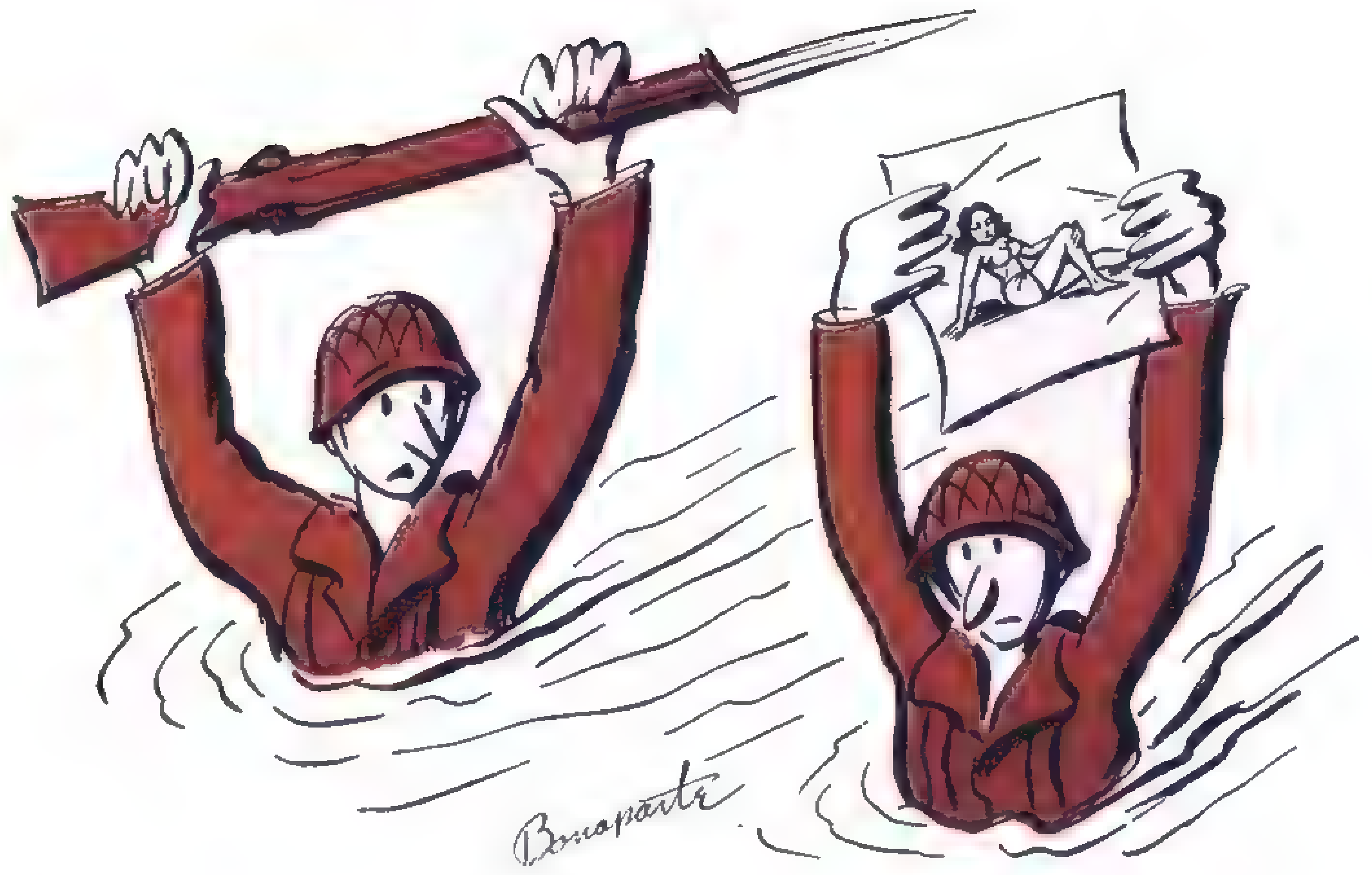
The town's good-for-nothing bum had passed away, and at his funeral the Reverend delivered a most touching and inspiring address, elaborating on his splendid qualities as a man, a husband and



a parent. The widow, who was seated in the front row, could stand it no longer. She whispered to her little son: "Johnny, go look in the coffin and see if that's your father."

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The little bride from the country was very much disconcerted at seeing twin beds in their bridal suite.

"What's the matter, dearest?" asked the bridegroom.

"Why I certainly thought we were going to have a room to our selves."

•

"What happens when one mind reader has a date with another mind reader?"

"Oh, they just sit around and blush all evening."

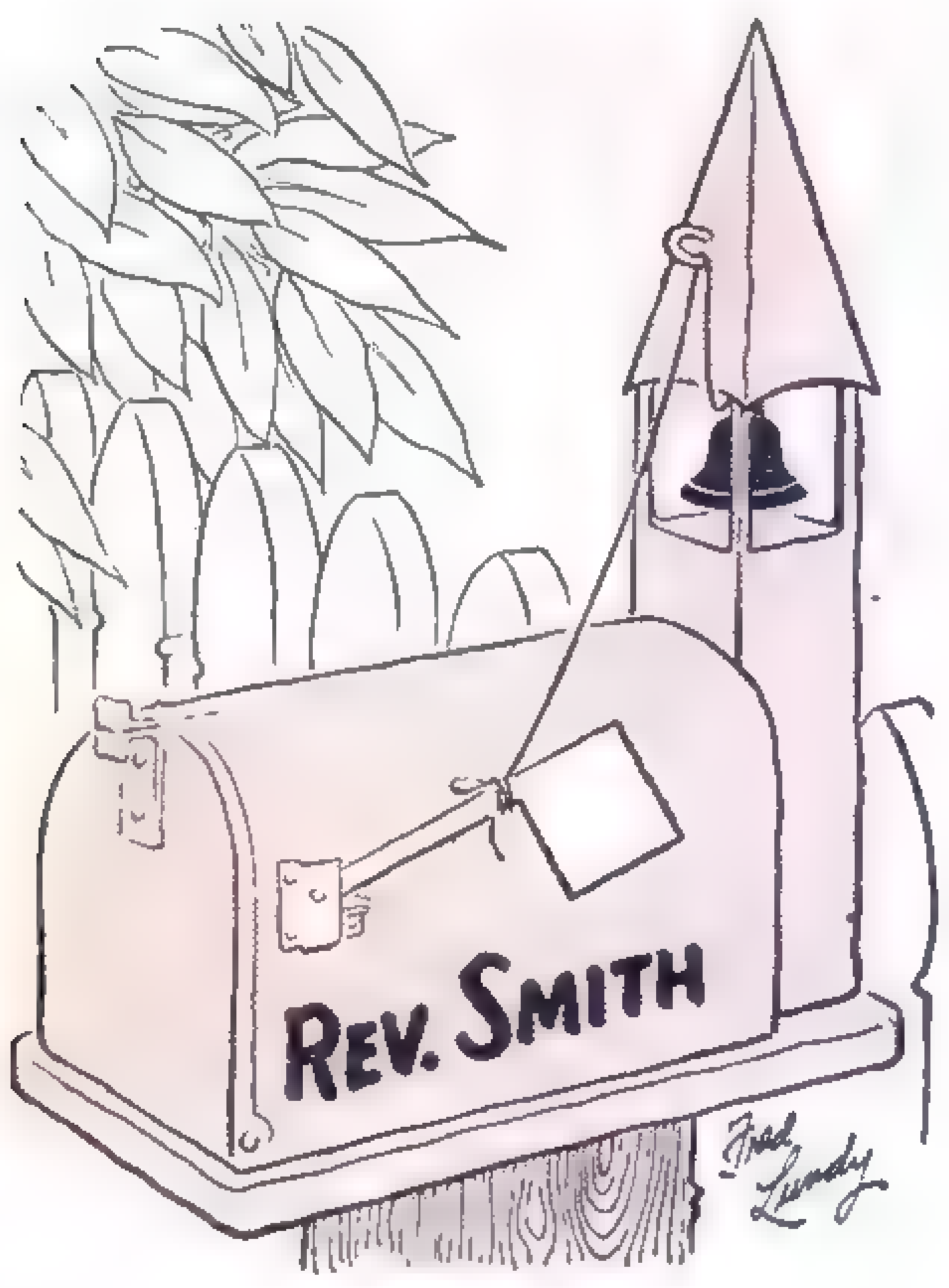
•

From Irving Hoffman's column in the Hollywood *Reporter:*

Max Gendel sends us the following love letter, written by a supply sergeant:

"SUBJECT: LOVE LETTER
TO: GLADYS, DARLING

1. We have just returned from a hike, overnight, and had a time, grand and enjoyable, splendid. Arrived at the site, camp and pitched tents, small, pyramidal immediately, also tents, shelter, half and tents, kitchen, fly, small wall and with poles upright nine feet. When everything was organized the regiment was split up and the recreation period began. The soldiers played ball, base; ball, volley; and ball, basket. There were two teams, officers, noncommissioned, and men, enlisted. The NCO's wore their uniforms, cotton khaki and others denim, blue, working, drill.



2. About dark, at night, darling, as we sat about the fire, blazing, colorful, magnificent; I couldn't help but think of the times, marvelous, grand, beautiful, we spent together. The many evenings, summer, cool, clear, starry, moonlight, refreshing, we walked arm and arm beneath the trees, oak, chestnut, willow, buds and leaves. The man in the moon played hide-and-seek, through the branches. When we came upon a bench, wood, for two w/ back rest, how we would just sit there and say nothing overcome with each other's presence. Never can I forget those nights. Your eyes, dark blue, large w/ twinkle, magnificent. Remember how you loved the way I stroked your hair, black, long, silky, w/ curls at the ends. Nor will I ever forget the long rides we took in my automobile, Buick, two-door, rumble seat, Model 1940, 8 cylinders, blue w/ black trimming, complete w/ accessories.

3. Sweetheart, all this leads to the point that we are all doing our part to end the war so that you can fall into my arms, strong, manly, loving again.

4. With all my love, affection, admiration.

5. I certify that the above statements are, to the best of my knowledge, facts, true."

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It's no news, of course, that undersized, 4F leading men in movies do a number of things to build up their height. Many of them wear shoes with built-up heels that add as much as two and one-quarter inches to their stature. They wear clothes with vertical stripes, long sweeping lapels, longer jackets with buttons placed lower at the waistline and collars set lower at the neck to add illusory height. The shoulders of the jackets are wider than the hips and the trousers are tapered at the ankles to achieve a slender effect. Trouser cuffs are narrow or are eliminated entirely. Topcoats and overcoats are knee length to permit the wearer to appear long-legged. However, it's not generally known that one Hollywood executive, who is on the short side, even has his office and home surroundings tailored to his proportions. His office has low ceilings, doorways, mantelpieces, tables, chairs and bookshelves, and he even has hired a short secretary!

•

It happened at one of the major studios the other day. A distinguished looking refugee applied for a job. "I was director at UFA," he told the personnel chieftain . . . "Sorry, we have no opening for cameramen."

"I worked in England as a cutter—I'm a wonderful cutter!" . . . "Cutters are a drug on the market." At this point the foreigner's patience was exhausted, and he exclaimed, "Well, I'll be a s.o.b!" . . . The personnel manager's face lit up as he shouted: "Why didn't you say so before? If there's one thing we need—it's producers!"

•

Jack Benny is telling about the fly which was walking with her daughter over the head of a very bald man. "How things change, my dear," she said. "When I was your age, this was only a footpath."

•

Here's a true story that's better than a screen scenario:

Some years ago a well-known movie director met an old friend who had dropped from sight. The director discovered that tough breaks had gripped his pal with a vengeance. His hotel was locking him out, and he was half-starved. The microphoner fed him at an expensive restaurant, and the man gobbled his food as one ravaged by hunger. Then the director handed over a wad of money sufficient for the hotel bill, and told his friend to report at the studio for a job the next morning. But in the morning came a call from the hotel clerk. He explained that during the night the guest had died—of acute indigestion!

•

George Bernard Shaw once made a pithy criticism of Hollywood. He was being interviewed by a ship news reporter. "You've been to Hollywood," the newsman said. "What do you think of the Marx Brothers?" . . . "In my opinion," was the Shavian thrust, "Harpo sets a fine example for the others!"

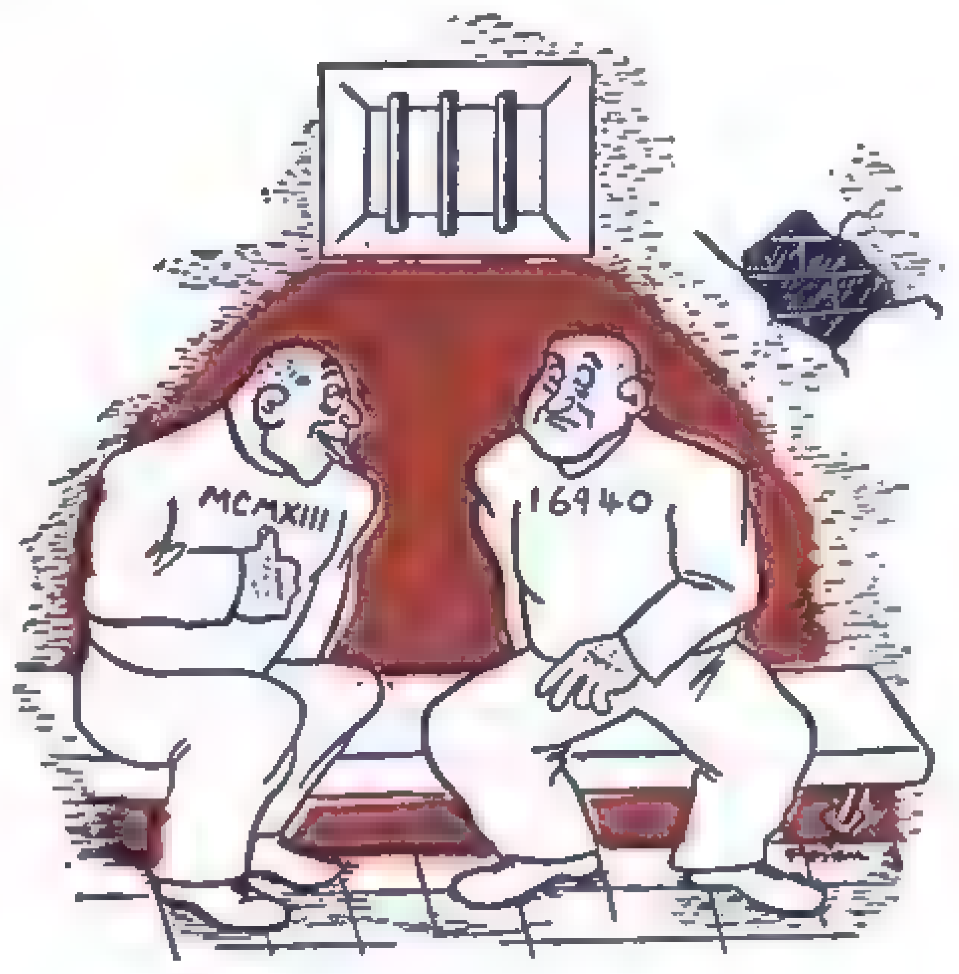
•

"Well, how do you like married life?"

"Oh, we have a lot of fun. My wife cooks something and I try to guess what it is."

•

Bennett Cerf tells it: A man who discovered the joys of fishing rather late in life became even more insistent than the ordinary run of anglers upon recounting his triumphs to skeptical acquaintances. Enraged by their thinly-veiled hints that he was a liar, he bought a pair of scales, installed them in his library, and made his friends watch while he actually weighed the fish he had caught. One evening a neighbor burst in and excitedly sought permission to borrow the scales. He was back in ten minutes. "Congratulate me," he cried. "I'm the father of a 48-pound baby boy!"



"My own idea—it lends one distinction!"

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Overheard in the shower room: "First we lick them, then we feed them, then we finance them and then we have to lick them again."

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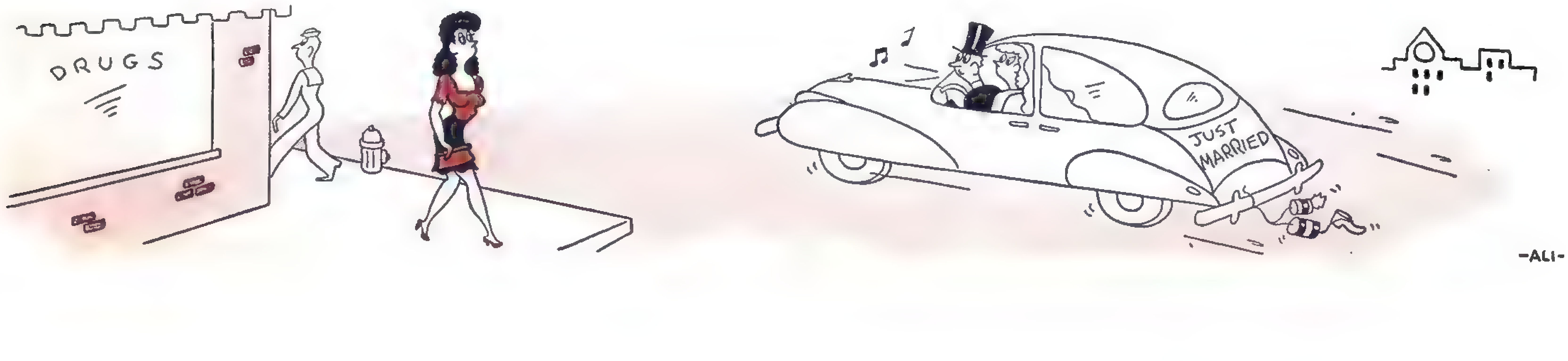
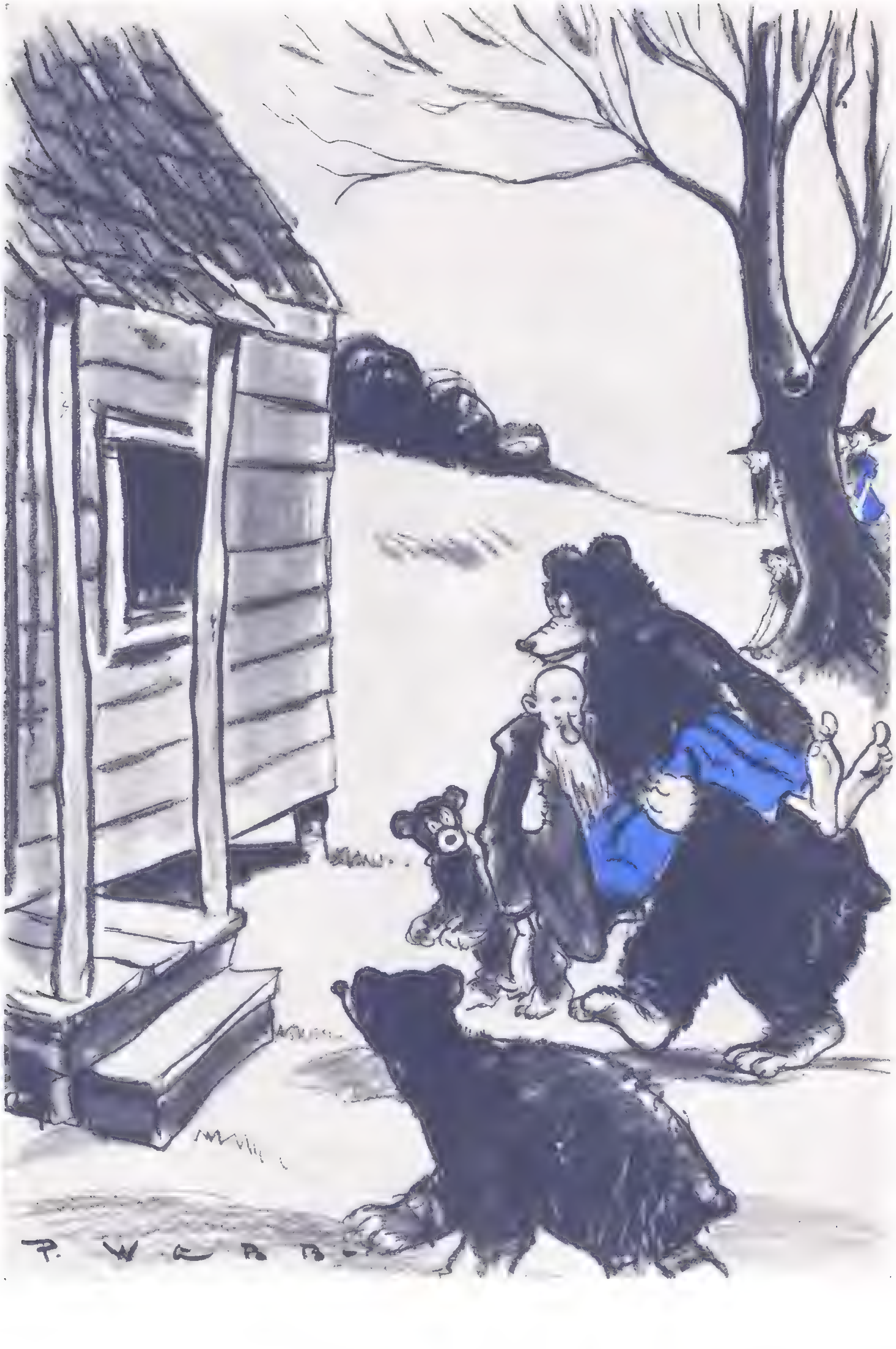
Have you ever stopped to think the pinup girl came in just as elastic went out?





"Looks like they ketched Paw a-tryin' to hibernate in their winter hide-out ag'in"

Blues for the Times

Continued from page 27

pretty well off. They sang for gin and rent money and their masterpieces appeared on the race labels of the record companies. Their records were thus bought mainly by their own people, and so few of them reached the tiny affluence which would have given them a fair life. Only Bessie Smith scored financial success, largely because Frank Walker, then Columbia Records' race record director, saved her money for her. Even she died, neglected, in Memphis, when an automobile accident split an arm at the shoulder, and the nearest hospital accepting her race was far away and too slow sending its ambulance to save her life. That was probably the kind of death Bessie Smith had anticipated. She lived hard and sang harder, and she left behind her a testament of beauty unequaled in our music.

Bessie was called *Empress of the Blues*. Her majestic figure strode a stage like a palace hall. It commanded audiences. When that magnificently large woman made her plaints, distrusted the saints, poured on the paints of her world, you in the audience felt enclosed by her singing, completely a part of it. You felt the ugliness of a Mississippi flood in *Backwater Blues* ("When it rain five days and the skies turn dark as night"). You were stirred by *Empty Bed Blues*. You discovered new gastronomic interests when she asked, *Gimme a Pigfoot*.

You may dislike the harshness of Bessie's voice, and the other Smiths' and Ma Rainey's, at first. You may be put aside by the sometimes monotonous melodies. But, if you listen carefully, you will find a richness, an attitude toward the business of living vigorous and hopeful in the face of some of the worst catastrophies that ever afflicted man. These people faced death, famine and mental and physical torture by all the elements of nature and all the cruel devices of human beings. They vented their fear and sorrow in their music, often ending on a note of hope, a chord of jubilation. Theirs is surely exemplary conduct before the horrors of the world.

From the early singers and instrumentalists, the blues received a tremendous impetus. It needed to be tremendous to carry the form across the shoddinesses and shallownesses of the early 1930's when jazz was temporarily overcome by a mass hysteria for corn and molasses. When Benny Goodman came along in that epochal 1935-1936 season, jazz came alive again, a verb, *swing*, was turned into a noun to describe this powerful new stuff, and the big blasting dance band we know today was established once and for all. Paradoxically, this big band renaissance, this trend to large numbers of musicians and great globs of music, brought with it a new interest in small combinations, in singers accompanied by just one or two or three men, and thus a new interest in the blues.

Today the blues is the base of the music of every real jazz group, from the trios and quartets that ply New York's 52nd Street to the big bands of Duke Ellington and Count Basie and Benny Goodman. The most effective of Duke's instrumentals, and Count's, follow the musical pattern of the blues; they use its chords and its melodic forms.

A whole flock of blues, written by Duke Ellington, Louis Jordan, King Cole, Fats Waller and other musicians who work in this form, have become big successes. Some of the best-known instrumental blues are *One O'Clock Jump* and *C Jam Blues* and any and all of the boogie-woogie compositions. Of the blues with lyrics, *I'm Gonna Move to the Outskirts of Town*, *Mama Mama Blues*, *I Don't Know What Kind of Blues I Got*, *Ration Blues* and *That Ain't Right* are good examples of present-day creating in this medium. They are salty, salacious. But then neither the blues nor the men who write and play the blues can be called subtle or restrained or prudish. Theirs is a vigorous, vital music; it calls a spade a spade, a flood a flood and unemployment an unpicturesque evil. Along with spades, floods and unemployment, sex comes in for its share of glory and inglory. And if the blues sometimes seems too blue, remember that, according to an innocuous song which reached nationwide popularity and offended no one at all, "a kiss is still a kiss."

Those who are devoted to the blues are devotees to the point of death. Not all blues singers must carry their devotion to destruction, as poor Bessie Smith did. But the rewards of fealty to the blues are only now, after a quarter of a century, beginning to come. W. C. Handy, who wrote the enduring *Memphis* and *St. Louis Blues*, is well off today, in his near-blind old age, because of the stream of royalties from those blues classics. Billie Holiday, perhaps the greatest of present-day blues singers, is a moderate night club success, singing in the boxes and holes and caverns of Swing Rows in New York, Chicago and Hollywood.

Billie's trueness to the blues has been a cornerstone of her greatness. While she sings a pop tune with incredible artistry, shaping a shabby phrase so it gleams as it never has before, it is in the blues, in the basic jazz songs, that she shines at her most brilliant. *Fine and Mellow*, *Billie's Blues*, these are her great songs, along with the evergreens of jazz, such fine standards as *The Man I Love* and *Body and Soul* and *Embraceable You*.

The people who like the way Billie sings have followed her to after-hours joints in Harlem, to squalid little clubs downtown in New York, where the liquor tasted like varnish, where the prices, unlike the decor, were right out of the Waldorf and El Morocco. Today Billie sings in better places. Though the ponies of Scotch and rye served there are pigmies still, though the space is cramped as ever, table piled on table so you never know whose leg you are crossing, the prices are fairer, the atmosphere less turgid, and the entertainment almost all on a level with Billie's singing. And that is a very high level indeed.

Few other singers combine the attractions and virtues of Billie Holiday, who is, after all, not only a singer with a great style that can be called unique, but a remarkably beautiful colored woman as well. But there are other brilliant blues artists. There is Big Joe Turner, a fabulous fellow from Kansas City, who matches the exploits of the men he shouts about in the blues. There is Jimmy Rushing, Count Basie's great singer, and he is not little, either. It was his barrelly barrelhouse figure which inspired the song, *Mr. Five By Five* (and those are his dimensions, almost to the inch). Jimmy knows a thousand old and new blues, to which he has added countless variations of his own. One of the best of these is *Baby, Don't Tell On Me:*

> *Catch me stealin', Baby, don't you tell on me,*
> *If you catch me stealin', Baby, don't you tell on me,*
> *I'll be stealin' back to my old-time used-to-be.*
>
> *Thought I would write her, but I b'lieve I'll telephone,*
> *Thought I would write her, but I b'lieve I'll telephone,*
> *If I don't do no better, Baby, look for your daddy home.*

And he ends the blues with the amusing line, "Anybody ask you who was it sang this song, tell 'em little Jimmy Rushing, he been here and gone."

Jack Teagarden, a big, burly Texan with an infectious panhandle accent, has always been associated with the blues. One of the few white men to attain distinction in the form, he lapses into the twelve-bar chorus of the blues as a matter of course. He is identified irrevocably with W. C. Handy's *Beale St. Blues* and his lovely theme, *I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues*. He improvises beautifully with his trombone or his delicate baritone voice, making up words to fit ungainly measures when that is necessary, culling from the vast vocabulary of the cowhand to roll out his blues phrases. Such effective syllabifications as *Mam-o* for mamma, *Fi-o* for fire, and *Fath-o* for Paul Whiteman (known to his familiars as Pops or Father), are Teagardenisms. Coming late to an engagement one night, he jumped onto the bandstand, where his orchestra was already playing. Noting the severe expression on the face of the manager of the place, Jack improvised this blues:

> *Comin' through the Palisades I los' my way;*
> *Comin' through the Palisades I los' my way;*
> *Thought I was back on the road, workin' for M.C.A.**

This, then, is the blues today. It is the structural foundation of most of jazz. Harmonically, melodically, what you hear in the playing of Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington and Count Basie and Coleman Hawkins and Benny Goodman and most of the other great jazz artists comes from the blues. In the blues you'll find strife and struggle, all the emotions and some of the ideas which excite daily routines away from ruts. It is the great creative form of America's great art, jazz. Next time you feel moved to complain about the low grade of contemporary music, its dull colors and feeble spirit, its lack of relationship to the dominant strains, good and bad, of our time, turn to the blues. There you will find music for our times! ###

JUDGE
JURISPRUDENCE

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*M.C.A. is the common abbreviation for the largest of the band-booking agencies, the Music Corporation of America.

The Concours D'Élégance

Continued from page 35

or, Trajan Grosavescu. Steiglitz attempted to "get" Grosavescu. When the tenor turned him down cold, Stieglitz breathed revenge.

One morning preceding a *Carmen* performance with Grosavescu as Don José, Schostal was informed that Stieglitz was planning an anti-Grosavescu putsch that night. All regular members of the claque were warned to be on the alert.

Looking down from the fourth gallery into the parterre standing room, we saw that Stieglitz had divided his forces into two groups, in the right and the left ends of the standing room. This was unusual, the Stehparterre Club being always assembled only at the left side. The first act ended without trouble. The second act began and Grosavescu sang beautifully "*La fleur que tu m'avais jetée.*" When he came to the high B after "*Et j'étais une chose à toi,*" a terrific salvo of applause was started by the right-side Stieglitz group. Experienced operagoers know that the high B isn't the end of the air but is followed by "*Carmen, je t'aime*"—and no one knew this better than the Stieglitz men. The Stieglitz group at the left pretended to be indignant. They started hissing and cried, "Quiet, over there!" ruining Grosavescu's love-making in high B. Then Schostal gave his cue and we of the claque came in with legitimate applause which heightened the confusion, people from the boxes and the galleries crying down "*Skandal!*" and "*Kusch!*" Grosavescu's beautiful air was "killed" as was the following scene. The policemen at the standing room took down the names of the Stieglitz men and some tried to escape. There was a hell of a racket, before the police got them all.

The newspapers and the public got tired of the running war between us and the Stieglitz men. One day in 1924 the soloists of the Staatsoper published a declaration, each singer of the house pledging his "word of honor." Henceforth no artist could get in touch "with any member of the applauding bodies," directly or indirectly. Those breaking their word of honor would be instantly thrown out of the Staatsoper.

The afternoon before the performance of *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci*, with Vera Schwarz as Nedda, and Alfred Piccaver as Canio, Schostal was notified to call up U-88-5-94. This was the secret telephone number of Alfred Piccaver. Schostal took a cab and went to the tenor's apartment on Brahmsplatz. Madame Piccaver looked grave as she said, "Go into the bathroom. Alfi is waiting for you." This was serious. When faced with problems of real magnitude Piccaver always retired to the bathroom.

Piccaver was sitting on the edge of the bathtub. He shook hands with Schostal and sighed deeply. He said he was so sorry for Schostal but there was of course nothing he could do, word of honor and so on. As Schostal was about to leave, still wondering why Piccaver had summoned him, the tenor pointed down to the floor, saying, "You've lost something." Schostal bent down and picked up two twenty-schilling bills from under the washbasin. Only after he left, did the claque chief remember that forty schilling was exactly what Piccaver paid him for one evening.

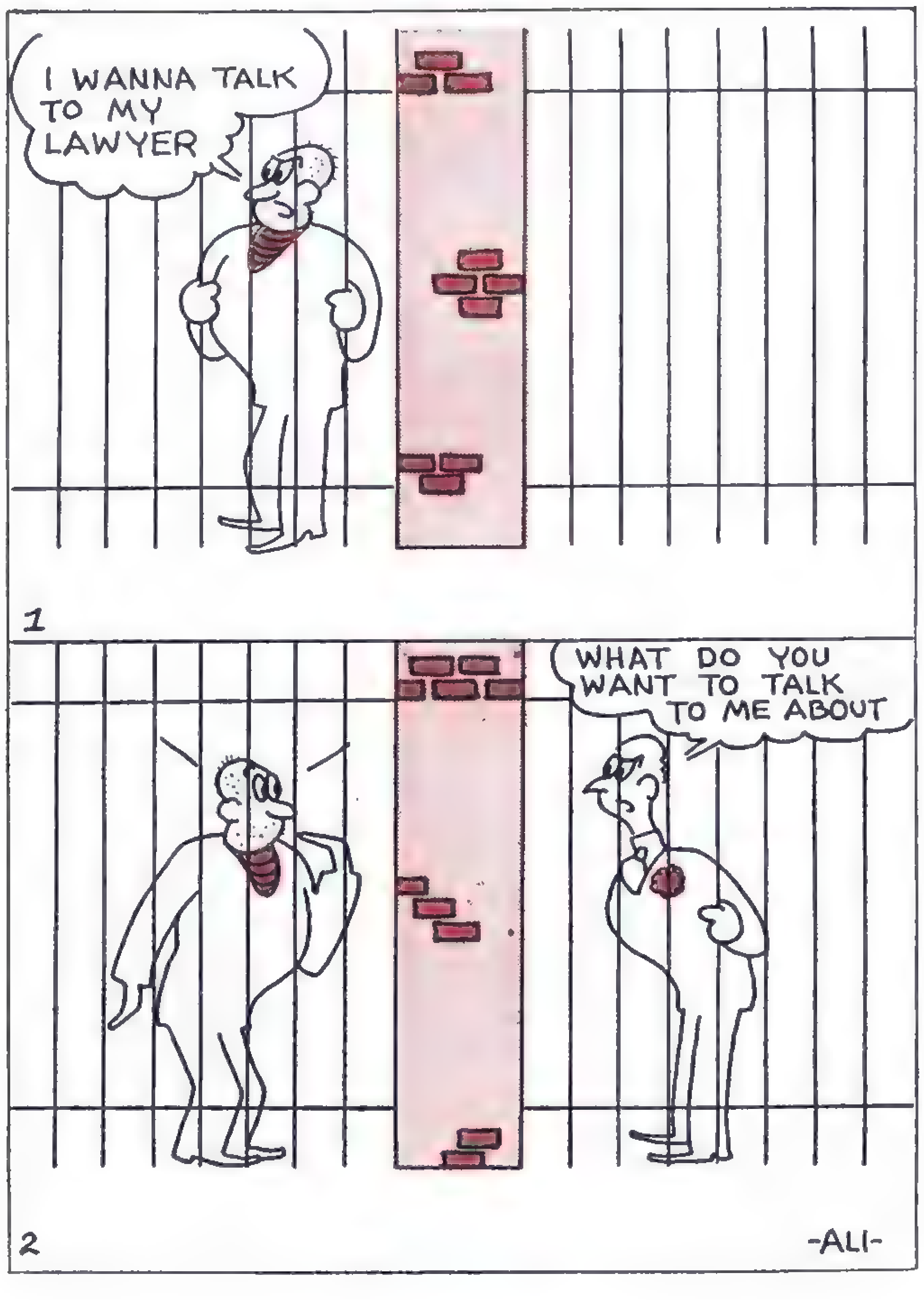
There was tension in the fourth gallery that night when the claque entered, led by Schostal. We didn't lift a finger after the "prologue" in *Pagliacci*, or after Vera Schwarz' air. But after Piccaver's "*Vesti la giubba*" we gave the tenor an ovation that shook the house. The next night they gave *Faust.* None of the singers dared to contact Schostal, "directly or indirectly." "We won't work for any of them," Schostal said. "But after the ballet give all you have. That will stump them."

The performance was uninspired and there was scant applause for the singers, but the ovation for the ballet was deafening. The next morning two divas sent their husbands to renew their pacts with Schostal. The other singers followed, one by one, and the hell with their word of honor.

On a Friday night in 1926, after a dull performance of Richard Strauss' *Die Ägyptische Helena*, two grey-haired, well-groomed gentlemen of the Captain-of-Industry type met Schostal at the Opera foyer and invited him for a coffee to the Café Heinrichshof, across the Ringstrasse. They introduced themselves as the sole Austrian representatives of the automobile firms Lancia, Fiat and Auburn-Cord.

The following afternoon, the Concours d'Élégance, the yearly automobile beauty contest under the auspices of the aristocratic Autoklub, and the outstanding social event of the season, would take place in the Schönbrunn Schlosshof. The three winning cars would get gold ribbons and a great deal of publicity, all of which would be dandy for the automobile firms. Having heard of Schostal's uncanny promotion successes, the gentlemen wondered if he would care to do something for their cars by subtly influencing the judges and the audience at the Schlosshof in favor of Lancia, Fiat and Auburn-Cord.

"Suppose you would bring with you a hundred of your men, well-dressed and sort of aristocratic-looking," the younger Captain of Industry suggested. "A little applause in favor of our cars, as they pass the judges, might work wonders." The older man said that money was no object; they would pay Schostal one thousand schilling and the cost of the men, adding that subtlety had to be the keynote of the operation. It would be disastrous if anybody found out the truth. It was agreed that each of the hundred men would get two schilling and one sandwich as *Wegzehrung* and that the gentlemen would provide for tickets and transportation.


I WANNA TALK TO MY LAWYER
1
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO TALK TO ME ABOUT
2
-ALI-

The two men placed their own limousine and their chauffeur at Schostal's disposal. All night Schostal rode through sleeping Vienna, hiring men for the Concours d'Élégance. Most members of the claque were still drinking beer at the Opern restaurant, passionately discussing the slim chances of immortality of *Die Ägyptische Helena.* They were ordered to be under the Opera arcades the next afternoon at two. A few grumbled, having made dates for the week end, but Schostal threatened to take their names off the list for *Meistersinger*, with Friedrich Schorr, Slezak, Lehmann and Mayr, on Sunday night, unless they would call off their girls and come to Schönbrunn. The men promised to be there, no girl on earth being worth missing a great *Meistersinger* performance. Schostal rode to Piowatti, where some of the claque's regular members were having a late snack, *Würstel mit Kren;* at the Café Lustbader he hired eighteen men, at the moment not looking too aristocratic, wearing pulled-up shirt sleeves and playing billiards; at the Café Central nine men were aroused from their chess game and ordered up for duty. The next morning Schostal was taken to the auto-dealers' showrooms where the two gentlemen showed him the three automobiles selected for the Concours: a sleek, light-blue Fiat, a stunning, longish, black Lancia coupe, and a cream-colored Auburn-Cord. Not an automobile expert, Schostal had the dealers turn on the engines of the cars since he would only recognize them acoustically by the sound of their motors.

At two p.m. two autobuses, hired from the *Gemeinde Wien*, drove on under the arcades. There was a roll call and Schostal made a formal inspection of his men. Some of us, not up to the high aristocratic standard of the occasion, had to be sent back to have our shoes shined and get more discreet ties. The buses stopped at a hidden corner of the Schönbrunn Park and Schostal gave us last-minute instructions. "No rough stuff today," he said. "Give out with inconspicuous but moderately strong applause. Don't forget you are supposed to be part of the upper classes."

We went into the Schlosshof, in small groups, looking blasé, with slightly raised eyebrows, as we thought young men of nobility would look. We sat down right among the élite of Austria's *Hocharistokratie*, Schostal sitting behind a decrepit, old duchess, not far from the top-hatted gentlemen of the jury. The claque chief was nervous. It is one thing to applaud a magnificent performance by Jeritza or Lehmann and another to work for automobiles that sing no high C and would race past us before one could say "*Götterdämmerung*." A few of our men tried to date handsome countesses, and Immerglück, an old member of the claque and an outspoken *Sozialdemokrat*, got into a vehement argument with an expropriated baron.

The first cars drove by and from the bored audience came a trickle of applause. They had an amateurish way of clapping their hands, the gentlemen being afraid of dropping their monocles. The ladies wore long gloves and lorgnettes and applauded, clapping the back of their hands, a sight which drove Schostal almost crazy. The old duchess in front of him, at the sight of an old-fashioned Rolls Royce, broke out into her idea of thundering applause, slightly tapping her umbrella across her handbag. Schostal was terrified. "That's blasphemy," he said. "I could kill her for that."

There was the high-pitched sound of an engine and Schostal sat up straight. "That rhythm," he said. "Like the beginning of the *Walküre* Prelude. That must be the Lancia." A black coupé drove on in front of the jury. Schostal arose and nodded his head, and a sudden, terrific salvo of applause went down on the doddering aristocrats. Two members of the jury woke up from their stupor and the old duchess dropped her umbrella. A cream-colored car was next. Schostal nodded again, and there was another thunderous ovation. People in the audience began to applaud themselves, nothing being so contagious as well-staged applause. Graf Ulrich Kinsky, the President of the Autoklub, turned toward the audience in utter amazement and the jurors were visibly taken aback by the unexpected enthusiasm. By now our men were really warmed up and when the light-blue Fiat appeared, there was the sort of ovation we usually gave when we wanted to force the repetition of an air sung by Slezak or Lehmann. Schostal tried in vain to keep his men from giving a too noisy, proletarian ovation; some men cried "Bravo!" producing a mad, relentless machine gun fire with their hands, and old Immerglück jumped on his seat and cried, "*Hoch Slezak!*" which, he said later, was meant to be "*Hoch Fiat!*" The applause ceased only after two other cars, a Steyr and a Tatra, had passed the judges' stand and Schostal had swung his handkerchief desperately to stop the torrent.

In the face of such unheard-of public acclamation the judges could but award the three gold ribbons to the Lancia, Fiat and Auburn-Cord automobiles, with additional prizes going to the Steyr and Tatra. After the Concours there was a final *Vergatterung* in a hidden corner of the Park. The Captains of Industry, beaming with joy, carried large rolls of silver schillings, and Schostal gave each man two schilling and a large sandwich from a laundry basket. Fourteen were missing at the pay formation, evidently having established promising contacts with the young ladies of the *Hocharistokratie*. Schostal, in a benevolent mood, said they would get their money at night, after the opera performance. We went home through the Schlosspark, eating the *Salamibrote*, throwing away the wrapping paper, among the bewildered stares of barons and countesses. #

In Chicago They Do It Different

Continued from page 37

been a large box and a three-page letter. Kipling's advice had been most helpful. Until Sassoon had started trading with the native chief the supply of necklaces had been very small and the quality wasn't too good. Now the supply seemed inexhaustible and inexplicably Sassoon was the only one who had any to sell. It was generally agreed that he had signed up the native labor on ironclad terms and had discovered some new form of the "speed up."

Every soldier in a radius of six dayrooms was in hock to Sassoon, and his name was brooded upon in the nightly latrine sessions.

Morrie Fineschriber looked up from his sack and shook his head. "Riley, when you get control of the island, please don't charge us too much rent, will you?"

Sassoon nodded happily and started out the door with several necklaces over his arm. His progress was arrested by the sight of the same lieutenant who had summoned him to the colonel's office the day the drought started in the First Three Grader's Club. The lieutenant was sitting in his jeep, tapping his fingers on the steering wheel and glaring at Sassoon.

"Me, sir?" he said timidly. "Did you want me?"

The officer nodded and Sassoon crept toward the jeep.

"What is this?" the lieutenant demanded, handing Sassoon a small, gummed label.

Sassoon held it gingerly and read it slowly as if he had never seen it before: *Made in the U.S.A. by the Chicago and Riley Novelty Company. $3.98.*

"Did you say what is this, sir?" he asked cautiously.

"You know what it is. It was on the necklace I bought from you. The native-made necklace. The necklace you charged me twenty dollars for!"

"I thought I had taken all of them off," Sassoon said to himself.

"Get in, Riley. I think we'll pay a little visit to the colonel."

Sassoon climbed into the jeep and sat, holding himself as far as possible from the officer. He tried to remember whether the colonel had purchased a twenty-dollar or a fifteen-dollar necklace.

The lieutenant helped the colonel pick up the pieces of his splintered swivel chair, while Sassoon remained trembling at attention. It had been very foolish of the lieutenant to tell the colonel all in one breath. In Chicago they cooled off dissatisfied customers with more finesse.

"Obviously," the colonel said, after he had examined his own necklace, "this is one of the genuine necklaces obtained from Moa, the native chief. I wouldn't be fooled—too much experience."

"Of course not, sir," the lieutenant said.

Sassoon began to breathe more normally. The colonel was pretty nearsighted, for which Sassoon said a silent word of thanks to all the regulations, bulletins, directives and unnumbered memoranda the colonel had read in his thirty years service.

The colonel looked once again at the lieutenant's face and at his own necklace lying on the blotter. A slow smile started to rise on his lips, but he quickly bit it off. "Under the circumstances, Lieutenant, I'm afraid that this is clearly a case of *caveat emptor*. The buyer has been to O.C.S. and certainly should know enough to beware of the enlisted man."

The lieutenant reached over the desk and turned the colonel's necklace over. Under the clasp was the same brightly colored label that he had discovered on his own.

"*Caveat emptor*, Colonel?" he said, pleasantly.

The colonel nodded grimly. He had decided, albeit a bit hastily.

"Perhaps it is all right to ignore this man's gouging of his fellow soldiers," the lieutenant said, "but what about the natives? What deal did they get? He's bought up their entire supply to create this monopoly."

The colonel rose and took his cap. "Private Riley, you and I will get your platoon sergeant and go to see Moa, the chief. If your dealings with him have been illegal, you know the result. No furlough. No Private, First Class. Maybe a slight court martial."

"Yes, sir," Sassoon was truly dismal. There could be but one result of a broad daylight investigation.

"I can't understand what Moa would want with money anyway," the colonel said. "He gets enough tobacco now to make him a rich man."

Sassoon gulped. "He made a kind of a coat to wear."

"Out of bills?" The colonel was incredulous.

"They were all ones," Sassoon said eagerly. "Ones go further. I showed him how to stitch them together." Then he grew silent and became apprehensive again. He could see the months stretching out with no furlough, no ring for Connie and no income. It was the saddest day of his Army life.

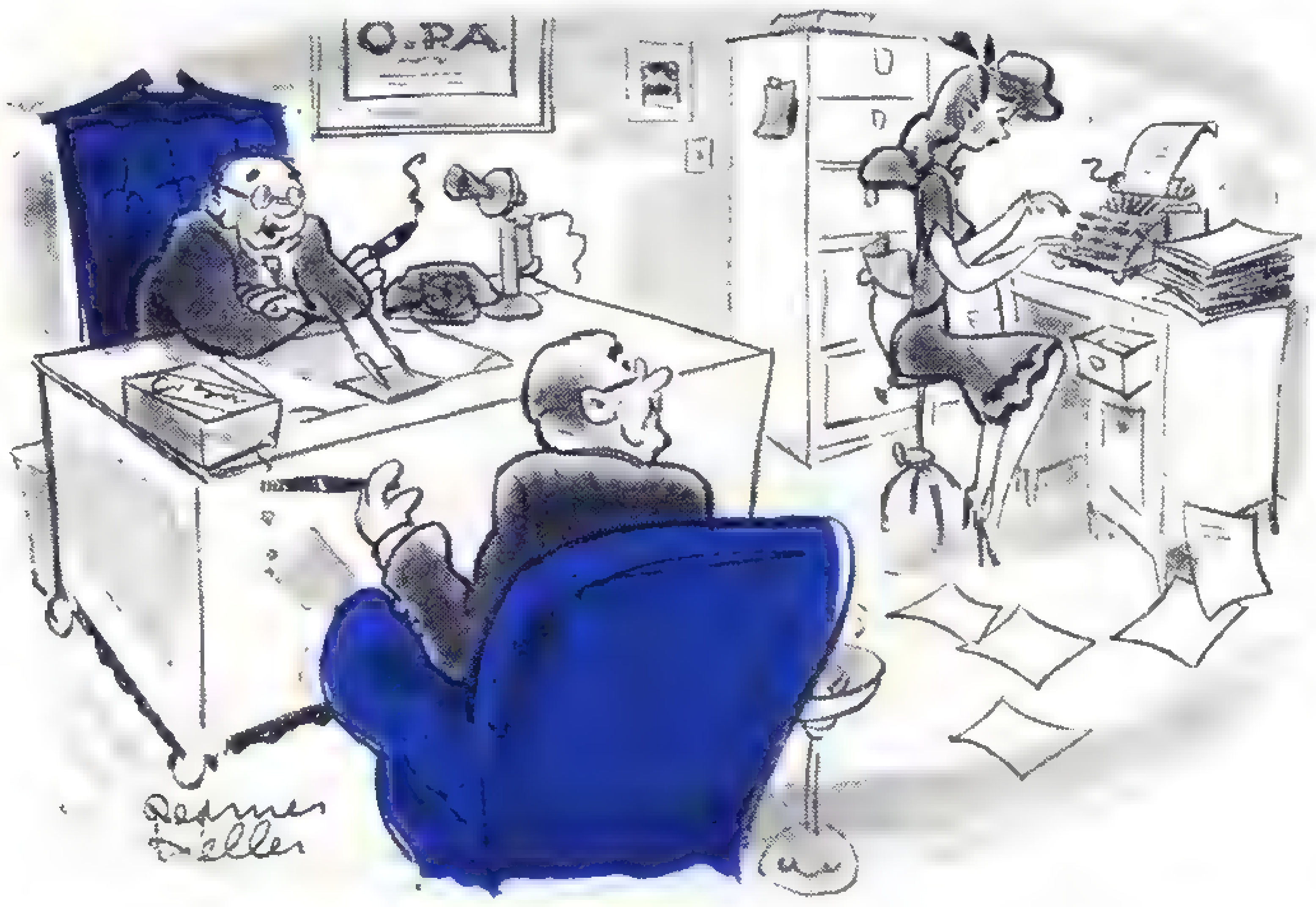
Morrie Fineschriber and Sassoon went down the beach to talk to Moa. The colonel sat stiffly in his staff car, peering at Moa's bright green coat, obviously constructed of paper money.

"Everything seems to be in order, sir," Morrie reported, when they returned. "Moa says that he is satisfied with the money."

"If he is satisfied, I guess that's all," the colonel said. "How he'll ever spend it here on this island is a mystery to me." The driver started the car and Sassoon and Morrie watched it drive quickly away.

"How he'll spend it anywhere is likewise a mystery," said Morrie. "Why I'm loyal to you, a guy who sells the beer out of the mouths of his brothers and defrauds simple men like natives and lieutenants, I know not."

Sassoon felt a warm glow toward Morrie Fineschriber, the man who hadn't told. Furlough, ring and stripe were safe. Morrie read again one of the bills he had picked up in the native hut. The wording was, One Phony Dollar. The Chicago and Riley Novelty Company, Manufacturers of Fine Stage Money. Kipling Riley, President. The portrait was a likeness of Sassoon Riley, except that the left eye seemed to be screwed up in a knowing wink. #



"She's wonderful—she can make a thirty-six page report out of three words"

Irfan Wants a Wife

Continued from page 46

was the icebox. I showed them how it worked, and the ice cubes. When the war is over I'd like to go to Bengal, where these men came from, to sell refrigerators. I'm certain I'd find no sales resistance whatsoever. Finally, their curiosity satisfied, they left.

"Salaam!" I said. "Come see again."

"Salaam! We come!"

And they did, in twos, threes and singly—at seven in the morning, at eleven in the evening, at any odd hour they pleased. Always they brought along some new visitor who had to see with his own eyes an American icebox.

"Sit!" I'd say.

"We sit," would be the reply. And then we'd sit and look at each other until I started conversation by saying, "Salaam. Bala ah-sue me, bun do?"

"Salaam!" they'd reply, and that would go on for five minutes.

Finally they brought around one of their number who spoke quite a bit of English, and told me their story. They had signed aboard British boats in Calcutta. Some had come from villages, one day, two days away. Others were city bred, and several were college boys. In all, they weren't much different, really, than a group of our own boys stranded somewhere in a foreign land.

As one told me, his boat had been torpedoed off the coast of South America. The English captain and crew were taken aboard the German submarine. The Indian seamen were put adrift in boats. The ship was sunk. For twenty days in the lifeboat they fought the wind and the sun. Some of the older men died at sea.

"Finally friendly ship come up," he said. "Me taken on board. I so weak I no stand. But safe—and so I was born again."

I asked him where he lived in India and showed him a map. He placed a finger on a spot in Northern India. Then he closed his eyes and was silent. There was a look of infinite sadness on his face. What his thoughts of home were I could only guess. For a long time he sat. Then he opened his eyes, looked up and smiled.

These seamen received from the British Government for spending money, so I was told, only two dollars a week. The pay due them was held back until such time as they went to sea again. Yet, such being their custom, when paying a visit they always brought a present of something to eat; a package of cookies, an orange, a loaf of bread. I would give them coffee, tea, but best of all they liked a glass of cold milk from the magic icebox. Since I was the elder, they insisted on serving me first. Their good manners were quite overwhelming.

One day they asked me to visit them at their quarters in the Seaman's Y.M.C.A. They had a huge dormitory on the top floor, crowded with row after row of cots. There was only one chair, and since I was the guest it was dusted off for me to sit upon. They all had taken off their ill-fitting American coats and trousers and wore white linen dungarees, with dhotis—bright-colored cloths—wrapped around their waists. Barefooted they sat cross-legged upon the cots, smiled and said, "Salaam!" And so we merrily conversed in words of one syllable.

Leaving, I saw in the hall a row of them kneeling on their prayer rugs, facing east. These Indian seamen making their Mohammedan devotions in one of our Christian Y's, was as pleasant a sight as I've seen in many a day.

There are only some three thousand Indians—exclusive of these stranded seamen—living in this country at present, mostly merchants, but there is a colony of farmers in California. The other are students, teachers and writers. They are not permitted to become citizens. Often because of their dark color, though the Indians belong to our Caucasian race, while traveling in the South they are mistaken for Negroes and treated as such. So, below the Mason and Dixon Line the Indian women always wear native dress and the men put on turbans. But the seamen I knew were all British subjects.

There was one who came to see me oftener than the rest, always bringing a gift of food purchased out of his two dollars. He didn't speak a word of English. He'd sit quietly for an hour or so, rise, bow and go his way. One day he paid me a special visit bringing with him the interpreter. I offered them a glass of beer.

The interpreter told me that Moslems do not touch intoxicating liquor, as it is written, "Let not the first drop pass your lips." But Irfan—that was my guest's name—was a smart man. He took the glass of beer, dipped his finger in, flicked the first drop upon the floor and, obeying the letter of the law, drank the beer.

Then, after the usual "Bala-ah-sue me, bun do?" the interpreter said, "Irfan is no friend."

I wondered what I had done wrong. Obviously something. But the interpreter explained:

"You older than Irfan," he said. "He younger. Only men same age say, 'friend.' You elder—so Irfan says you his American father—he your Indian son."

I was told henceforth the correct thing to do was to address him as son, and he would reply, "Ah-me bala ah-sue, baba," meaning, "I am very well, father."

I said I was flattered and honored to have Irfan adopt me as his American father. He was forty-nine, and my years being such had he really been my son, it would have happened when I was at the tender age of four. I felt pretty good about it.

That Irfan had a scheme up his sleeve never once dawned on me. Having heard my word of acceptance of Irfan as my son, they went on their way. But the next morning, bright and early, they were back. At seven o'clock the doorbell rang. I wanted another hour's sleep at least. But I admitted my son and his interpreter.

"You sit!" I said, indicating chairs in the living room.

"We sit."

"You sleep," I then suggested.

"We sleep!"

Immediately they both closed their eyes. I went back to bed for another hour's rest. When my wife came into the living room she received quite a jolt finding two Indian seamen sound asleep. But they never opened their eyes nor made a murmur until I got up at my usual hour. They had breakfast with me and then the interpreter got down to business.

He said, "You American father—Irfan, Indian son. India rule is that father always gets wife for son. So you get wife for Irfan!"

"Salaam!" I said.

"Irfan say he no want go back boat. No like boat. No like British. Irfan say America good. Irfan like America. He stay here in America, get wife, get job, work here rest of his life until he get tired. He stay America with wife and no go back British boat."

The interpreter continued, "India rule is that wife bring husband two thousand rupees. You find wife with two thousand rupees for Irfan, he start business and become American citizen. Irfan married before. He good husband. Very good man."

They sat waiting for my reply. There was no doubt of Irfan's years of wisdom, experience and charms. Yet I wondered how many American women would be willing to pay two thousand rupees for a really good husband.

The interpreter explained further, "India rule is also wife come and spend month with Irfan. If at end of month Irfan no like wife, she go back home."

"Does Irfan keep the two thousand rupees?" I asked.

The interpreter chatted a bit with Irfan, who nodded in the affirmative. My understanding of the custom in India is that the husband under these circumstances returns the dowry. But Irfan had been here long enough to have ideas of his own about American big business. If he didn't like the first wife I found for him—and my guess would be he wouldn't—it would then be up to me to find another. In time I could see Irfan as a very rich and much experimentally married man.

I promised Irfan I would see what could be done about it. So far I have not met with success. I go on searching for a wife for Irfan, and I presume the offer is still open. But I haven't seen Irfan now for over a year.

Perhaps his not coming to see me is due to a cause other than my failure to find a wife for him.

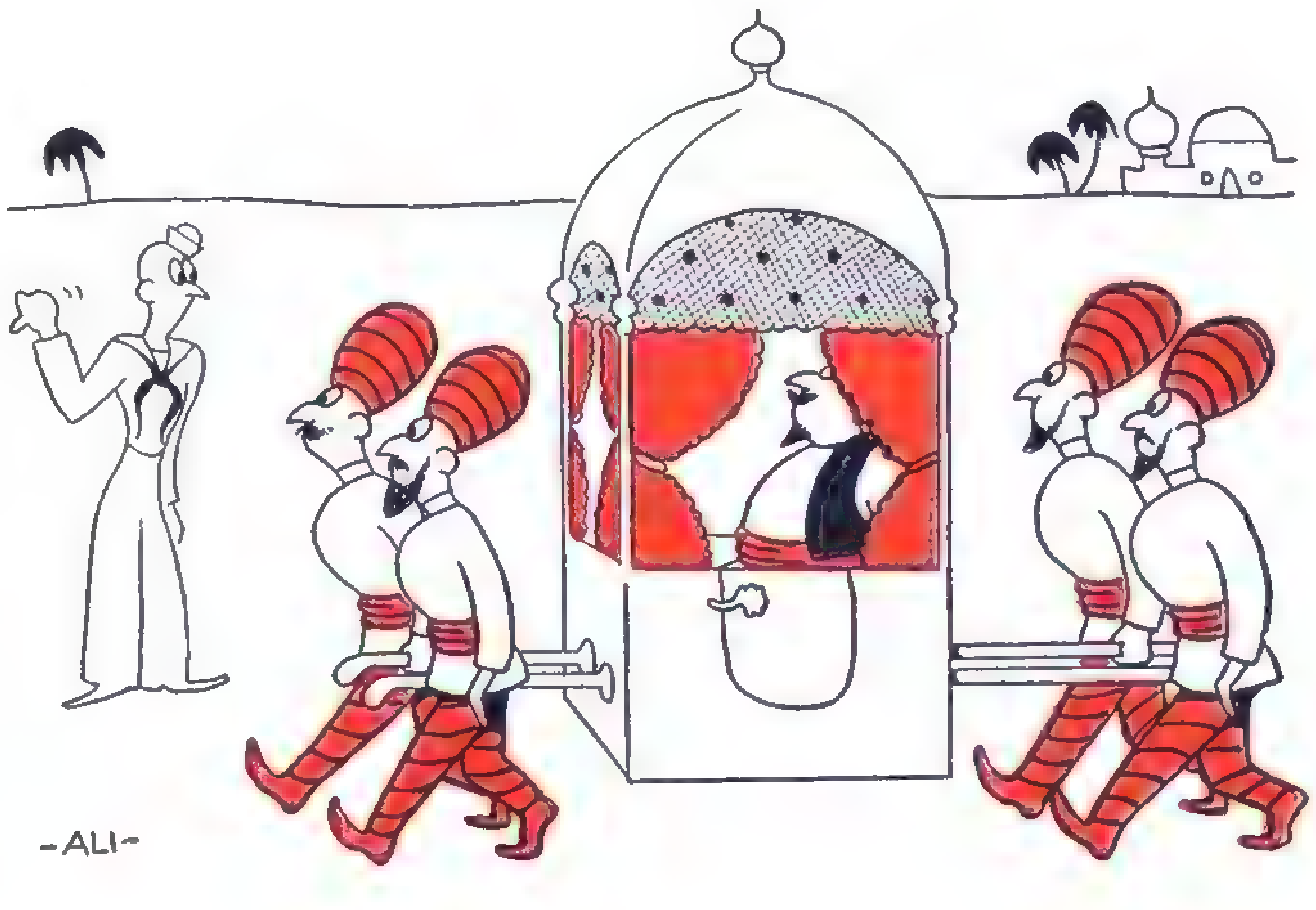
He and the interpreter came to see me one day, and I was told, "Irfan go E-lease Eye-lan."

I think he meant Ellis Island. I asked, "Why?"

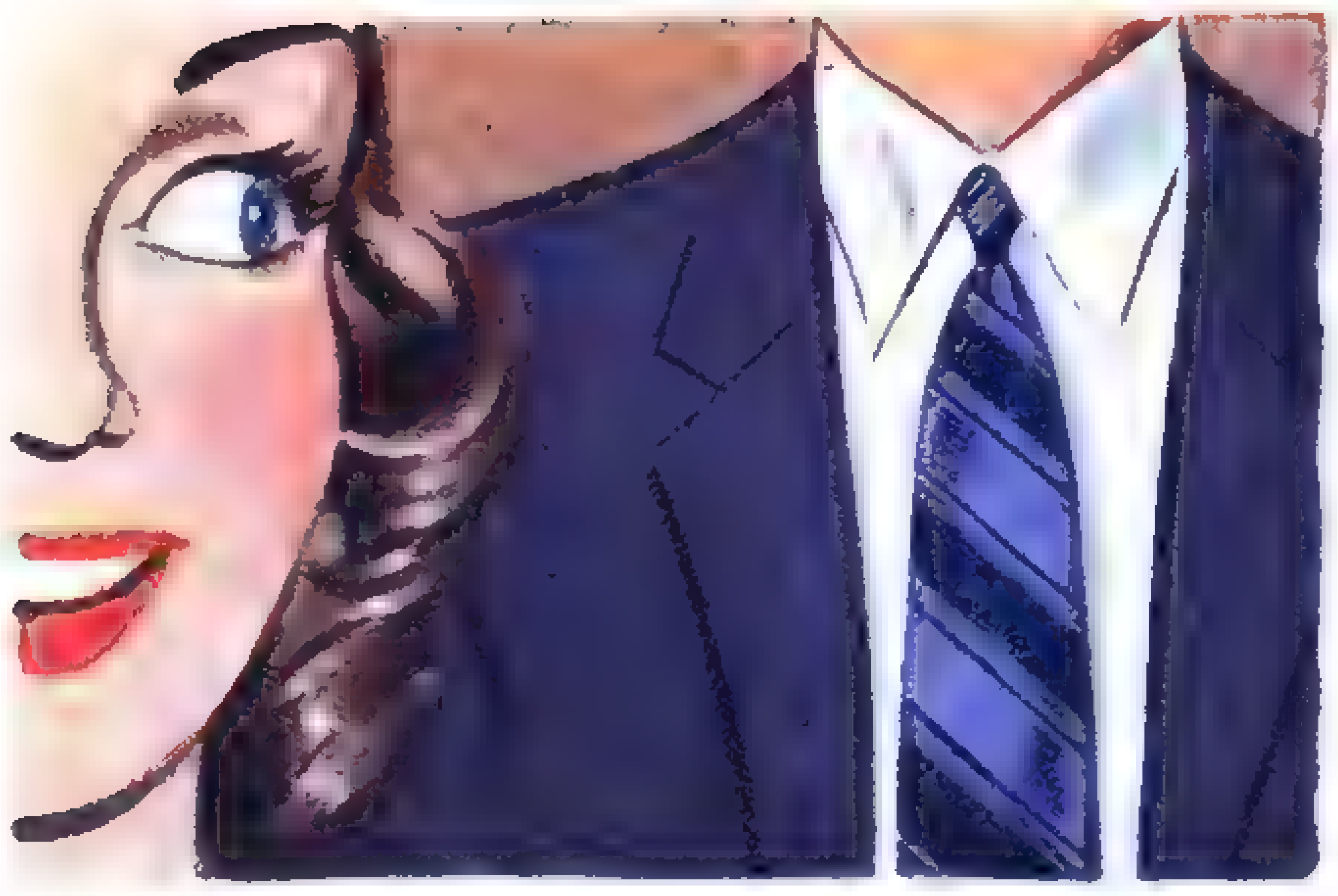
I was told, "Irfan no like boat. No go back British boat. British say no go boat go E-lease Eye-lan. Irfan go and sit."

It wasn't long after that that Irfan stopped coming to see me. For a time there was a canteen in the neighborhood for these seamen, conducted by friends of India. But the British Government closed it down, and opened a canteen of its own uptown. The seamen I knew were moved to quarters near-by. Perhaps they are still there. Perhaps they have all, like Irfan, gone to "E-lease Eye-lan." I don't know.

But I do know they aren't around our part of town any more. We miss them, for they were friendly, polite, and it was a pleasant sight seeing these men of India walking our streets and observing for themselves, at firsthand, freedom in a democracy. I often wonder what they really thought. I wonder, too, if Irfan is sitting on Ellis Island, waiting for peace so he can go back home to his village in Bengal. If he is there the only way to get him out, I suppose, is for me to find him an American wife with two thousand rupees and make Irfan an American citizen. Any offers?



Anybody know a good talent scout?



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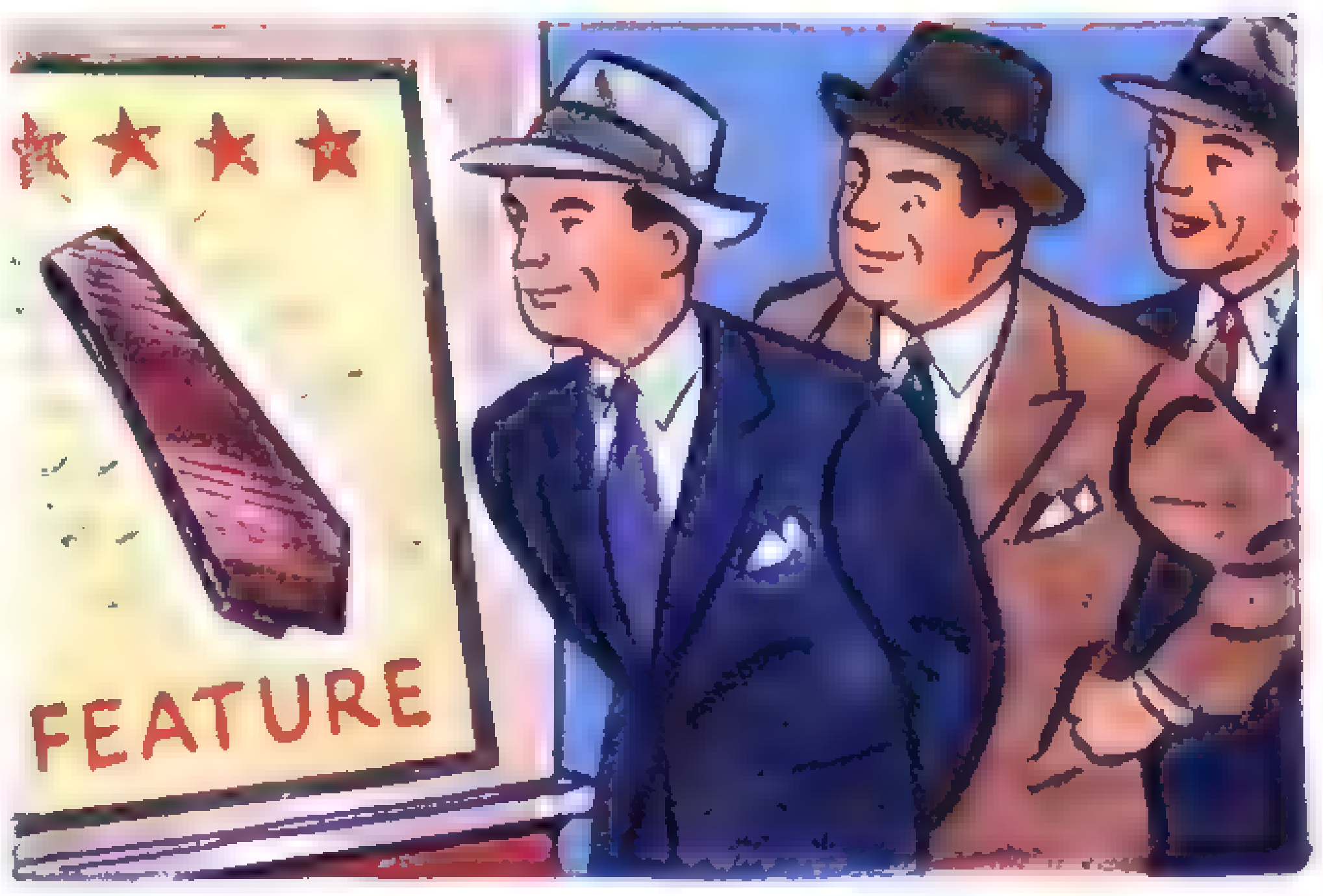

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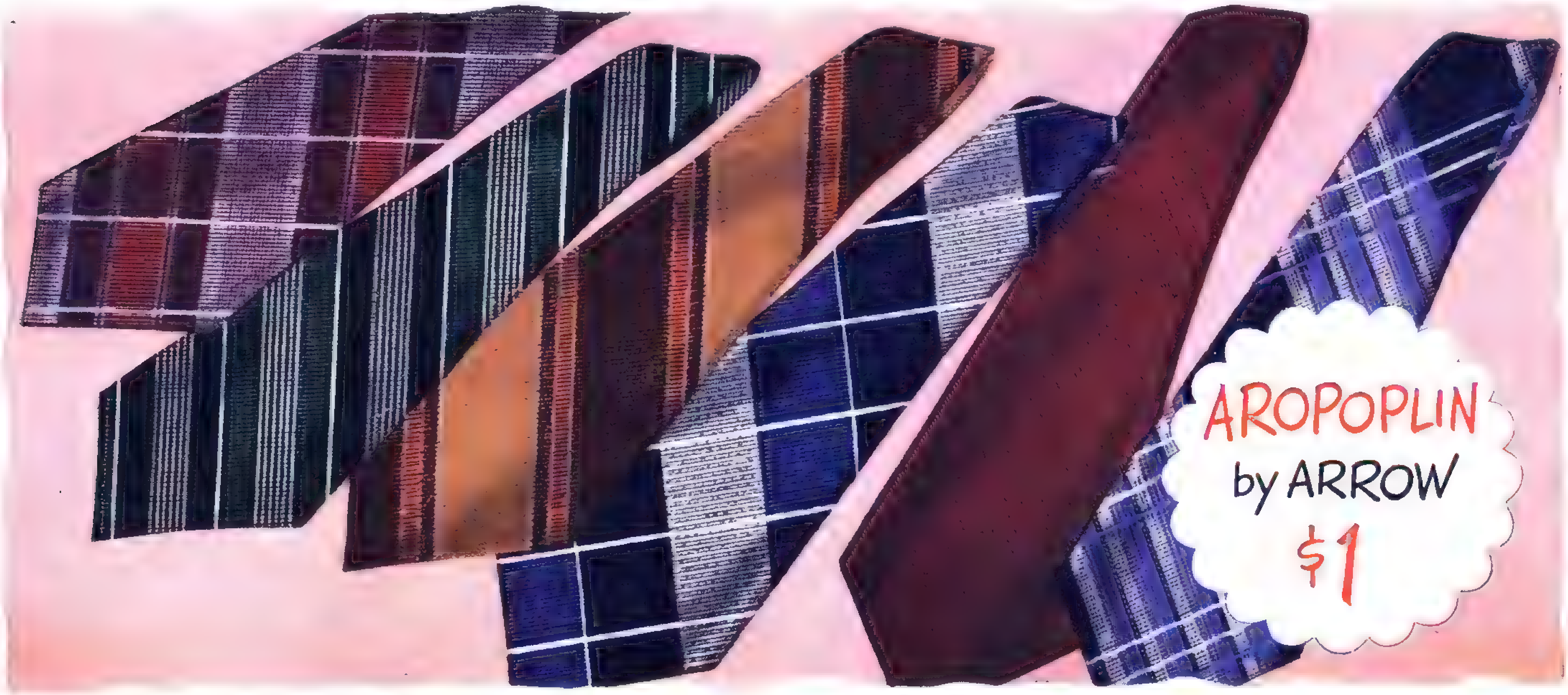
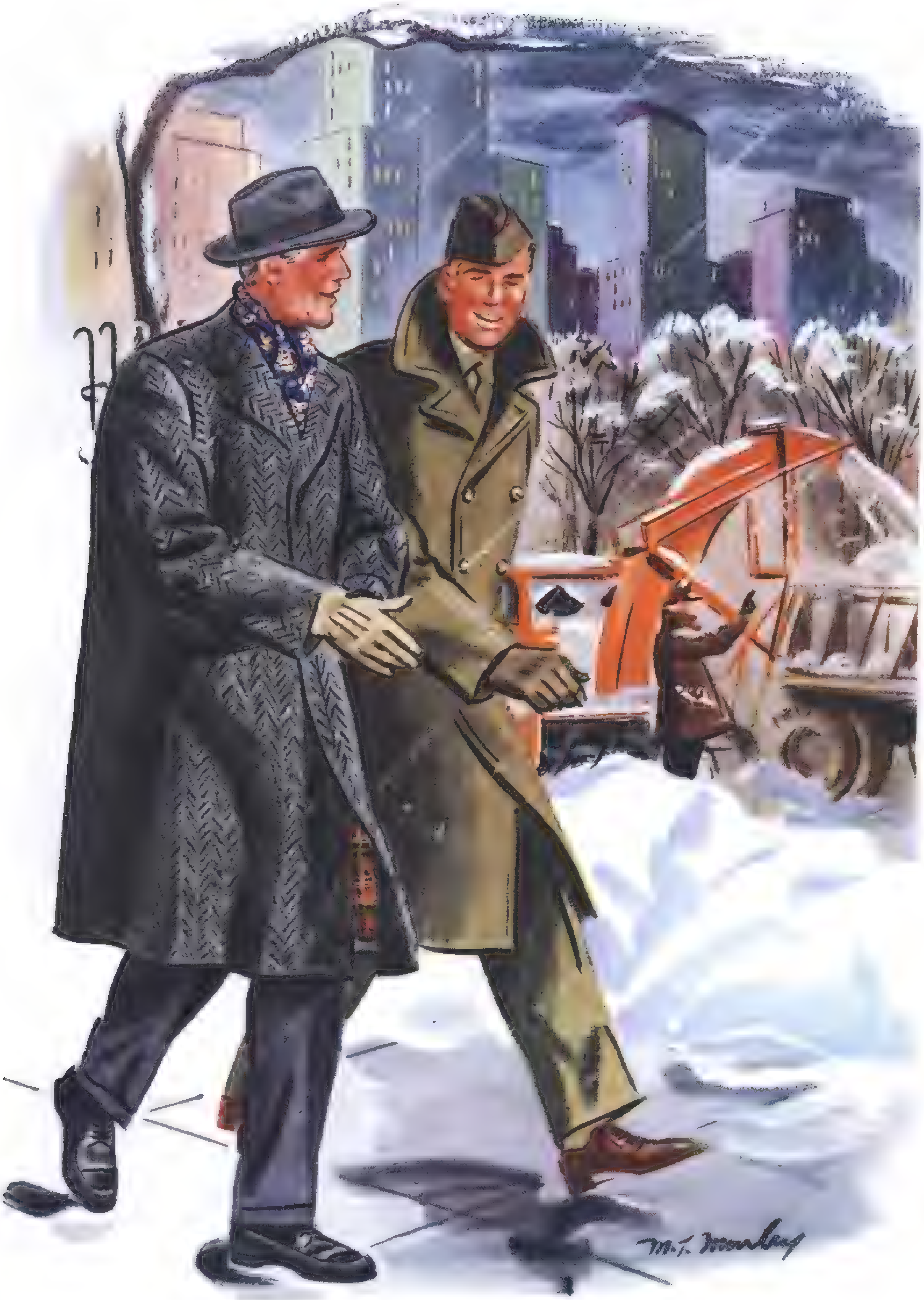
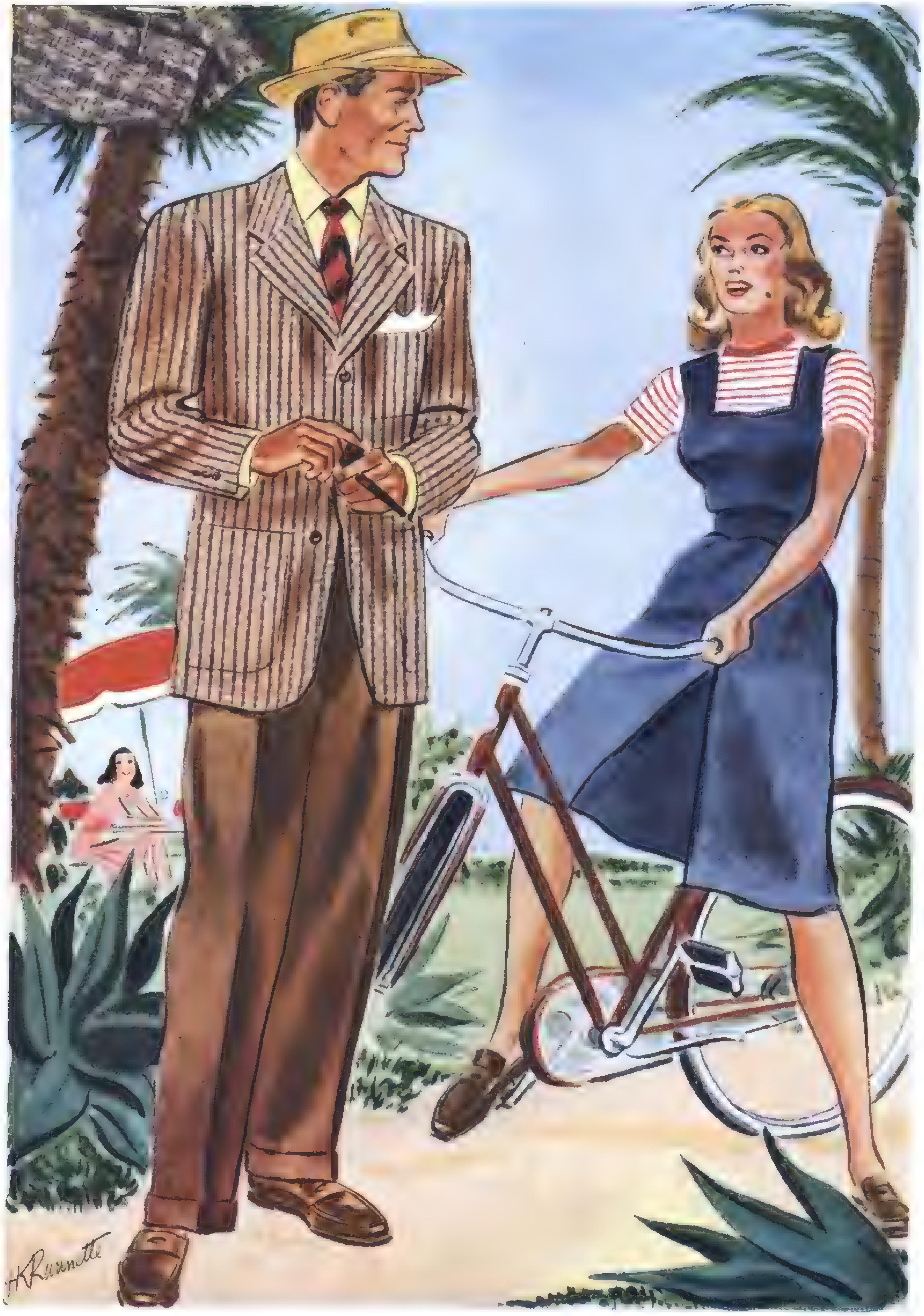




de-icer, city model

One of the minor marvels of the big city is the way they mechanically remove snow before it has a chance to turn into ice. One scraper shoves the snow into piles and another piece of equipment chews it up and tosses the snow upon a waiting truck. One way of keeping man from winter chills is to select clothes sensibly. This civilian's formula makes sense. His blue-grey woolen overcoat is of a plaid back fabric, a current revival. It's a fly-front model with slash pockets and set-in sleeves, finished plain. The rayon muffler is marked with printed spaced figures. His bluish grey snap brim hat carries a welt edge. The Kerry Blue suit shows an overplaid design which is on the upbeat. The pattern is formed with dotted stripes just like the conventional chalk stripes in light tone against a darker background. Also worn are blucher shoes, rubbers and wool lined gloves which are popular.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



eureka, I have found it

In case you are not up on mottos of states, this heading is California's. A lot of things have been found there. Officially the Golden State, it is the land of sunshine, movies and planes. Don't think we will say that the man in the drawing found the babe on the bike in this state. No, he has found comfort in the casual clothes of California styling. His jacket is a new version that has the loose casual lines of the model that has enjoyed such wide popularity. It, however, has the conventional notched collar rather than that like a sport shirt. It has three patch pockets and the back is roomy. The fabric, a soft tweed, shows blue stripes on tan. The swatch in upper left corner is in the same family of fabrics. The tan cloth hat has related characteristics of casualness. Against the yellow shirt is worn a foulard tie. Slacks are garbardine and slippers the brown moccasin type.

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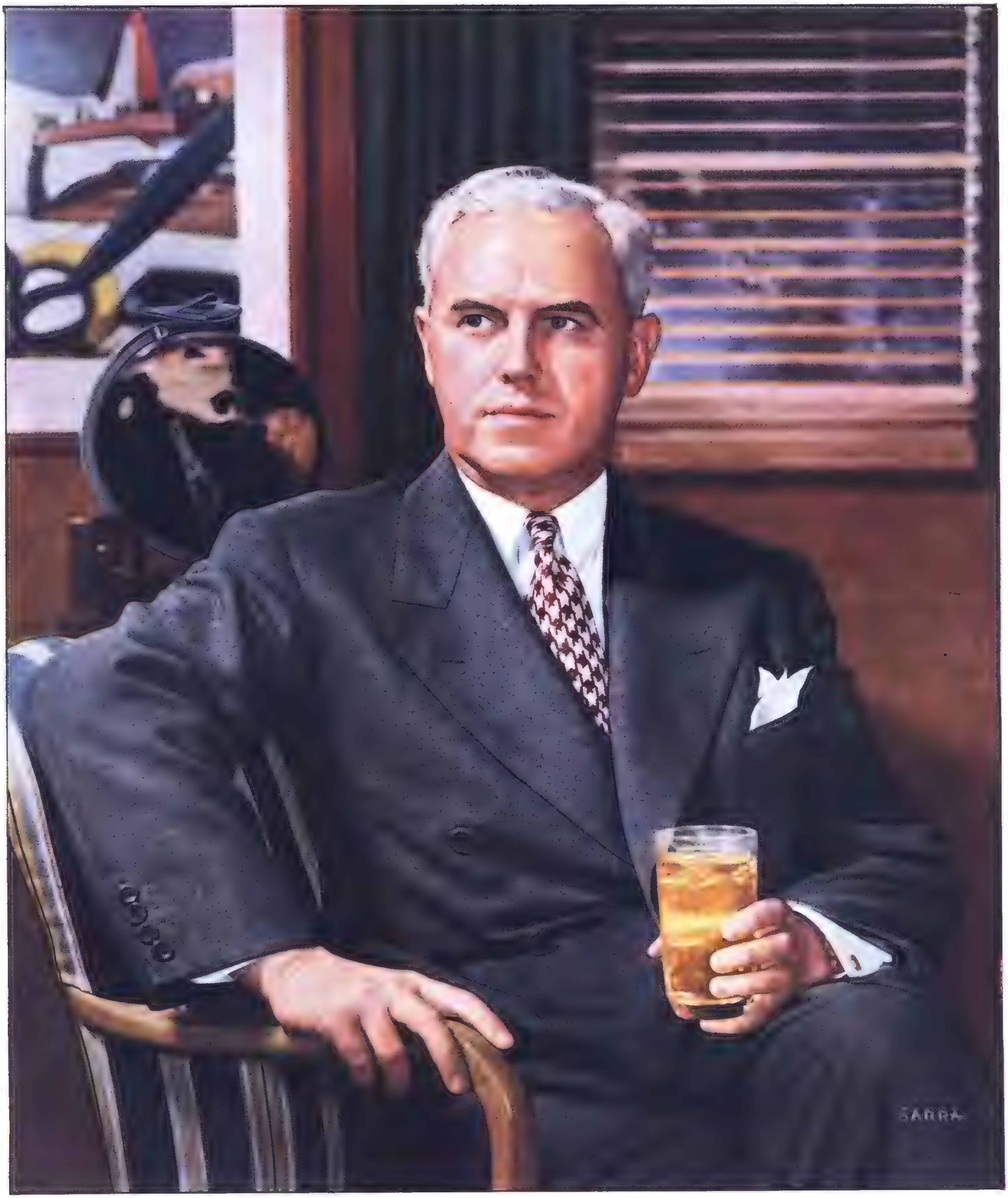

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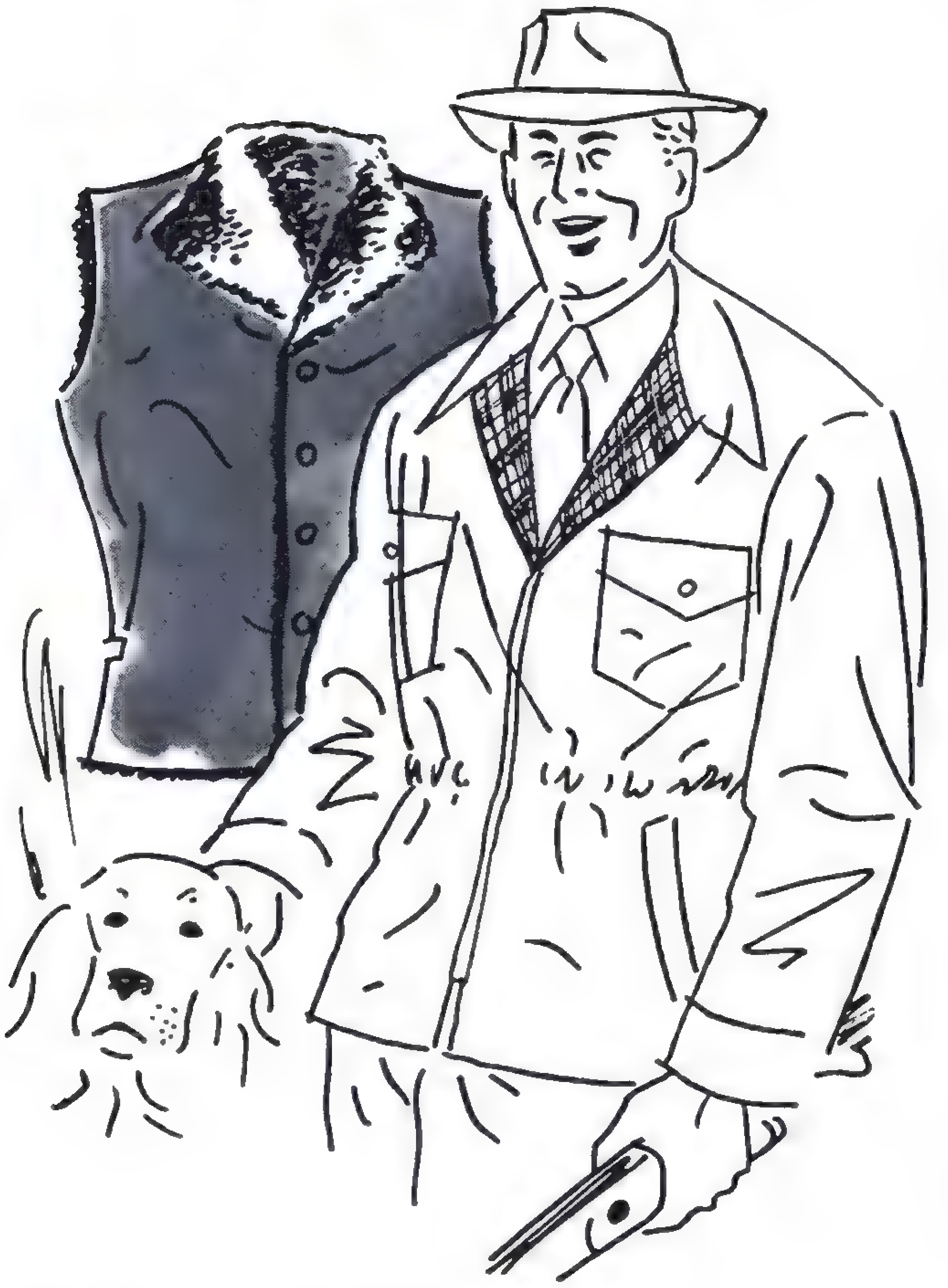
Lined for Comfort

How the military plan, using layers of fabrics, is applied to civilian cold-weather wear

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**
WEARABLES



That the American Armed Forces are the best clothed of any military service in the world is true because the Quartermaster Corps conducted intensive experiments before any uniforms were authorized. Fabrics and garments were tested under all conditions.

One conclusion, with a bearing on civilian dress, is the principle that layers of different fabrics furnish protection against cold, wind, sleet and snow. Garments for ski troopers are cut according to this doctrine. The outer fabric, processed cotton, is closely woven to resist moisture and wind. Under this outer shell the lightest, most frugal insulation is dead-air space. For trapped air creates warmth.

Thickness of fabrics affects the thermal insulating properties. Among the most widely used is alpaca pile, which has fibers extending from one side of the fabric, giving a furry appearance. Its depth provides a dead-air area between the fibers, and its light weight is practical for its active wearers. Extra garments are added for extremely cold conditions. A sentry in Alaska, for example, puts a wind-proof parka over a pile-fabric parka which, with his special uniform, gives protection at forty or fifty degrees below zero.

As this idea has proved sound for the Armed Forces, many civilians' garments follow the principle of layers. The processed cotton waistcoat with alpaca lining is a favorite for outdoor wear as well as in low-temperature rooms.

The all-purpose sport jacket, designed along lines of the Army field jacket, also shows the military influence. The processed cotton shell, drawn above, has a plaid wool lining that serves as an insulator. This jacket, made with a slide fastener closure, has four pockets. A draw cord at the waist retains the dead air required for warmth.

The pile-fabric-lined coat, which emerged at football games, has become a "must" for many men.

New linings have also resulted from military findings. One has sleek, rayon-satin facing on one side and wool fleece on the other. In overcoats, the smooth side slips on easily; the wool fleece does the insulating. For the same reasons, quilted linings are gaining in acceptance. ###

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All-American Jazz Ballot, 1945

Continued from page 29

pages. Oscar Moore, of the King Cole Trio, occupied the same winning spot last year. Slam Stewart, our new bass winner, was with Tatum's trio until a few months ago, and was recently cast for the Broadway musical, *Glad to Meet You.* Dave Tough, elected as one of the best musicians in service last year, received a medical discharge and has been with Woody Herman's band. Harry Carney, whose baritone sax earned him a slot in the "miscellaneous instruments" division, plays with Ellington. Joe Turner, whose blues singing is heard on records by Tatum, Joe Sullivan and others, has been teamed lately with boogie-woogie pianists Ammons and Johnson. Billie Holiday returned to records in 1944 (Commodore, Decca) after two years' absence. Billy Strayhorn, Ellington's brilliant staff arranger, wrote *Take the A Train, Chelsea Bridge* and many of the best pieces of Ellingtonia since 1939. Count Basie is a pianist who started a band in Kansas City and brought his *One O'Clock Jump* to New York and civilization at large in 1936. Willie Smith, former alto saxman with Charlie Spivak and Jimmie Lunceford, received a medical discharge from the Navy since the ballot closed and then joined Harry James.

Our New Stars team includes many youngsters of whom you will hear more. Dizzy Gillespie, creator of a highly esoteric trumpet style, is the most widely-copied instrumentalist to emerge in recent years. He is musical director of the Billy Eckstine band. Bill Harris, featured for awhile with Bob Chester and Benny Goodman, came to greater prominence with Woody Herman during 1944. Also with Herman are two other new stars, tenor saxman Flip Phillips and bassist Chubby Jackson. The latter was partner to our Gold Award winner, Oscar Pettiford, in a two-bass team featured with Charlie Barnet's band in 1943.

Herbie Fields, winner on alto, is also a talented tenor, soprano, clarinet and vocal man, and led his own band during most of 1944.

Aaron Sachs and Remo Palmieri were both discovered by Red Norvo and have recorded with him; Palmieri has also been featured on the Mildred Bailey broadcasts. Eddie Heywood leapt into the limelight with his sextet's record of *Begin the Beguine* by Commodore. Specs Powell is another Red Norvo alumnus who worked with Raymond Scott's CBS band last year. Ray Nance, nicknamed "Floor Show" by his boss, Duke Ellington, plays violin and trumpet, sings and dances. Eddie Vinson is the gravel-voiced blues moaner who has made several of Cootie Williams' records top sellers lately. Anita O'Day, one of the few truly original song stylists of the past few years, was first prominent in the Gene Krupa band, but spent most of 1944 with Stan Kenton's aggregation.

The election of Johnny Thompson as the new arranging star has a touch of irony: Johnny is a staff writer for the band whose music is anathema to so many critics—Harry James'! Lionel Hampton, the vibraharpist, has a four-year-old band which has achieved fantastic success this past year; his famous version of *Flying Home* helped him shoot upward. Mel Powell is overseas with Major Glenn Miller's Air Corps unit.

Why didn't Harry James and Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey win anything?

I'm glad you asked that. It brings me to the point that this ballot is based on musical values, *not* on commercial success. Some winners happen to be rich and famous, like Benny Goodman, and others happen to be more or less unrecognized. Fame and fortune don't always follow a musician's creation of great jazz. That's why Jimmy Dorsey, who's a fine musician but not the world's greatest saxman, gave way to Johnny Hodges and Benny Carter; that's why the Oscar Moores, Roy Eldridges and Joe Turners came out on top, while the Jameses, Spivaks and Dorseys, who spent relatively little time playing true jazz, were left in the cold.

Further, our experts are free from race prejudice. In polls in which jazz fans do the voting, the majority of winners is usually white. In our ballot the overwhelming majority is Negro; not because anybody is anti-white or pro-Negro, but because most of the great jazzman today happen to be colored.

It's nice to recall that Edmond Hall, reading last year's winner list (which did not include him) commented: "This is the fairest, best poll I've ever seen; it will really tell people who are the great musicians. I can find no fault with any of the results."

Praise like that, coming from the musicians themselves, makes us proud and happy. The musicians we've selected as the world's greatest have worked hard for this recognition. We hope you, the Esquire reader, will reciprocate by following their careers and showing that our belief in them hasn't been in vain. ##

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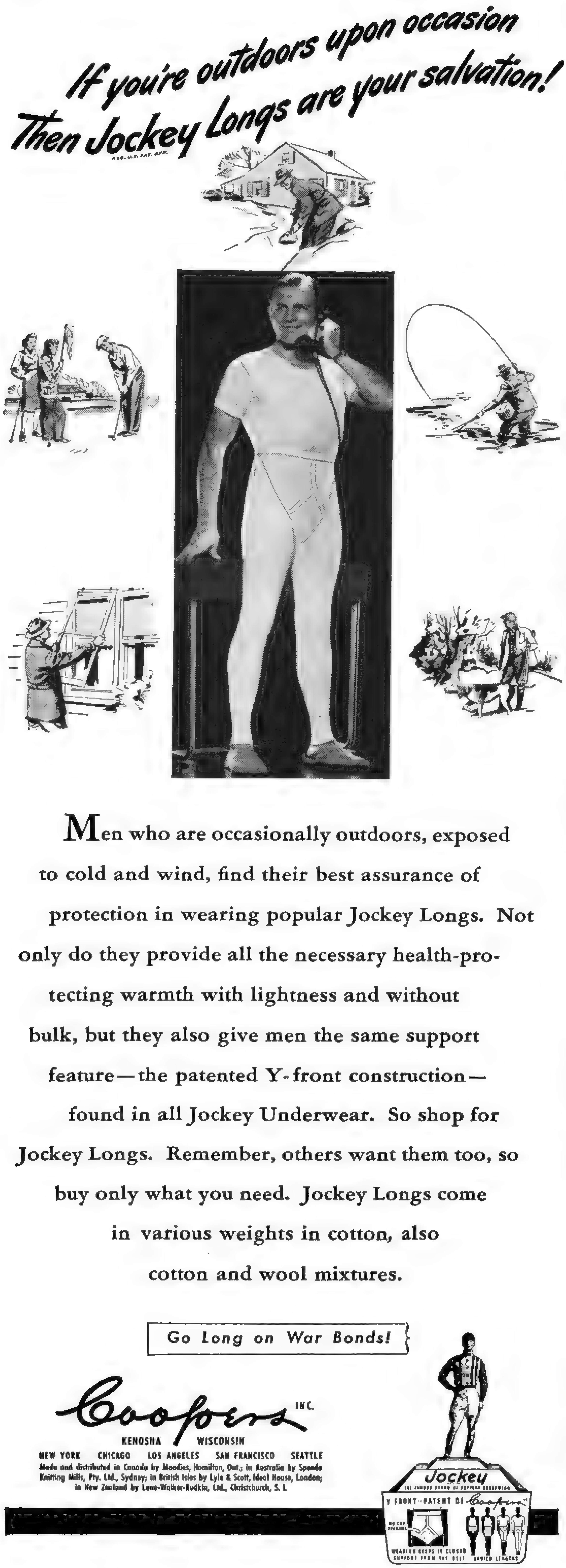

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Down to the Fire in 'Chutes

Continued from page 60

by the end, for letting the parachutist down to the ground should he land in a tree or a "snag." The regular, nineteen-pound parachute pack attached to the harness at his back was supplemented by a thirteen-pound emergency pack attached to the webbing across his stomach. There were gloves to protect the hands from rope burns, tree branches and other hazards.

While the complex job of "suiting up" went on in the hot sun, Dick Johnson went over to the brown-painted ranger station to get his flying orders. Two lookout towermen, on different peaks, one four and the other thirteen miles from the fire, had spotted the smoke after a dry lightning storm the night before. They had taken compass bearings and radioed them to the station. By the intersection of the compass lines on the map the ranger had fixed the blaze at a point on Cub Creek, eleven miles by air from Moose Creek and twenty-five by trail and mountain climbing.

Men in dungarees now removed the door of the plane. They stowed in the cabin four packs of tools and supplies for the "smoke-jumpers," each with a folded burlap parachute attached. In each pack were shovels, axes, "pulaskis" and knives, sleeping bags, two days' ration of the Army emergency type, water canteens, first-aid kits, flashlights and high frequency radio sets.

By that time the four "smoke-jumpers" were ready. Clumsy in their suits and equipment, they waddled to the plane wide-legged. Getting one foot on the rung of the ladderlike step below the door, each had to be hoisted and shoved into the cabin. Allen, with only an emergency 'chute on his back, climbed in, followed by Ranger Gundersen and his assistant ranger, Herb Wilkerson. At 10:38, pilot Johnson lifted the tri-motor from the runway and headed her up through the shadows of the canyon. Presently she was again in the sunlight, over the peaks and timbered draws.

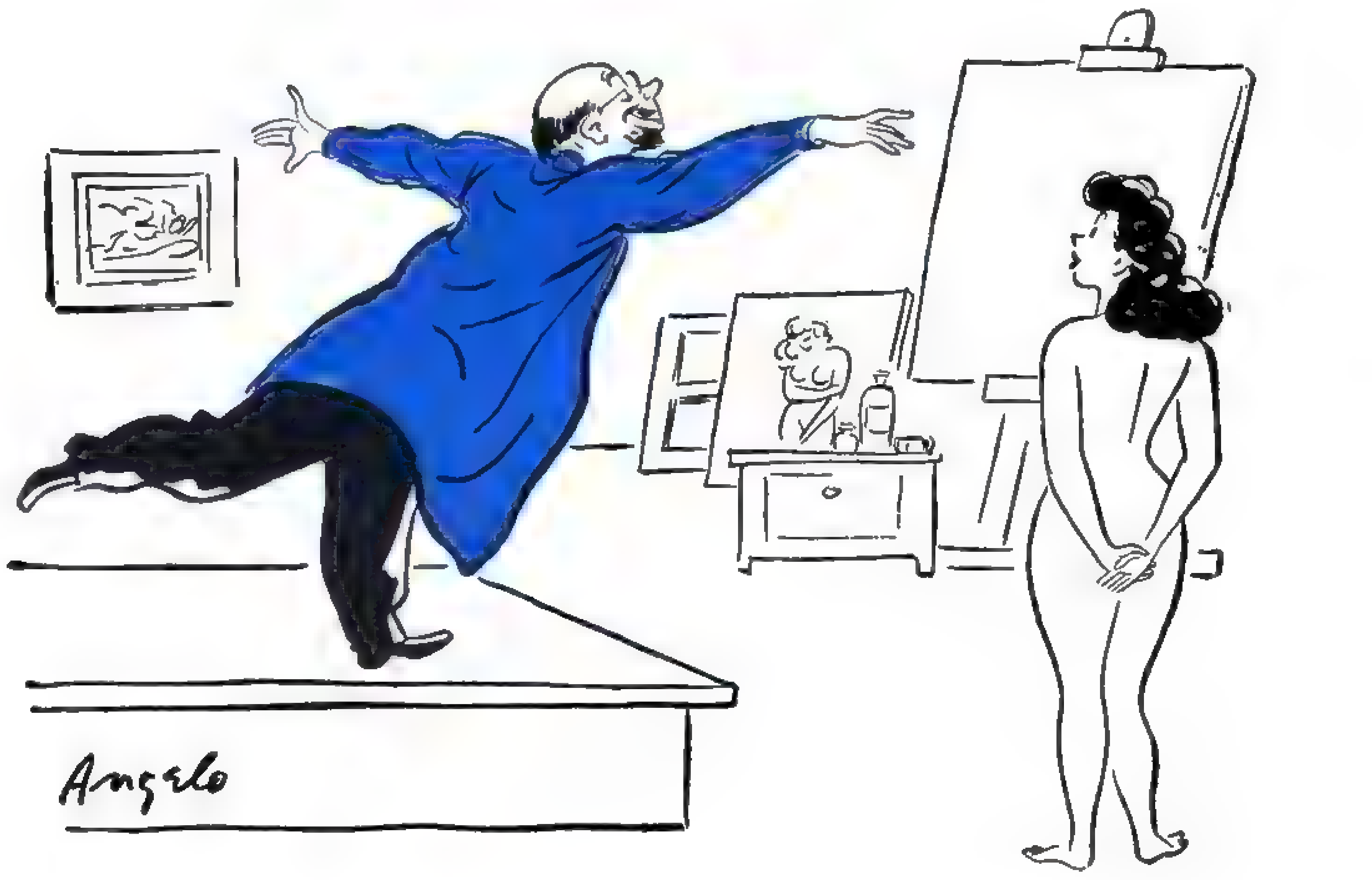
The four "smoke-jumpers" sat side by side on a bench opposite the open door. They were John Shipp of Harrisonburg, Virginia: Bob Cochran, of Kooskia, Idaho; Emory Garber, of Ripon, California, and Ralph Spicer, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. They sat still and pensive. Only Bob Cochran, a tall blond of twenty, took off his mask and helmet and held them in his lap. Sweat gathered on his forehead; he looked pale and preoccupied. At times he stared with puckered brows at the mile after mile of high mountain country passing, as on a cinema screen, beyond the doorway. Gundersen and Wilkerson crowded forward, looking through the pilot's cabin for "the smoke." Allen, the ex-Marine, squatted beside the four "smoke-jumpers."

The keen-eyed Johnson sighted the fire at 10:54. "Thar she blows, lads." Allen crossed to the door and braced himself against the jamb to look out. Everyone looked out and down, everyone except the "smoke-jumpers."

The fire was in an old burn, about fifty yards up a rounded slope from Cub Creek at the bottom of an open canyon. Like millions of acres of old burns in this country's forests, it was a fire-devastated area with brush growing up in a maze of fallen trunks of trees. Flames spurted up and smoke rolled from the fire in the dry down timber. A few blackened snags—burned dead trees—still were standing. To the right, beyond the edge of the burn, was a good stand of pine-fir timber forest, as green and dark as the burn was brown and dry. With the hot, dry conditions, all that was needed to spread the fire into the forest was a rising wind.

Zero hour for the "smoke-jumpers" on the bench was at hand. As the plane circled the fire, Allen began dropping from the door ten-pound sacks of sand with small parachutes attached so that he might judge the wind drift. Johnson dropped the plane down to 500 feet above the fire to get an accurate estimate of the true altitude of the spot to be "hit," so that he could be sure of being at the right elevation—over 1,000 and below 1,200 feet—when the jumpers took off. Allen and John-

Continued on page 106



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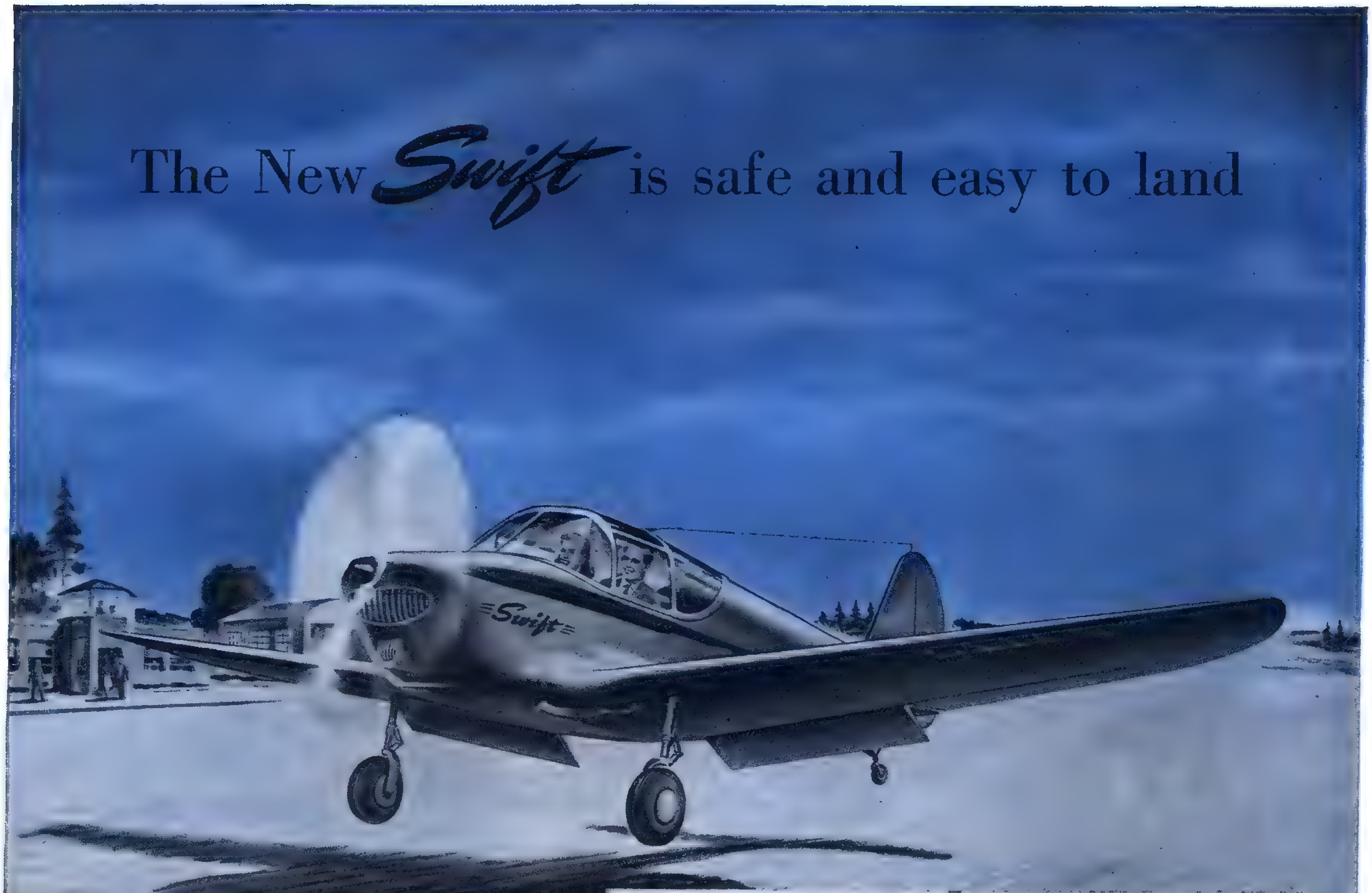

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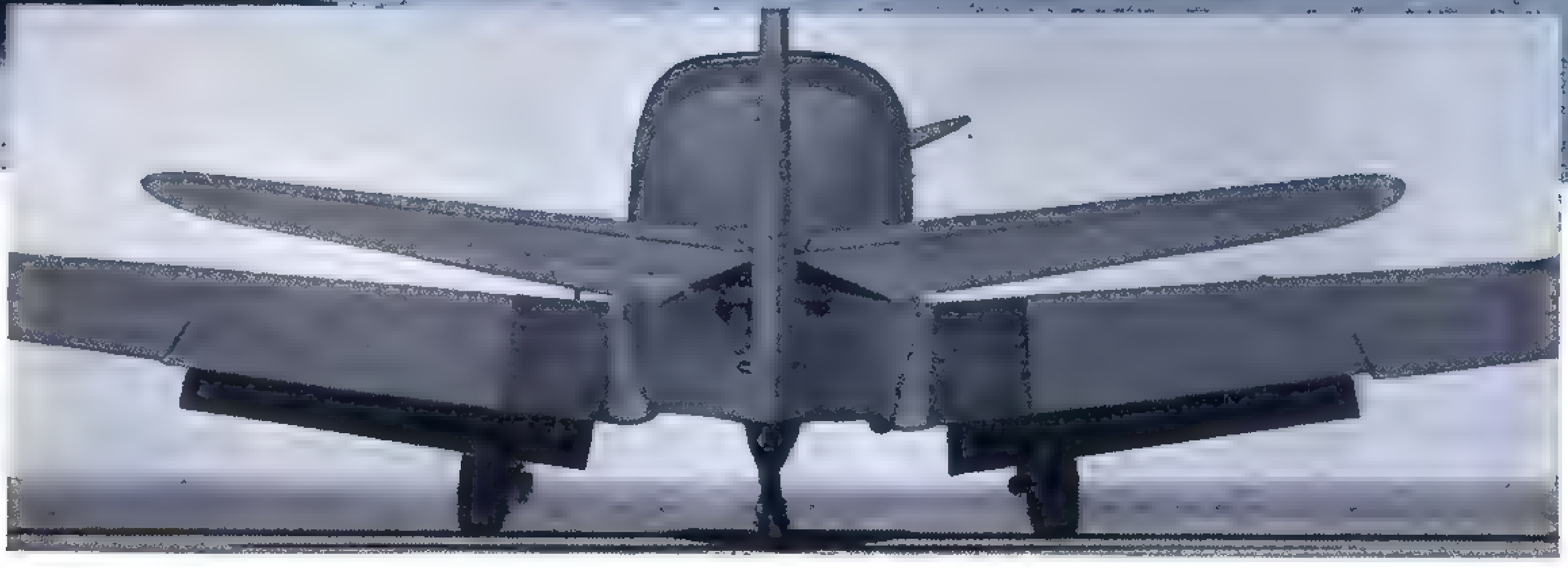

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Down to the Fire in 'Chutes

Continued from pages 60-104

son signaled constantly, each with a hand. Finally these preliminaries were done. The plane nosed up the canyon, past the fire, turned beautifully in the gorge, and shaped a course for the lower edge of the burn.

Allen beckoned to the jumpers. From the bench John Shipp took two quick steps, grasped a side of the doorway with each hand, knelt on one knee, and thrust the other foot out until his heavy hobnailed shoe rested on the rung of the step outside. Allen detached an end of the webbed strip from Shipp's parachute. The strip ended in a stout metal catch and this Allen snapped on the "static line"—a half-inch cable that was clamped across the top of the doorway inside. Then he knelt behind and to the side, with one hand on Shipp's shoulder, the other stretched back signaling, guiding the pilot so the plane might pass exactly over the spot Allen had chosen. At the precise moment, he slapped the "smoke-jumper" on the shoulder.

All in one flowing motion the jumper went out the door, brought his legs together, and folded his arms across his breast. In that position he sank feet first and at an angle, backward and downward from the plane. Rattling harshly, the clamp on the "static line" slashed back to the rearward side of the door, dragged by the webbed strip attached to the boy's 'chute. In less than a second about ten feet of the strip was pulled from the 'chute; then the 'chute cover was jerked open, and the white silk parachute began to be pulled out. When the 'chute and its lines were taut, the connector between the webbed "static-line cord" and the apex of the parachute broke, having been tested for just sufficient strength so that it would snap at the right time. Allen hauled the webbed strip back into the plane. The "smoke-jumper" was on his own, with his 'chute slowly opening and his body assuming an upright rather than an angular position.

Shipp's 'chute opened gracefully, bellying out at the top first. He floated free, hanging from the big silk "mushroom" by "risers" or cords centering on his shoulders. Slots some seven feet long in the 'chute ran diagonally up and out from each shoulder. Opened and closed by cords running also to his shoulders, these slots enabled the "smoke-jumper" to turn either way, and in considerable degree to guide his downward course. Shipp was manipulating these cords. In slightly more than a minute he was on the ground, about 100 yards from the fire. His 'chute could be seen stretched unevenly on the brush, but as the plane drew away he himself was lost to view.

The first man stepped out of the plane, 1200 feet up, at 11:03. The plane turned, went back up the gorge, and came down the same course to the fire. Bob Cochran went out two minutes after Shipp, and the other two jumped in turn at two-minute intervals. All went out with the same disciplined precision. All landed clear of snags, as could be seen from the lay of the parachutes, and none of them more than 200 yards from the ring of fire. The tri-motor droned back up the gorge and as it came in again dropped to about 200 feet. Allen pushed the four tool and supply packs out of the doorway, one after the other. At 11:10 the job, so far as the plane was concerned, was done.

Johnson circled back up the gorge for the last time and down once more over the fire. On the slope the "smoke-jumpers" were now visible. Out of his jumping suit, his blue dungarees plain against the brown brush, one had placed two big yellow streamers in a cross on the ground, and stood waving his arms. The others, partly unsuited, waved yellow streamers as the plane drew away. Both signals meant that the jumpers had landed unharmed, and were ready to go on the fire.

At 11:40 we were back at Moose Creek field. Already a party with mules had started for Cub Creek to bring back the heavy equipment. Radio contact had been established with the "smoke-jumpers" on the fire. That evening the Cub Creek blaze was reported "dead out," but it was two days before the four fire fighters got back afoot to the Moose Creek Ranger Station.

The Forest Service first began experimenting with dropping forest-fire fighters from planes in an open field near Ogden, Utah, in the summer of '35, when 142 jumps from platforms and planes were made. These experiments were resumed in '39, when the first experimental jumps from planes over actual forest took place in the Chelan National Forest, Washington. Frank Derry, parachute barnstormer, who got his start when he dropped, dressed as Santa Claus, into a field outside a California town, was hired as an expert. Today Derry is chief parachute trainee-instructor and parachute-equipment development man. The program grew from 10 jumpers in '40 to 126 this year. David P. Godwin, assistant fire control chief at Washington, was one of its stanchest backers.

Fear at the start was that men could not be jumped into forested land or wild, broken terrain of rocks, snags and down timber without injuries that would make them ineffective as fire fighters. But, to this writing, there have been no serious accidents and, in minor mishaps, the percentage last year was negligible. The "smoke-jumpers" seldom can choose their spots; they have to go down where the fire is, and they have proved that they can do it. ##

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To Avoid Confusion

Lonesome Train—(Blues) (Asch—Sonny Terry)	This has been previously recommended in the Asch album of Blues. It is the work of a blind harmonica player, Sonny Terry, a Negro. Nothing to do with the work above; but the similarity of names gives a chance to single out an especially good record.

Import

Belshazzar's Feast—Walton (Victor—Liverpool Philharmonic and Huddersfield Choral Society)	I don't think even Esquire's ever-serious readers will necessarily want this big, sometimes pompous, often imposing job. But Walton is a respected musician, the text comes from the Bible (rearranged by the knightly hand of Sir Osbert Sitwell) and the recording is generally good.

Assorted Albums

Chansons Françaises (Disque International—Enny de Vries)	Miss de Vries, by the attractive photograph on the album, must be a knockout cabaret artist. Maybe like Hildegarde. She reminds me of dozens of French chanteuses—but not quite enough of the startling ones, like Lucienne Boyer. It's husky, dramatic, night club stuff—and has its place on records, too. There are two albums.
Polka—The Polkateers (Musicraft—Including Poppa, Momma, Stop Polka and Polka, Polka)	I don't know why one isn't highly critical of Polkas. They are probably too disarming. This batch is for easy dancing.
Doubling on the Ivories (Victor—Whittemore-Lowe)	Two good men, making one good duet (which doesn't always happen.) The Cole Porter and Strauss effects are especially entertaining.
Josh White Album (Asch—Including *One Meat Ball, Die Do Die, Work Blues (I Got a Head Like a Rock)*)	White comes through beautifully on records—with even the reserved air he has at Café Society Downtown. As a pedant I object to *One Meat Ball* (which Jimmy Savo now sings at Café Society Uptown). To turn *Il Pesceballo* from fish to meat is needless; to miss the drama in an effort to create a social point of view is bad. (It's an amusing stunt—but James Russell Lowell's version was funnier.) The serious songs are tremendous.

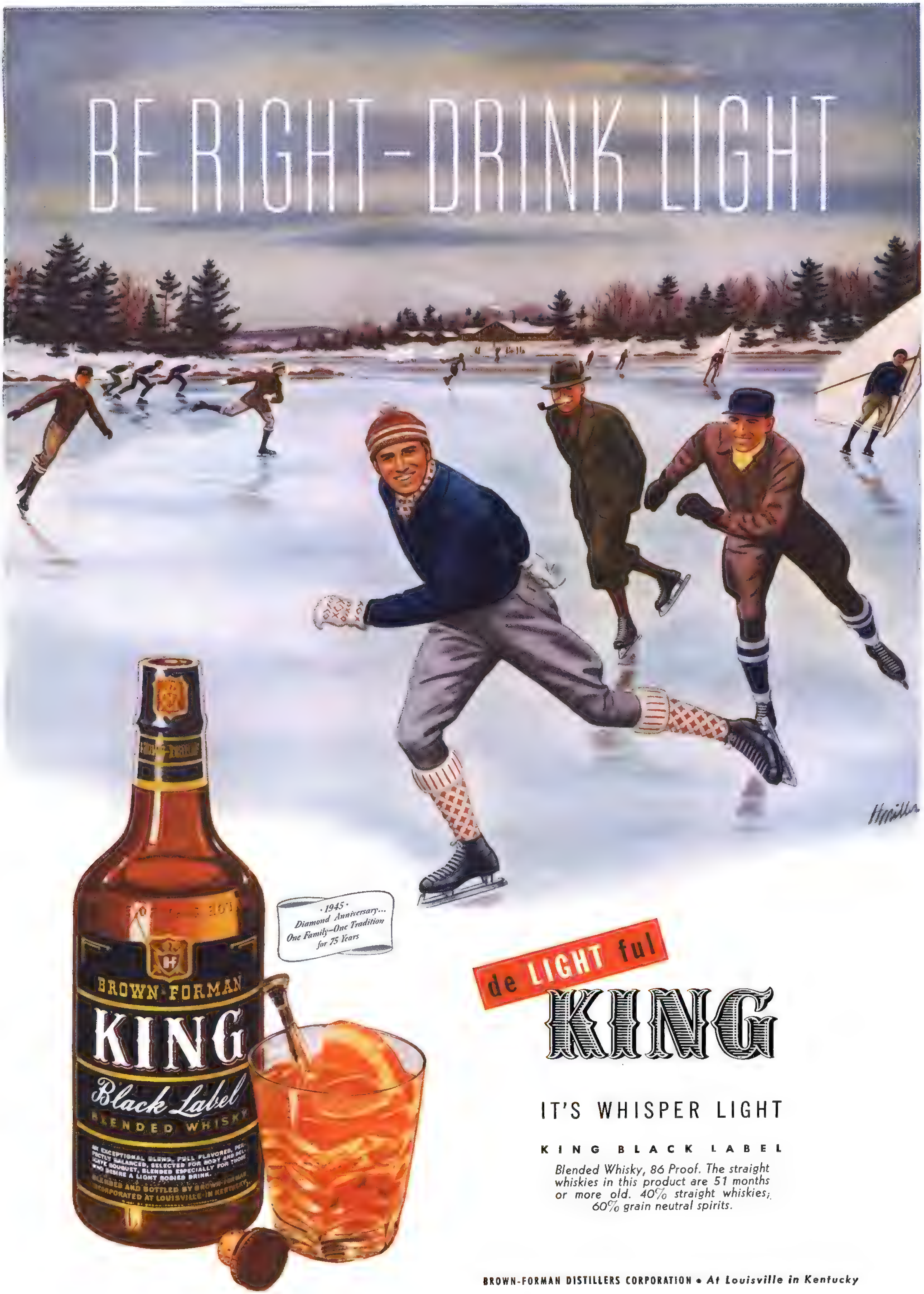
Waifs (I'm afraid) and Strays

Intermezzo—Provost *Ecstasy*—Ganne *Caprice*—Provost *May Night*—Palmgren (Hit—Classic Concert Orchestra directed by Henry Nosco)	Hit is branching out, in a new series (1000) with white label. But this beginning isn't any too good, the records are only smooth, undistinguished presentations of second-rate works.
Magic in the Moonlight—Pasquale-Grever (Hit—Kassel)	Hit's black label; more at home, here. Maybe Kassel doesn't aim to be more than "agreeable." The style can stand some sharpening.

Look Ahead

Sonata—Shostakovitch (Columbia—Piatigorsky-Pavlovsky) *Concerto 24*—Mozart (Columbia—Casadesus) *Swan Lake Ballet*—Tschaikovsky (Columbia—London Philharmonic)	Having received nothing from this company which demanded review this month, I give them the future. These sound interesting. Columbia is also reissuing old recordings. And Victor will have a Bunny Berigan memorial album.

Good news! Next month we'll be able to bring you a report on new recordings made since the signing of the agreement between Petrillo and Columbia and Victor.


BE RIGHT—DRINK LIGHT
· 1945 · Diamond Anniversary... One Family—One Tradition for 75 Years
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Blended Whisky, 86 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 51 months or more old. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits.

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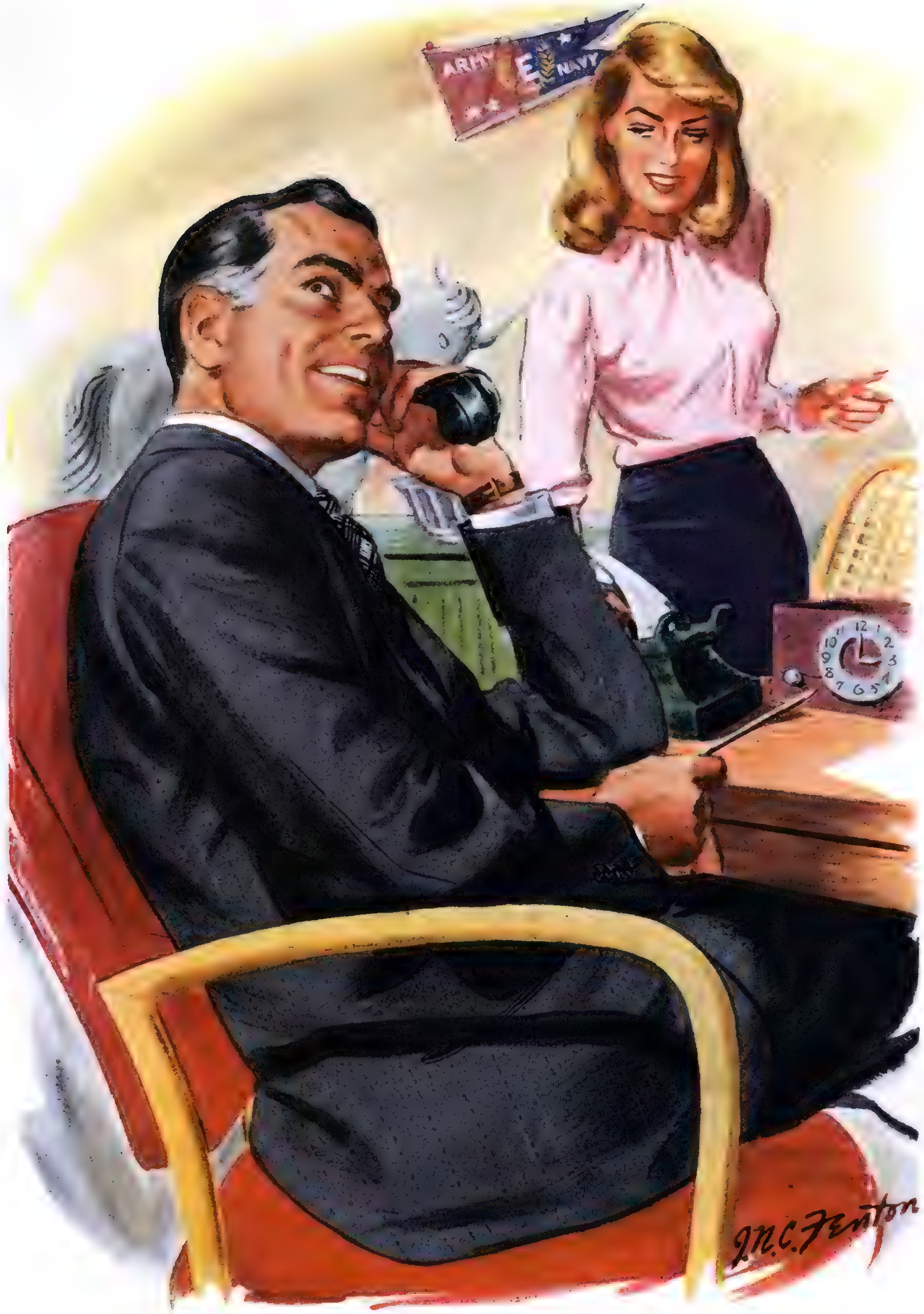


a new wrinkle

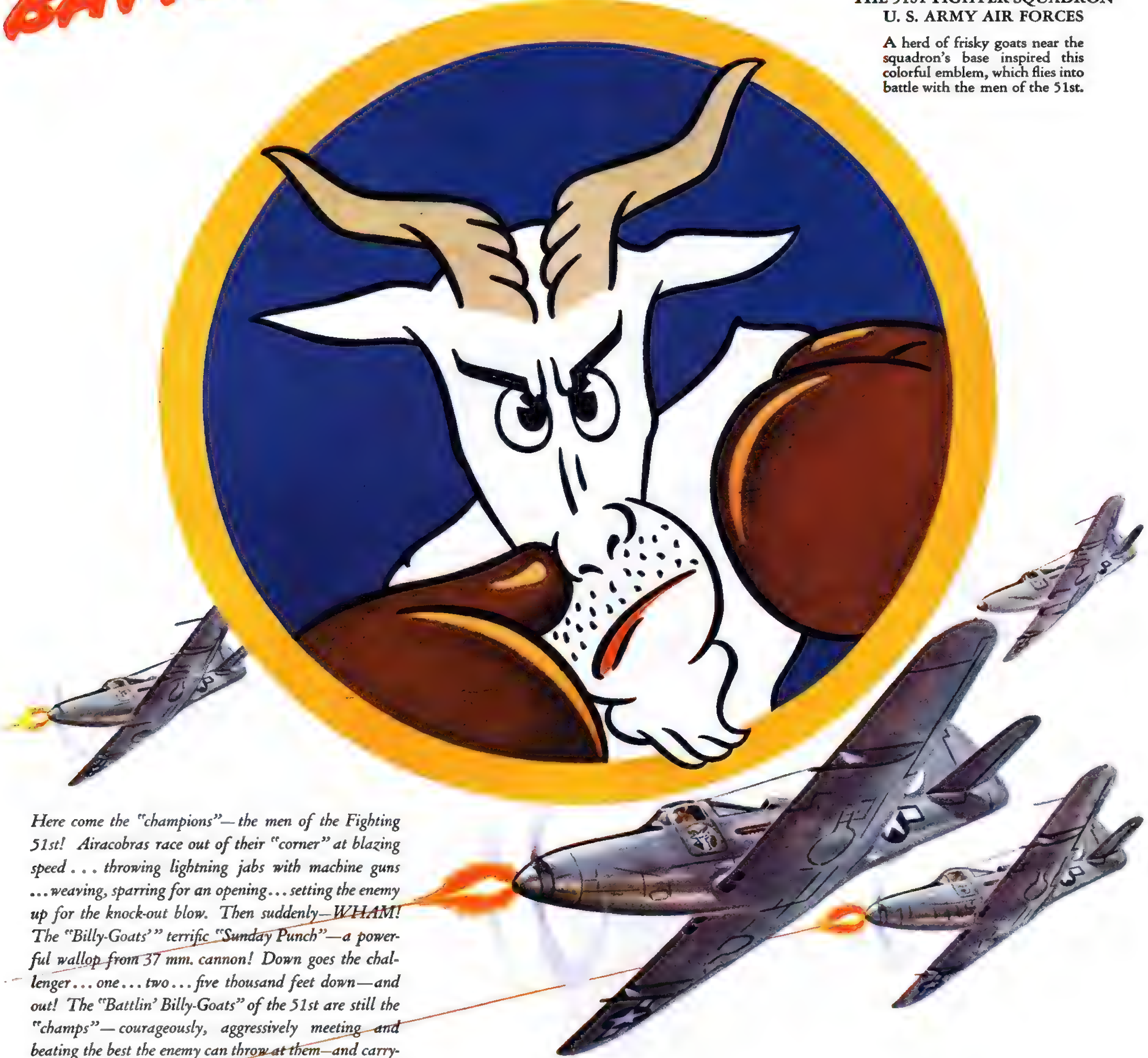
This bland executive bears out the fact that good production goes hand in hand with a willingness to accept new ideas. Just as he takes advantage of new approaches to manufacturing technique, he has gone in for a new development in his clothing. It's called the American Blade, which is descriptive of the fullness at the shoulder blade of the jacket, right in back of the sleevehead. This comfort feature allows ease of action. When the wearer extends his arm, the extra cloth, which is a planned wrinkle, creates no paper-on-the-wall tension across the back. This idea is adapted to sport jackets, topcoats and overcoats with the same comfortable results. No matter whether the jacket is single or double-breasted, this American Blade is a detail considered essential by many men. Incidentally, this man's suit is a grey worsted with grey and maroon stripes. Tie is Glen plaid and shirt broadcloth.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

BATTLIN' BILLY GOAT!

OFFICIAL INSIGNE OF
THE 51ST FIGHTER SQUADRON
U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

A herd of frisky goats near the squadron's base inspired this colorful emblem, which flies into battle with the men of the 51st.



Here come the "champions"—the men of the Fighting 51st! Airacobras race out of their "corner" at blazing speed . . . throwing lightning jabs with machine guns . . . weaving, sparring for an opening . . . setting the enemy up for the knock-out blow. Then suddenly—WHAM! The "Billy-Goats'" terrific "Sunday Punch"—a powerful wallop from 37 mm. cannon! Down goes the challenger . . . one . . . two . . . five thousand feet down—and out! The "Battlin' Billy-Goats" of the 51st are still the "champs"—courageously, aggressively meeting and beating the best the enemy can throw at them—and carrying the fight to him with bombs and guns and cannon!

ONE of the first of Oldsmobile's wartime products to be used by the Army Air Forces was the 37 mm. automatic aircraft cannon which is mounted in the nose of the P-39 Airacobra, and its successor, the P-63 Kingcobra. Thousands of Army fliers have also fired Oldsmobile-built 20 mm. cannon, carried in such famous planes as the P-38 Lightning, P-61 Black Widow, and the new B-29 Superfortress. More recently, A. A. F. pilots have gone into action with the latest of Oldsmobile Fire-Power products—the deadly aircraft *rocket!*

Oldsmobile also produces war equipment for the ground forces and the Navy. This includes high-velocity cannon for tanks and tank destroyers, high-explosive and armor-piercing shell, precision parts for aircraft engines, forgings for military vehicles, plus other high-priority, vitally needed products. It's our job to help Keep 'Em Firing—everywhere—until America's last enemy—anywhere—has been defeated!

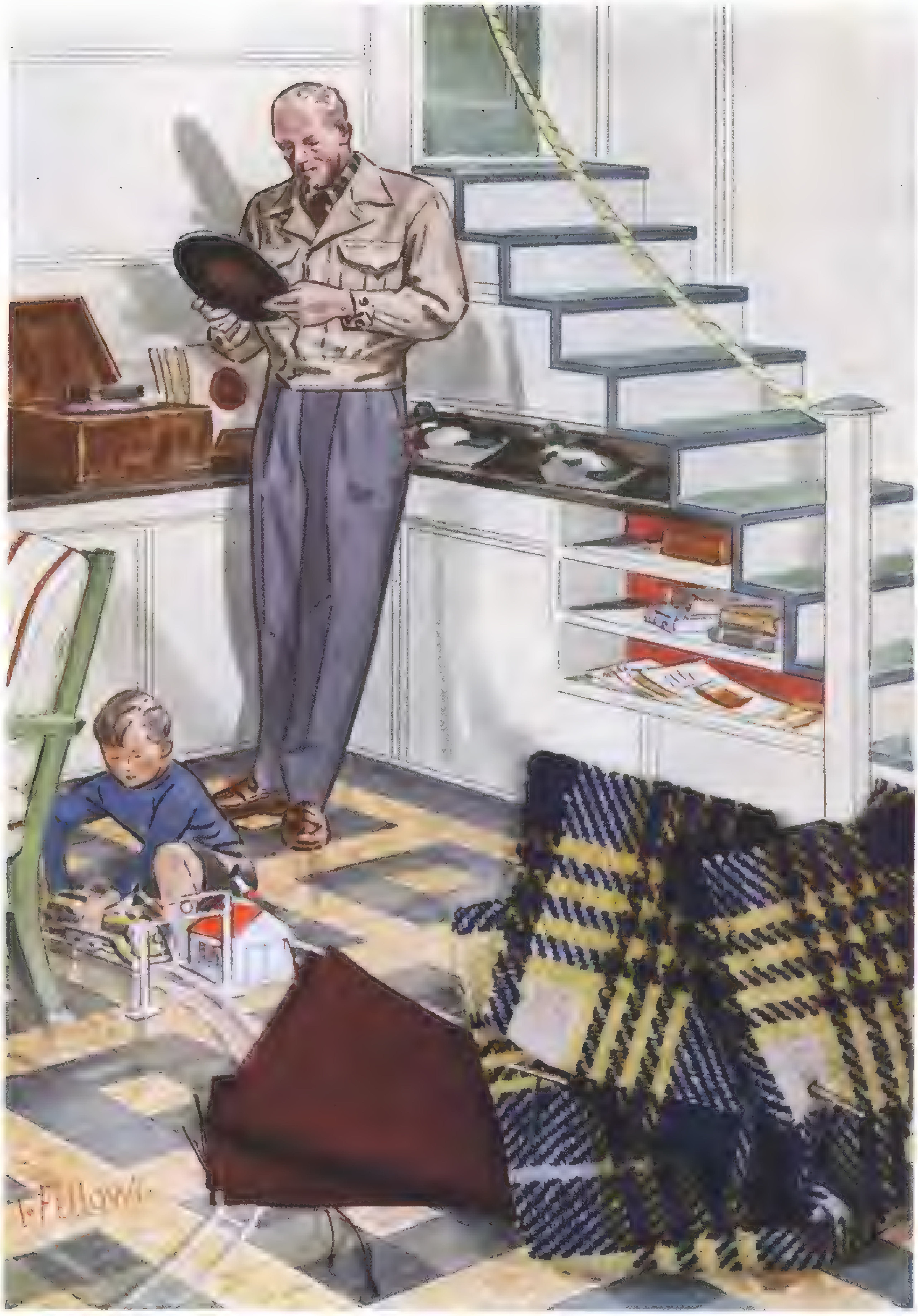
HELP 'EM GET THE ENEMY'S GOAT

There are still a lot of battles to be won—and a lot of Bonds to be bought—before this war is over. The 51st is flying for us—let's keep on buying for them!

Buy War Bonds

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**

FIRE-POWER IS OUR BUSINESS!



on a sound track

Sonny gets a chance to play with his electric train that Santa left as the attention of the senior member is drawn to a late recording. The winter winds may be howling outside but these two are nonetheless comfortable in their basement playroom. The man's processed cotton jacket shows the G.I. influence on civilian apparel. Its military forebear, the Battle Jacket, was specifically designed for action at the front. This version incorporates the same roominess at the chest and across the shoulders, the generous size pockets, fly front and buttoned waistband which characterized the original. As a supplement to the fuel conservation efforts made in this home, the wool flannel shirt with bold tartan offers good insulation against the lower temperature as well as introducing a note of color. The swatch at right shows the details of the design and the one at left the plain weave of wool tie.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Golden Gloves' Golden Trail

Continued from page 57

and eight alternates from this group formed the squad which met the New York team.

In the onward march, Golden Gloves had outgrown Ashland auditorium, had progressed beyond the seating limits of the old South Side Coliseum, and was a star attraction in the 7,000,000 dollar Stadium on the west side.

Even the Stadium, with its 23,000 capacity, was too small for this premiére. Ward would take it to Soldier Field. Westbrook Pegler, representing the *Tribune*, took a boat and brought back the champions of France.

French war vets were to share in the profits. These were the poilus who had been cruelly wounded—members of a clan called the Broken Mugs. They were in permanent refuge, living in a castle, and some were so horribly disfigured they wore veils. Forty thousand saw the matches, despite chill and a north wind. A combined Chicago-New York team won, 5 to 3. In succeeding years, Chicago's own fighters took on the Europeans, who also usually accommodated the New Yorkers in the East.

Later came Germany, Ireland, Poland and Italy. Germany managed to get a 4 to 4 tie, but the others were whipped. The Nazis had won three straight matches when Chicago's Henri Rothier put up his hands against Frank Kartz, the visiting lightweight. Henri stared speculatively at his foe. Six years before, he had come to America with his father from Belgium. The Rothiers had fled during the Germans' sweep across their homeland in 1914. Henri, remembering, gave Kartz a thrashing. Colored Johnny Phagan, in the next bout, landed a twelve-inch shot and welterweight Erich Campe plopped on the judges' table outside the ring. Getting only a tie, the Germans blamed the climate.

In 1937 the Old World pooled its fistic resources and sent a group to Chicago which got a 4 to 4 tie. Chicago won in 1938, 5 to 3, but Europe triumphed by the same score in 1939. Then came a 4 to 4 deadlock in 1940, after which the series was suspended.

Golden Gloves, says Ward, serves a triple purpose:

1. Well-supervised competition for young men who like contact sports.
2. Wholesome recreation for thousands of fans.
3. Raising substantial sums for established charities.

A Golden Gloves fight is best described as a leather hurricane of three two-minute rounds, with a minute's rest in between. This brief route eliminates any temptation to loaf, as every second counts. Fighters in the four lighter weights thump each other with eight-ounce gloves. The larger boys swing ten-ounce mittens. Minimum age is sixteen.

All are given rigid physical tests, including once-overs, before they go into the ring and after each fight. There's no butchery, referees operating under orders to stop a bout once it becomes one-sided. All officials are from the Amateur Athletic Union and the lads are coached by former pros.

Chicago's spectacular Golden Gloves story has a modest counterpart in countless cities and towns, but equally impressive by population ratio. Chicago's all-time receipts are 1,960,460 dollars and the attendance 1,072,508. Profits of 607,252 dollars have been equitably distributed among city charities and war funds. The Internationals, held nine times, are in the luxury class because of huge expenses involved in bringing over the invaders. New York's figures are unavailable, but its profits go to charity. Last year's net receipts there, 41,807 dollars, were given to the U. S. O.

Cleveland, which has won the team title in the Chicago Tournament of Champions seven times, including a 1944 triumph, has grossed 318,636 dollars in sixteen seasons and the *Plain Dealer's* profits of 121,318 dollars have gone to the Community Fund and American Legion. Last year's receipts, 37,765 dollars, set a Cleveland record.

Fort Worth's first Golden Gloves, embracing the state of Texas, brought 4,700 dollars in 1937. Last winter's figures hit an all-time high, 21,701 dollars. The Goodfellows and Milk and Ice funds have been enriched 29,186 dollars and the *Star-Telegram's* tournaments have lifted the Union's biggest state out of the boxing doldrums. The harvest in Oklahoma City has been 114,559 dollars in nine years and the Milk and Ice coffers have been stuffed with 43,971 dollars through the *Daily Oklahoman*. Omaha has grossed more than 100,000 dollars, with profits being put back in various sporting events by the *World-Herald*.

New York vs. Chicago has been a fabulous series. New York was to be host in 1931, but the bouts were transferred to Chicago after an argument with the Metropolitan A. A. U. officials. Six hours after 18,500 tickets were put on sale they were gone.

Thirty-seven centers sent teams to Chicago in 1934. Detroit's light heavyweight was Joe Louis, who hit Joe Bauer of Cleveland so hard in the third round that he fractured his hand. Louis won a place on the Chicago International team meeting Poland.

The Poles had heard of the poker-faced Negro. At the weighing in, Franciszek Baranowski, president of the Polish Boxing Union, insisted that Joe was a trifle over the 175-pound limit. Yielding the point, though convinced this was not true, the Chicagoans determined that Louis would fight anyway, even though the match be forfeited. The de-

Continued on page 114

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If you prefer a mixer with a fuller flavor, there's nothing as good as Canada Dry Ginger Ale.

CANADA WORLD FAMOUS DRY WATER

The Life of the Drink

Golden Gloves' Golden Trail

Continued from pages 57-113

cision was based on Joe's budding spectator appeal and to give him a chance to get in on the fun.

Now comes Scene II, and Hollywood couldn't have done it to a better turn. On the night of the fight, Joe was relaxing in a Stadium dressing room when three deputies arrived from South Bend to take him into custody on a wife-murder charge. They were looking for a George Smith and the three-year trail had led to Louis and the Internationals.

Joe was only nineteen—had been only sixteen when the crime was committed—and had no wife, past or present. But this kind of talk made no impression on the human bloodhounds. To them a warrant was a warrant. It was based on a picture of Louis which had appeared in the *Tribune*. Seeing it, several South Bend citizens had declared, "That's him!" Meaning the murder suspect.

So Louis was withdrawn from combat and led to the detective bureau where Chicago police refused to surrender him on such ridiculous evidence, especially when it was learned Joe was ten years younger and three inches shorter than Mr. Smith.

That night Chicago lost the first bout, then won seven in a row from the Poles. But it didn't help poor, puzzled Joe.

Golden Gloves has been a kindergarten for heavyweights Louis, the late Lem Franklin, Bob Pastor, Steve Dudas, Charley Retzlaff, Johnny Paycheck, Tami Mauriello, Tony Musto, George Hoffman and Lou Nova. It has spawned such light heavies as Dave Maier, Bob Olin, Max Marek, Booker Beckwith, Jimmy Bivins and Altus Allen. Middleweights are Fred Apostoli, Tony Zale, Nate Bolden, Joe Maxin and Freddy Caserio. From this amateur fountainhead came such future welterweight greats as Barney Ross, Verne Patterson and Billy Soose. In the lighter divisions are lightweight champion Ray (Sugar) Robinson, Pete Lello, Jimmy and Willie Joyce, Petey Scalzo, Jackie Wilson and Leo Rodak.

Laughs? Golden Gloves has produced a million.

Willard Marten of the Nashville *Tennessean* was fighting Bill Zuke, Minneapolis *Star-Journal* heavyweight, in the 1942 Tournament of Champions. Zuke, a football player from the University of North Dakota, gave Willard the ten-second treatment.

While the count was progressing, a pert blonde leaped from her seat, dashed fifteen yards to the ring, and clambered on its apron. Officials finally shooed her away. Soon she was joined by the sheepish victim, her husband.

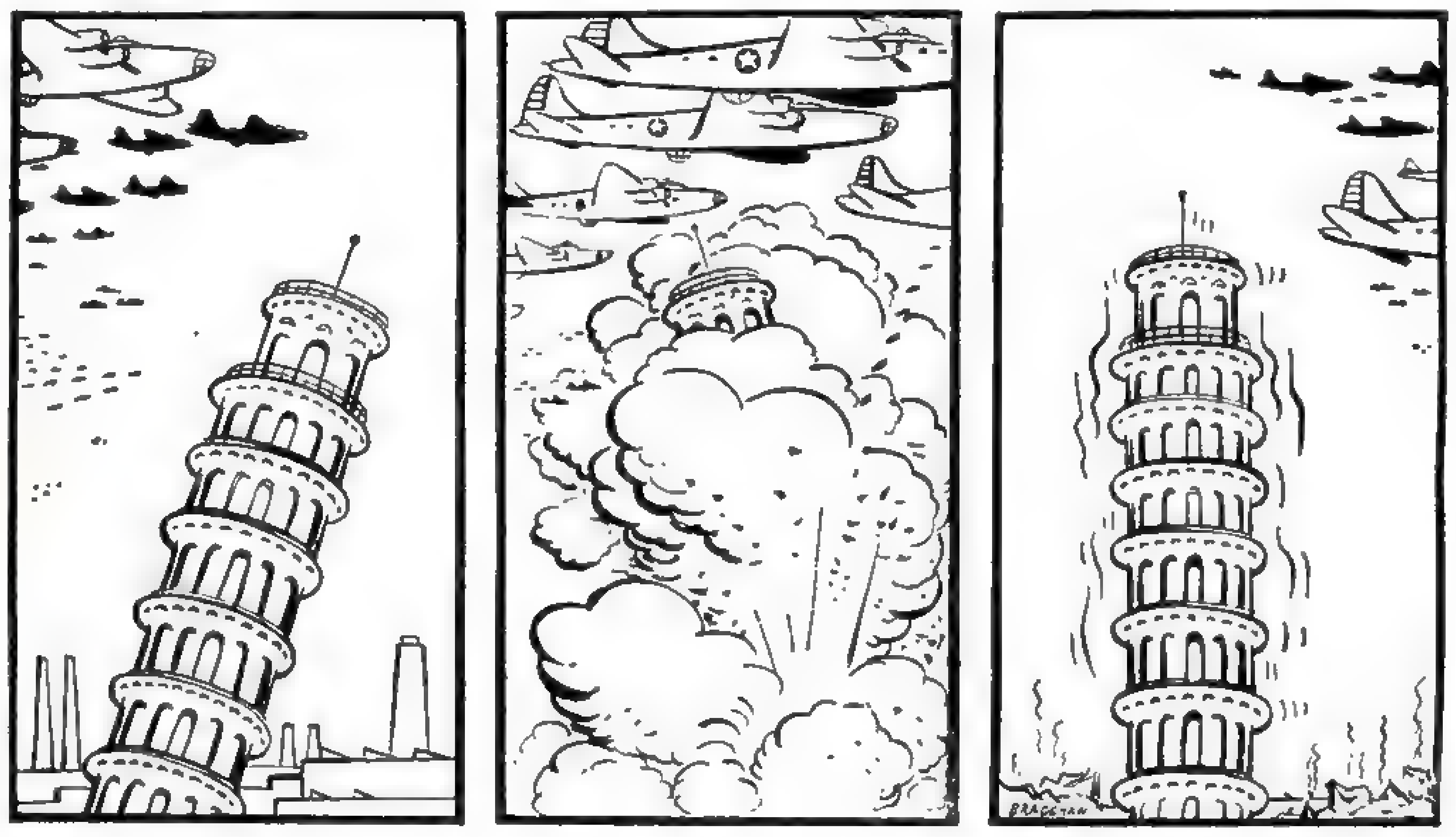
"If I could just have got my hands on him," she exclaimed fiercely. Mrs. Marten's seething performance may have been more than wifely adoration or concern. They had been married during the Chattanooga sectionals, which he won. He had promised they would take a Golden Gloves honeymoon. He would win at Nashville and the triumphant trail would lead to Chicago and New York. Now the last leg of the journey had been sidetracked. But the Mrs., as usual, had an ace up her sleeve. A rider to the honeymoon agreement stipulated that if there was no New York trip she was to buy a fifty-dollar dress in Chicago—which she did.

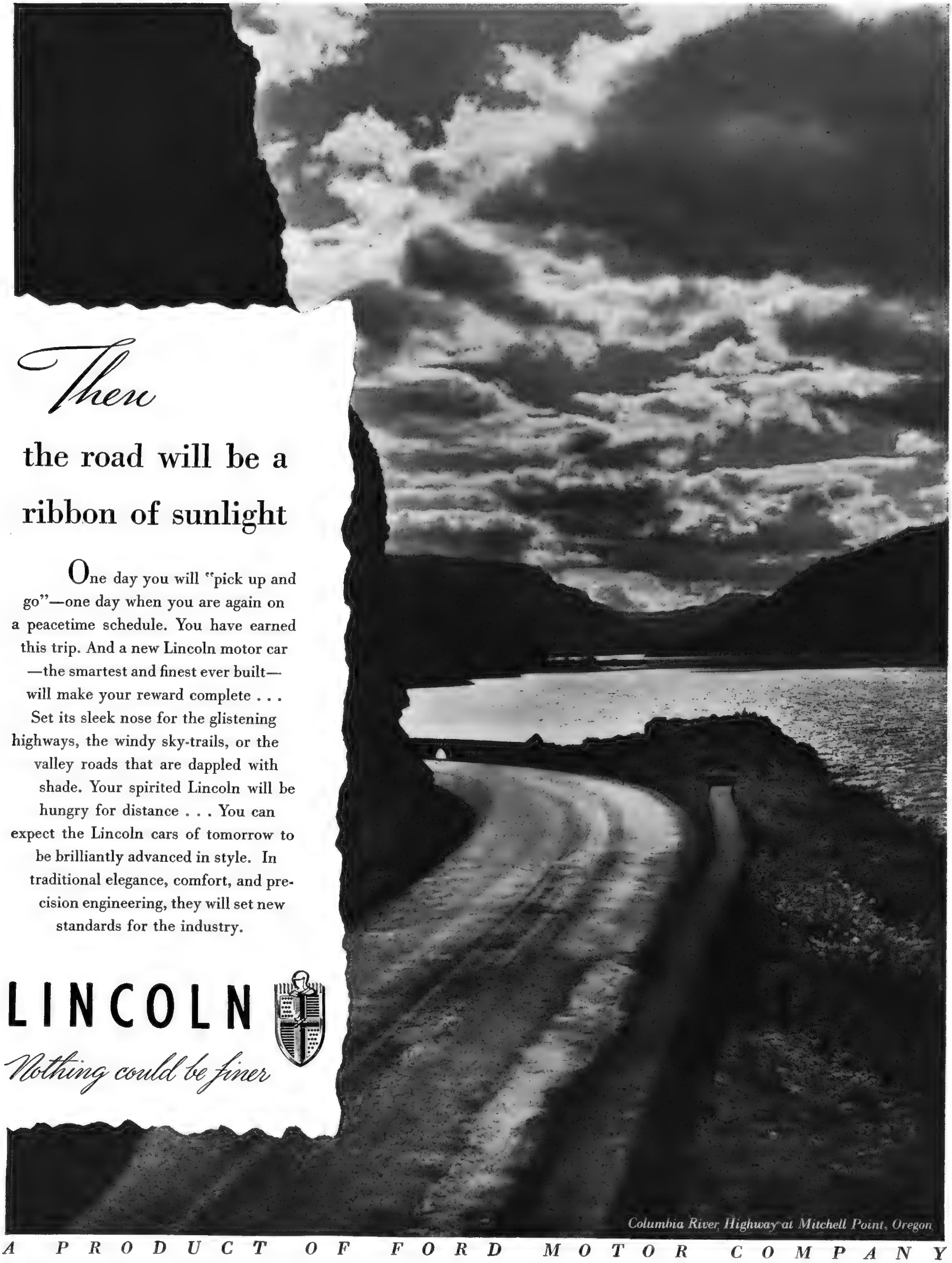
A 1944 competitor was Robert Rooe Simpson, seventeen-year-old newspaper society writer from Muncie, Indiana, whose stories have been quoted in the *Congressional Record*. It didn't carry the news of his defeat in Chicago. George Toy, a Chinese, seconded Herb Mashino, Kansas City-born Japanese. In 1934, an executive in a Nashville mercantile plant quit his job to root for heavyweight Murray Spencer.

There was the world's largest amateur in the 1935 whirl, a six-foot-six-inch giant from Davenport, Iowa, known as Uncle Walt. He weighed 270 and wore size fourteen shoes. Babe Ritchie, a 230-pound Texan on the 1937 team, ate razor blades and electric light bulbs.

On opening night of the Tournament of Champions in 1940, action started simultaneously in three rings. The referees were Phil Collins, Dave Miller and Johnny Behr. Three boxers were flattened at the same time and the count was finished over them in unison.

This should give you a faint idea of what Publisher Patterson started when he ordered that boxing tournament in 1923. #





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Buzzy and the Baby Mug

Continued from page 59

never think about it. I should say about fifty."

"Get my passport. That will show it."

Graves went to a small desk and from a drawer drew out a booklet.

"Here it is, sir." He opened it. "According to this, you were born in 1894. That makes you just fifty."

"Marvelous!" Buzzy sank gasping into a chair. He pointed a trembling finger at the mug. "That thing upset me. It must be wrong."

"Yes, sir."

"Let me see the passport, Graves."

Slowly, almost reluctantly, Graves gave it to him.

The passport looked queer. "But this—this doesn't look right, Graves. This—"

Graves cleared his throat.

"It's a—a French passport, sir. Somehow yours was lost and it was more convenient at the time to get this one. With proper money, it was—er, arranged."

"But my age!'

"I merely guessed at it, sir."

"But don't you have something that gives my age correctly?"

"I'm afraid not, sir."

"Oh, Graves! This is terrible!"

Graves remained uncomfortably silent.

Buzzy wrung his hands. "Isn't there some way I could find out for certain?"

Graves thought a moment, then his eyebrows lifted. "Might I suggest, sir, that it really does not matter? After all, one is only as old as one feels."

"Yes. That's true." Buzzy suddenly brightened. "Why, of course. As old as I feel. And I feel young. That's why I was nicknamed Buzzy in Paris—I'm always buzzing about, full of energy."

Graves smiled. "Of course, sir." He picked up the mug. "Shall I dispose of this now?"

"Let me do it, Graves."

Holding the mug distastefully between thumb and finger, Buzzy walked to a window and leaned out. The mug made a pleasing smash upon a paved court.

Buzzy turned from the window gaily. He felt completely restored.

"And now I'll have a bite to eat and go downtown, Graves."

Buzzy would have forgotten all about his age that afternoon if it hadn't been for a remark made by Horace Ashton.

Meeting Horace was unusual enough in itself. Buzzy was sitting at a sidewalk café table on the Rio Branco, drinking a mild vermouth and soda and watching the beautiful women of Rio click past, when all at once there was Horace standing in front of him.

"Horace!"

"Hello, Buzzy."

Horace sat down and ordered a drink. The last time they had seen each other was in Paris just before the Germans came.

"I heard you were in Rio," said Horace. He was rather young, but with a yellowish, unhealthy face, out of which peered two cloudy brown eyes. Yet his mustache was trimmed; his clothes, like Buzzy's, were of the best.

"I got in today by plane," he explained. "On my way to Buenos Aires. Ship sails in an hour."

"Why Buenos Aires?"

"Don't know. Never been there. If I don't like it I may come back here. "The double Scotch he had ordered arrived, and Horace drank avidly. "You been here long?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. After they began fighting in Africa, whenever that was, Graves and I left France. And we took a Spanish ship." Buzzy closed his eyes and shuddered. "It was all rather ghastly."

Horace nodded. "I just came out and it's even harder now, of course. But I had heard that you got out, so I figured if you could do it, I certainly could."

Buzzy stiffened. "What do you mean?"

"Oh—nothing. But you're getting on in years, you know."

Buzzy's tanned face became splotched with white. His peevish lips closed and he stood up.

"Buzzy, don't be silly. I didn't mean anything by it."

But Buzzy didn't reply. He laid a couple of bills on the table for the waiter and strode away.

If only he knew for sure how old he was, he thought, as he walked indignantly through the crowds on the Rio Branco. The doubt made everything worse.

He tried desperately to remember some big event with which he could associate his age—peg it exactly. His long life in Paris had been a constant easy living. The years had run together and merged into an indistinct mass. He would have to go farther back—to his life in the States.

Abruptly he had it. The *General Slocum* steamboat disaster in New York. The day the *General Slocum* burned he was just twenty-one years old. He remembered it because after Aunt Eloise had annulled his first marriage she had told him he couldn't marry again until he was twenty-one. And when the *General Slocum* burned it was his birthday, and he and Aunt Eloise were visiting in New York. That day Buzzy married a girl he had met a few days before.

But when was the *General Slocum* disaster? Where in Brazil would there be a record of such a date? Well, he would telephone Graves.

"The best place would be an American newspaper office, sir. Hold the line and I shall tell you where to go."

In a minute Graves was back on the wire.

"Go to the United Press Association, sir. It's right close to where you are now." He told Buzzy the address.

Buzzy found the building, a Brazilian newspaper plant, and took the elevator to the United

Continued on page 118

NAVY FIGHTER SITTING DOWN

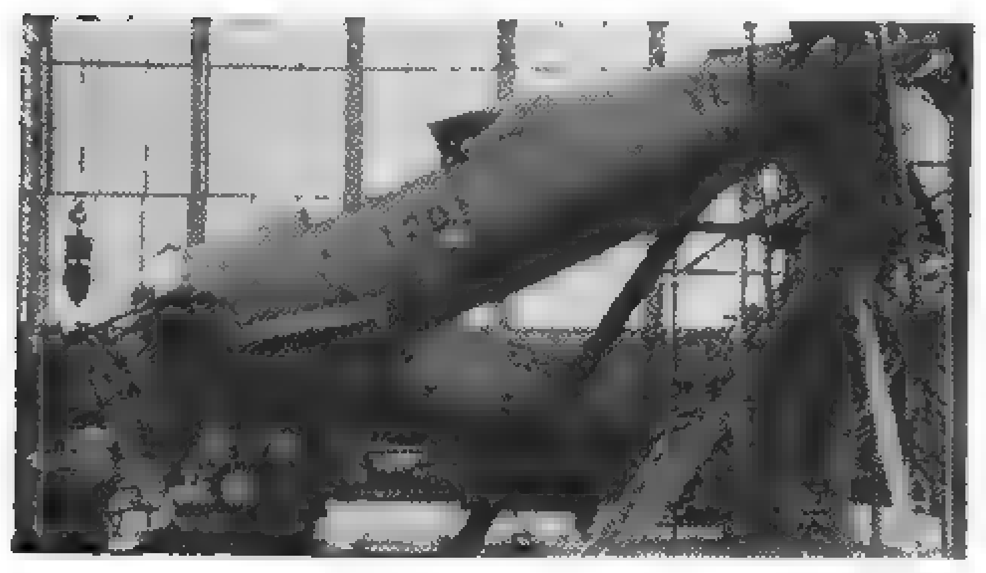
WHEN a Navy fighter "sits down" on a carrier deck, it sits down with terrific impact on the after tire.

This presented an ever more serious problem as the weights of our planes were increased with life-protecting armor . . . with added fire power, gasoline and bomb loads. A way had to be found, and found without delay, to build stronger, safer tires.

The new tires had to be able to take these increased giant loads . . . yet tire size could not be increased a single fraction of an inch, for that would have meant the re-design of planes.

United States Rubber Company scientists had worked for years with fabrics of many kinds to make tires lighter and stronger. Using rayon, they found that they could build stronger, safer airplane tires. Going further, they found tires made with nylon weighed even less and could take a greater landing impact—up to 50%—without any increase in size.

This is another story of how our laboratories have placed themselves at the command of the leaders of our armed forces to serve through science.

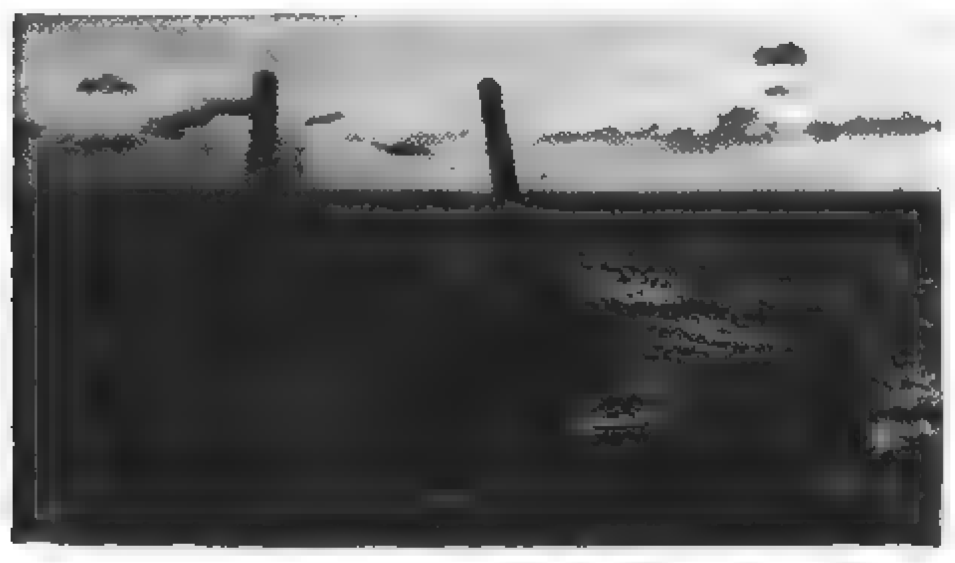


Official U. S. Navy Photo

DROP TEST—At one of the test laboratories of the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics, landing wheels and tires are "drop tested" on a rig like this. Here a set of landing wheels is mounted on the rig and dropped under full load simulating landing impact.

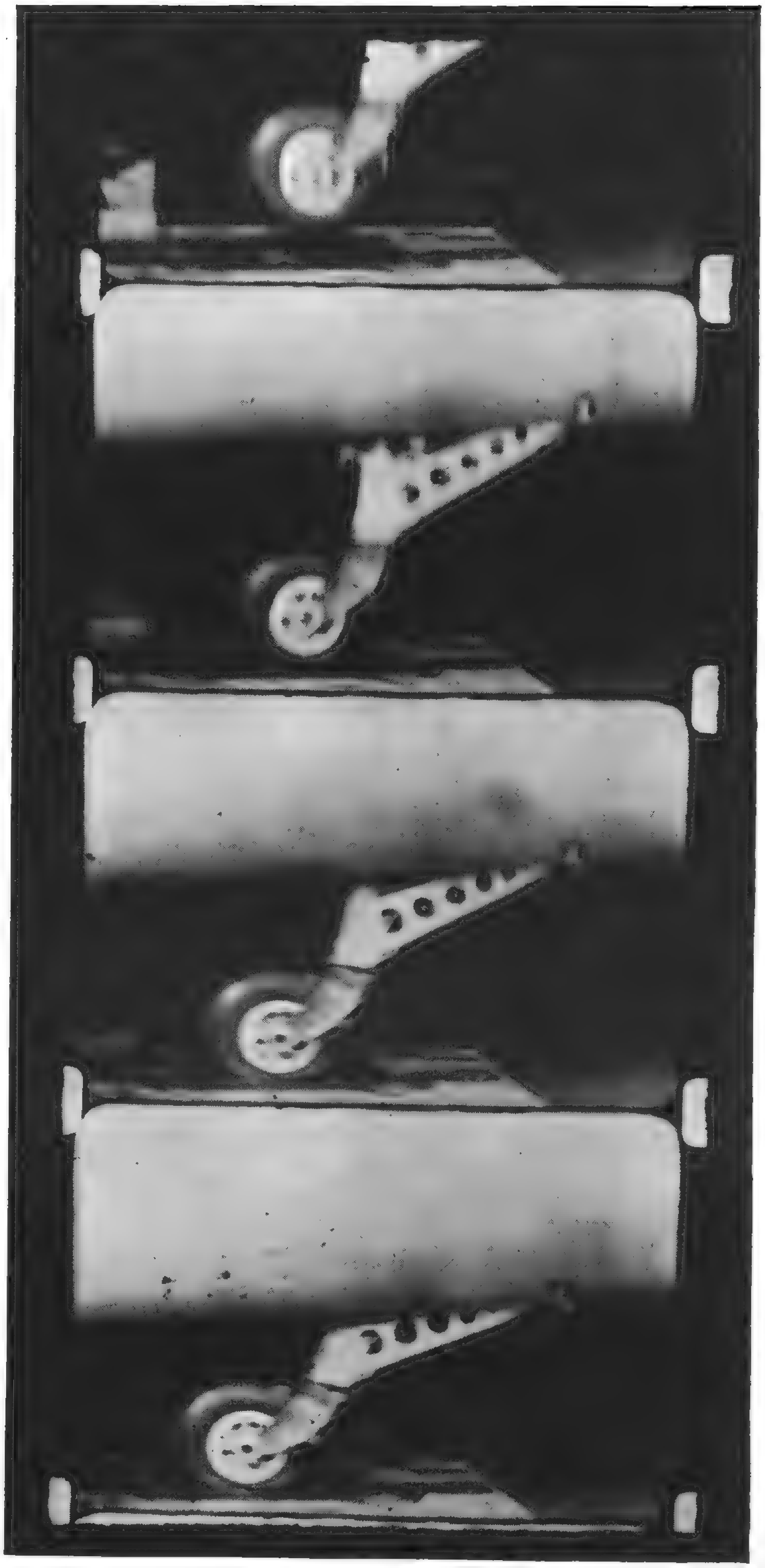
Official U. S. Navy Photo

DECK TEST—Actual service tests, carefully supervised by Navy engineers, show how the product stands up in service. On tests like this, U. S. Royal Airplane Tires—and tires of all other suppliers—must prove their ability to stand up.



Official U. S. Navy Photo

BATTLE TEST—The toughest test of all is the battle test where the most extreme conditions must be met, where loads are heavy and speeds are high. It is here that all tests pay off in the creed of our Fighting Forces—*"never to waste a life."*



This is an official Navy Photo from the Navy Engineering Laboratory, (untouched). Under full load, the tail wheel tire of a plane strikes the landing strip and squashes almost flat under the impact. The old tires simply couldn't take it.

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Buzzy and the Baby Mug

Continued from pages 59-116

Press office. There was only one man there, a busy, fat American with a red face.

"Let's see—the *General Slocum* disaster." The fat man pondered. "That's before my time," he said, "but we have a World Almanac around here and it'll be in that."

But the fat man couldn't find the almanac. He looked everywhere—under papers, under books, through desks. Finally he apologized.

"I'm sure it's around somewhere," he said. "We need it ourselves at times. Tell you what—I'm busy as hell right now, but leave me your phone number and when I find it I'll phone you."

But by now the worry had worn Buzzy down. And the thought of a telephone call hanging over him, a call that might bring a rather dreadful message, was too much. He decided he didn't want to know, after all.

"I'll drop in again," he mumbled.

He hurried out, knowing he would never drop in again. Now he would never learn how old he was, and perhaps it was for the best. Graves was right. You were only as old as you felt.

He was feeling buoyant again as he walked out into the street. And in a few minutes he completely forgot the entire matter—forgot everything except Mauré. For he turned off into a narrow street lined with luxury shops, the Rua Ouvidor, and in a jewelry store he picked up the diamond bracelet for Mauré.

That night Mauré squealed and threw her arms around him when he fastened the bracelet on her wrist. They were in a taxi, bound for the Casino Atlântico.

"Buzz-ee!" she shrieked, and flung herself against him with enthusiastic abandon.

They went upstairs to the casino and gambled joyfully, losing thousands of cruzeiros at the roulette tables. Then they went downstairs to the night club and sat at a little candlelighted table and listened to the samba orchestra. With Mauré, small and chic and provocative, sitting opposite him, Buzzy felt tremendous.

After seeing the floor show, Buzzy feigned a yawn. "I feel like going—I'm sort of tired."

Mauré was solicitous. "My poor Buzz-ee. Of course." Her voice was like syrup falling in a cup.

They would have gone then, but there came an interruption.

It was the fat newspaperman. He had been drinking.

"Always glad to do a favor," he boasted. "Figured I might run into you, so I wrote it down."

He dug into a pocket and drew out a piece of paper. Holding it in the light of the candle, he read:

" 'Steamship *General Slocum.* Burned in the East River, June 15, 1904.' That would be just about forty-one years ago."

A great chill seized Buzzy. If he was twenty-one years old then—he tried frantically to keep his mind from leaping to the simple addition, but he couldn't stop it. He was almost sixty-two.

"Are you—sure?" His voice was a whisper.

"Sure? I'm positive. Copied it from the almanac." The fat man bowed. "Glad to help you out."

"Oh, yes. Yes. Thank you." Buzzy's mouth dropped open. He wondered if the lines in his face showed up deeply in the candlelight. He probably looked awful.

The newspaperman wandered away and Buzzy got up to go.

"Did that man upset my Buzz-ee?" asked Mauré after they were in a taxi rolling along the Avenida.

"No—it wasn't important."

Mauré laid her hand on his knee. But there was no answering warmth within him.

"I feel so—so tired," he muttered.

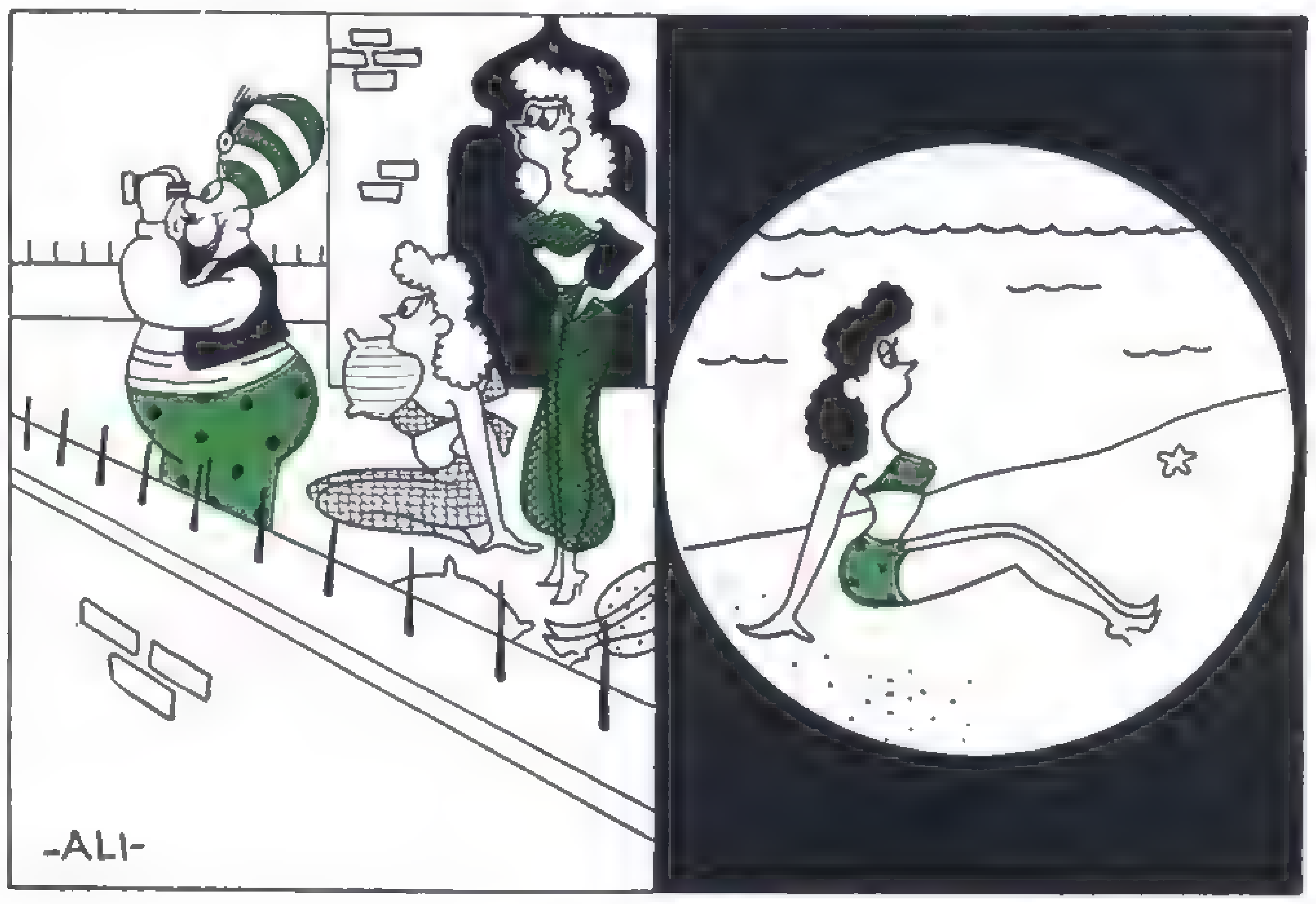
The terrible thing was that now he did feel tired. Utterly jaded.

He took Mauré to her door. She asked him in, but he stood in the doorway. She reached up and kissed him lingeringly.

"I'd better dash away and get some sleep, Mauré."

"Ver-ee well," Mauré pouted. Buzzy didn't care. He realized this with a faint twinge of regret. If it had been yesterday—

He turned from the closed door and walked wearily down the corridor. ⧺



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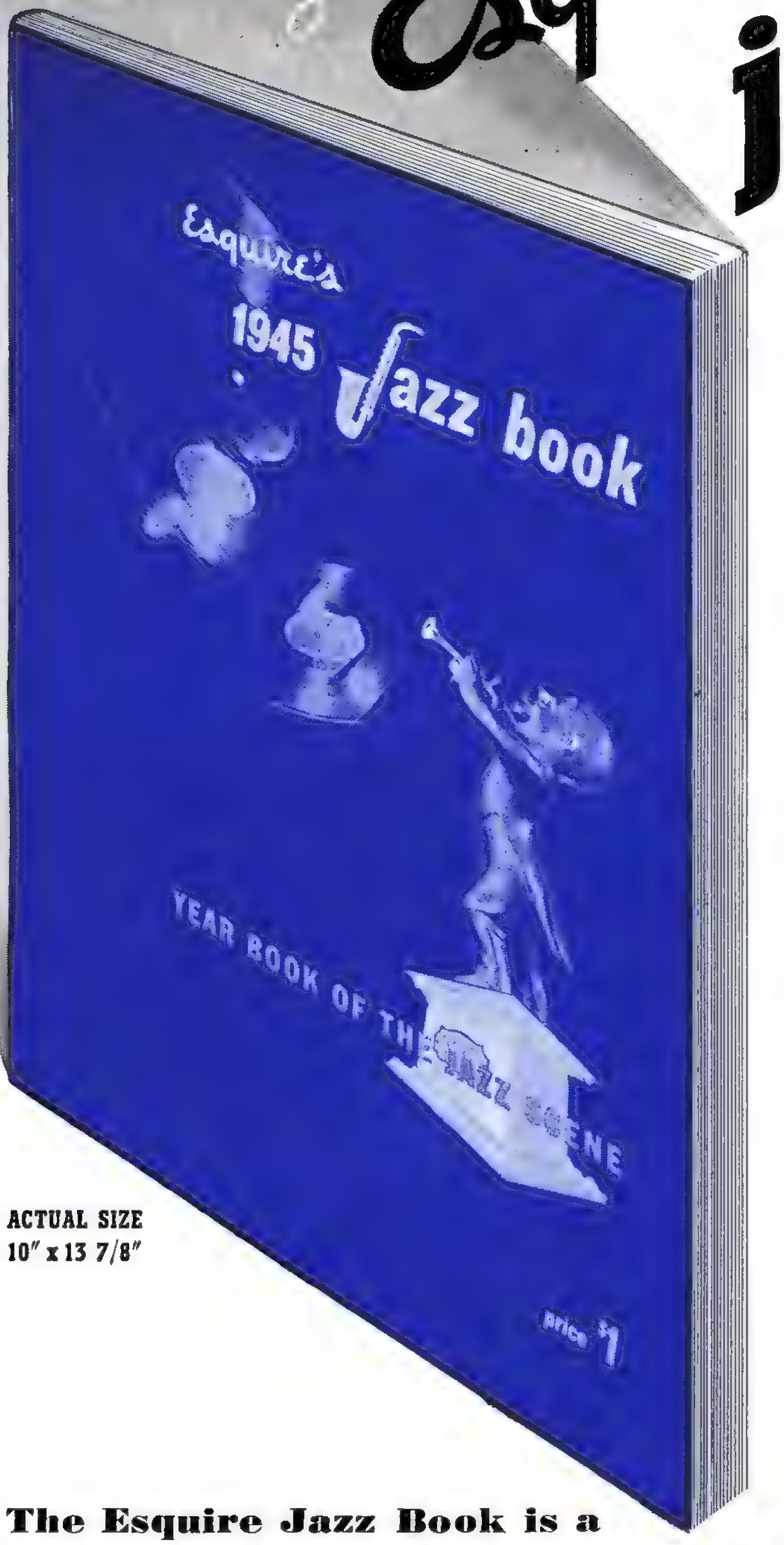

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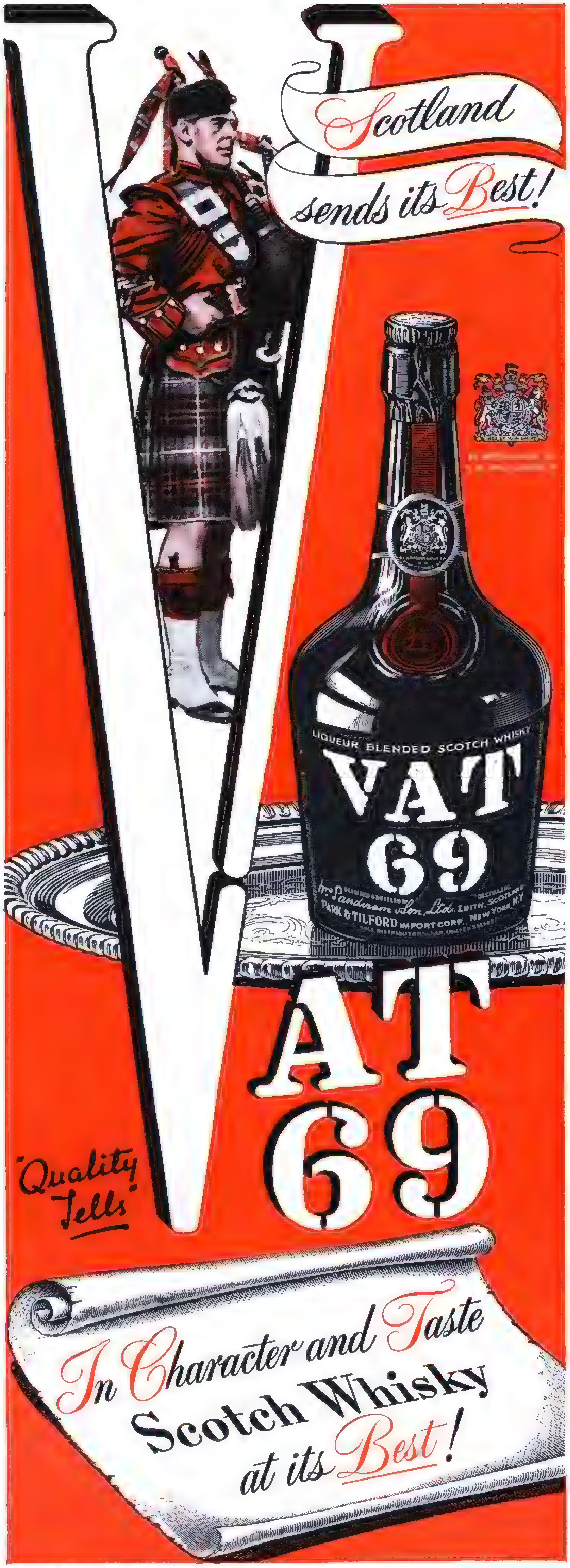
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Skiing the Natural Way

Continued from page 38

did fall, but then he went twenty feet, then thirty, and I started to get the chills and twitches. Finally he stayed up long enough to develop real momentum and was going fine until an evergreen sprang up in his path. He disappeared into the low branches and the tree trembled from the impact. The skis came out first and went tearing down the hill. The poles flew out from the foliage. Running to the scene the first thing I saw—the *only* thing I saw—was that bearded face, white with snow, peeping through the branches. He was intact and only shaken up, but ready to admit that it takes more than courage to ski. On the way back to the Chateau, I heard him matching experiences with his son. His voice had awe in it, but there was some pride, too.

One of my problem pupils was the head of a large West Coast university. He was handicapped by an overdose of brains and persistently asked questions like "What makes that happen?" or "Why do this?" Skiing is largely feel and instinct. Whizzing down a hill there is no time for an intellectual consideration of the next move. It will come naturally and the less you fight it the easier it will come. I realized this man's trouble was his scholarly inquisitiveness. I gave him hell, told him not to ask any more questions and to do what I said. A couple of young men started laughing and the educator's face got red.

"They're former pupils of mine," he whispered to me later.

Skiing is a great leveler. From the middle of December to the middle of April more than two thousand persons will come out from the Chateau for lessons. Some of them are members of Royal families — barons, counts, etc.,—movie stars, important figures in business or government, but there are also school teachers and college boys and housewives. Skiing belongs to the people, and the more who take it up and learn it, the happier I am. Back in the twenties American tourists brought the sport from Europe, and with it the idea that it was a pastime for the wealthy. Today I'm deeply inspired by the sight every Sunday in Quebec, where thousands of skiers of all sizes and ages glide down the hills on everything from soaped barrel staves to expensive, carefully waxed skis. Ask them if there is any mystery about skiing. Ask them if it is a sport for the rich.

In spare moments I have taught many young men of Quebec. Some of them were poor and could not afford skiing instruction, and

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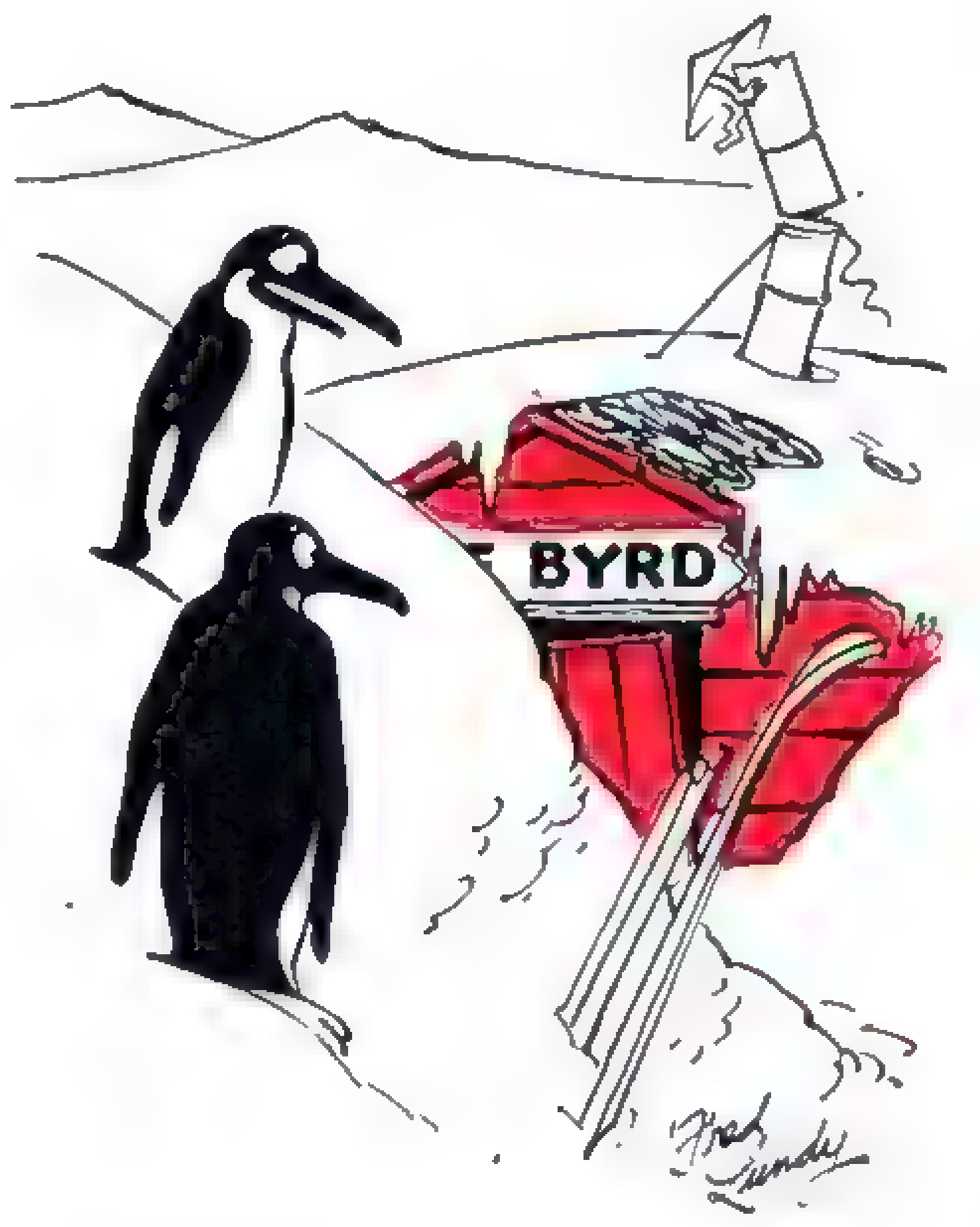
had to save carefully to get a good outfit. They had never skied before, so there were no preconceived fears or knowledge of other methods for me to break down. Teams from Quebec, helped and influenced by the Parallel system, have beaten competition at Lake Placid, Mt. Tremblant at Montreal, and at Mt. Orford, one of the toughest downhill slopes in the East. There I have the double reward of seeing the sport spread and seeing my system succeed against others.



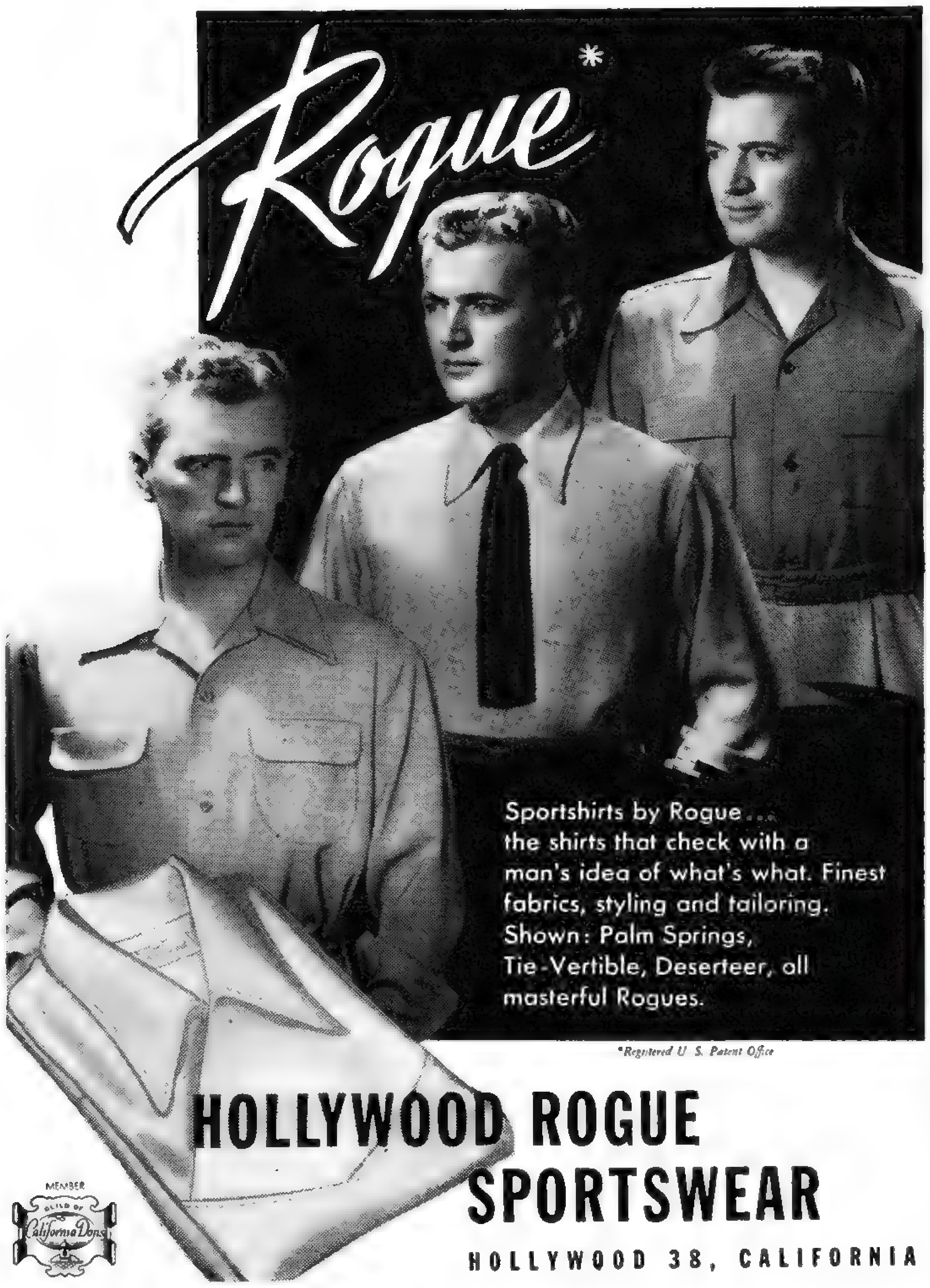
"Wonder whatever became of him?"

Anyone who has experienced the exhilaration of a Parallel Christiania turn could never be content with the Stem or Snowplow turns. The husband of a famous movie star learned that here at the Chateau. He was a fairly accomplished skier before he came, but believed there was something to the Parallel psychology. With difficulty he forgot all he had so laboriously learned at other schools and within ten days was twice as fast as when he first arrived and was able to ski with a great deal more dexteriy and grace.

Overweight men often feel that skiing is beyond their agility. Dozens of my alumni carry 210 pounds or more, and there is one manufacturer from Massachusetts weighing 240 pounds who comes back every year for a few weeks of graceful and respectable skiing. Admittedly extra weight is a disadvantage, but it can be overcome—that is, if it doesn't overcome the instructor first. I recall one day last year when three Leviathans—220, 270 and 280, respectively—came out for one day only. They had fortified themselves against the cold and snow with about fifty fingers of whiskey. This left them unsteady on their feet and absolutely delirious on skis. It took three men to pick one of them up, and they wore out two of my assistants during the course of the afternoon.

Jolts and jars are inescapable in skiing. Even the most accomplished skiers spill from time to time, and everybody gets banged up

Continued on page 122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Skiing the Natural Way

Continued from pages 38-121

a bit. But serious injury is rare.

Considering the thousands of skiing hours, the accidents that occur are negligible and almost invariably happen through carelessness. As in everything else, common sense is the best guarantee of safety.

That's what my pupils like about the Parallel system; it is approached with common sense. Take the Pure Christy. You see it in newsreels or on the slopes—a master skier coming down a mountainside in a cloud of snow. Beautiful, wonderful, awesome. But the spectacle makes many forget that the beauty of the turn lies in its very simplicity, and that is the secret of control, also. You can learn it right from the start and increase your speed to suit your taste.

Given the control and confidence of the Christiania, you will feel your skis and enter the highest stage of the sport, a freedom that is unknown to persons who are constantly resorting to the old-fashioned Stem system for turns.

This is nothing sensational. Skiing is just keeping up with the rest of the world by discarding old, entrenched formalities for healthy and rapid progress. Many schools have streamlined their instruction along the lines of the Parallel system. One in New York calls the method the Parallarlberg, and another well-known Eastern instructor calls it "The American Way."

After all, I guess that's a pretty good name for it, because it was American candor and audacity that brought about the birth and growth of Parallel instruction. Back in the days when I was teaching Stem and Snowplow methods, my American pupils would come to me on the slopes, point to an advanced skier streaking down the hill with Pure Christy turns, and say in a bold voice: "Say, buddy. See that guy? I want to ski like that. How long will it take?"

A few years ago the answer was five or ten years. Now you can have the fundamentals in a fortnight and the rest is up to you. The faster you go the easier it will be.

You are skeptical? Hundreds have come to the Chateau without the slightest intention of skiing and gone home a short time later with full equipment. They were skillful skiers and they learned much faster than I did. Best of all, they now have a new horizon, the key to unequaled enjoyment of a winter day.

Skiing made easy? Why, of course. It *is* easy. #

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DUTCH MASTERS

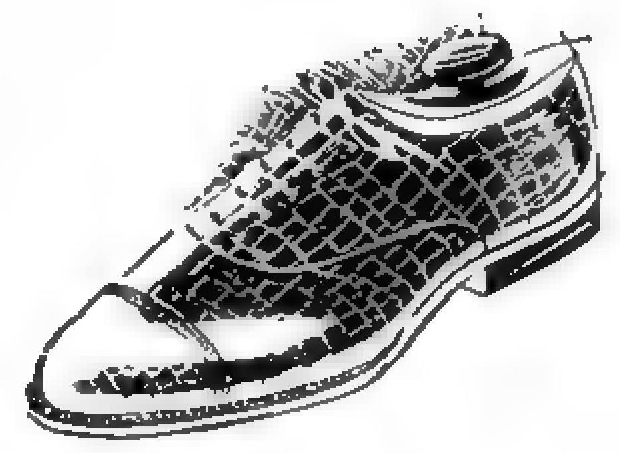
Gertie and the Pied Piper

Continued from page 45

she said, "but as long as you love me—"

"I got a thing!" said Sammy, coming in from the back room with Tom. He went to the little piano in the corner, dropped his coat on it, sat down and began playing a blues theme. Tom leaned against the piano, listening.

Joe turned round on his stool to listen too, and, although his arm still rested on her hip, Gertie knew at once that he'd forgotten her, that it was as if she weren't there. What was happening now had happened before and would happen again—a scene terrifyingly symbolic to her of future as well as past frustration and denial. An emphatic riff from the piano made Joe grunt "Ooh" in passionate appreciation. She watched him slide off the stool, get his clarinet, and go to the piano.



Alligator grain calfskin shoes among the current fashions meeting with favorable reaction from fashion conscious men.

Tom already had his trumpet out and had drawn up a chair. Without hesitation, the way a child puts color to virgin paper, he started playing on a phrase that was a variation of one of Sammy's. Joe didn't bother removing his coat. He sat himself on a chair facing Tom and began blowing a filigree of running tones around Tom's solo.

The door in the wall behind Gertie opened. Morty, awakened by the music, came out and went across the room with a grin of delight, in a lumbering step like a bear dancing. He got a cue stick, placed a chair between Joe and Tom, sat down and, resting the butt of the cue on the floor and holding the tip to his lips, began fingering it as if it were a reed instrument.

"Hey, Gertie, rack 'em up!" The call startled her out of her spell and she went fast past the music to the back room.

Ending a chorus, Joe, Sammy and Tom stopped and smiled congratulations at one another.

"That," said Morty in a half-facetious tone, "was a superior bit of murder. I was especially taken with the fugue-like inter-

Continued on page 124

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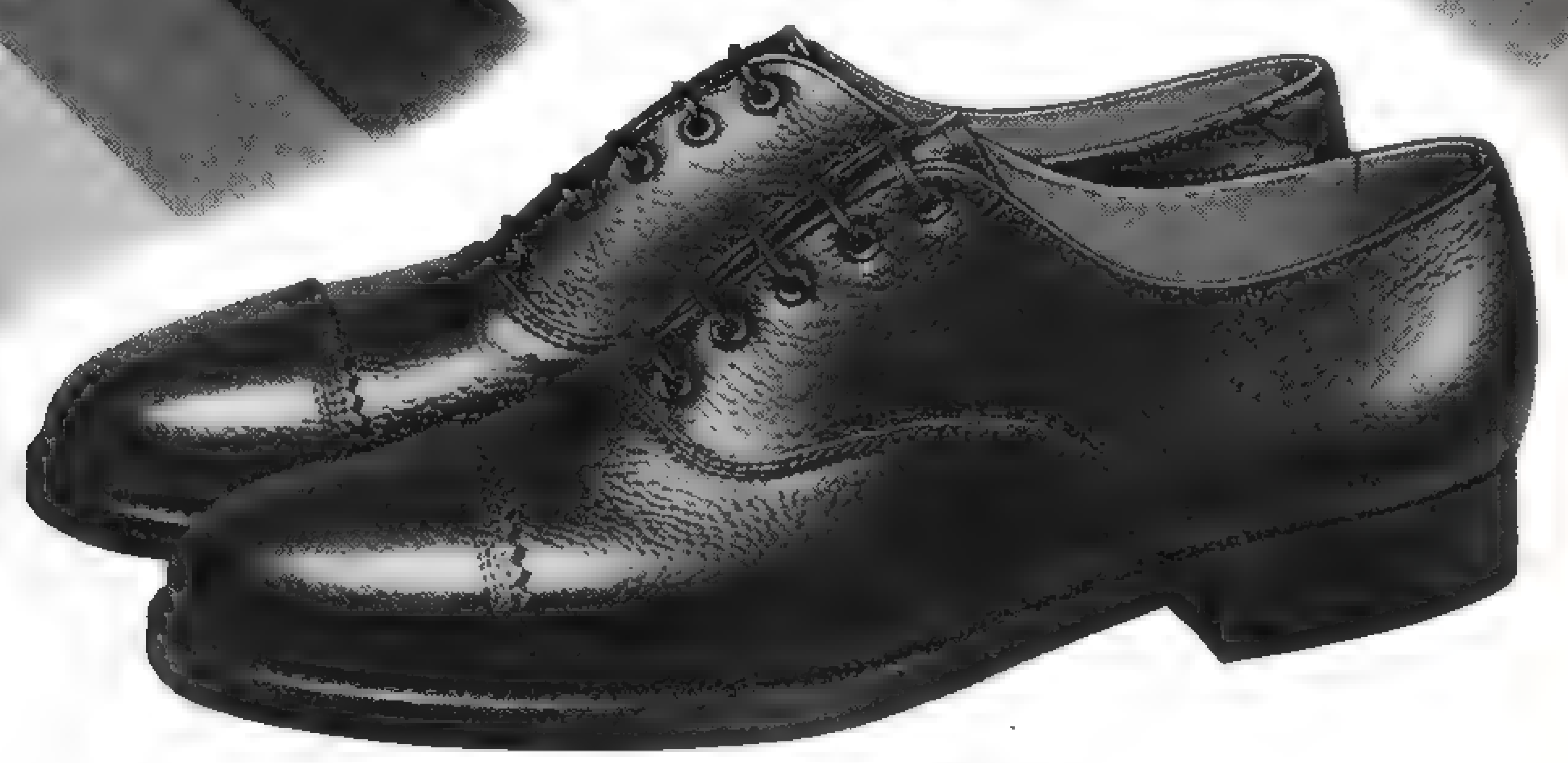

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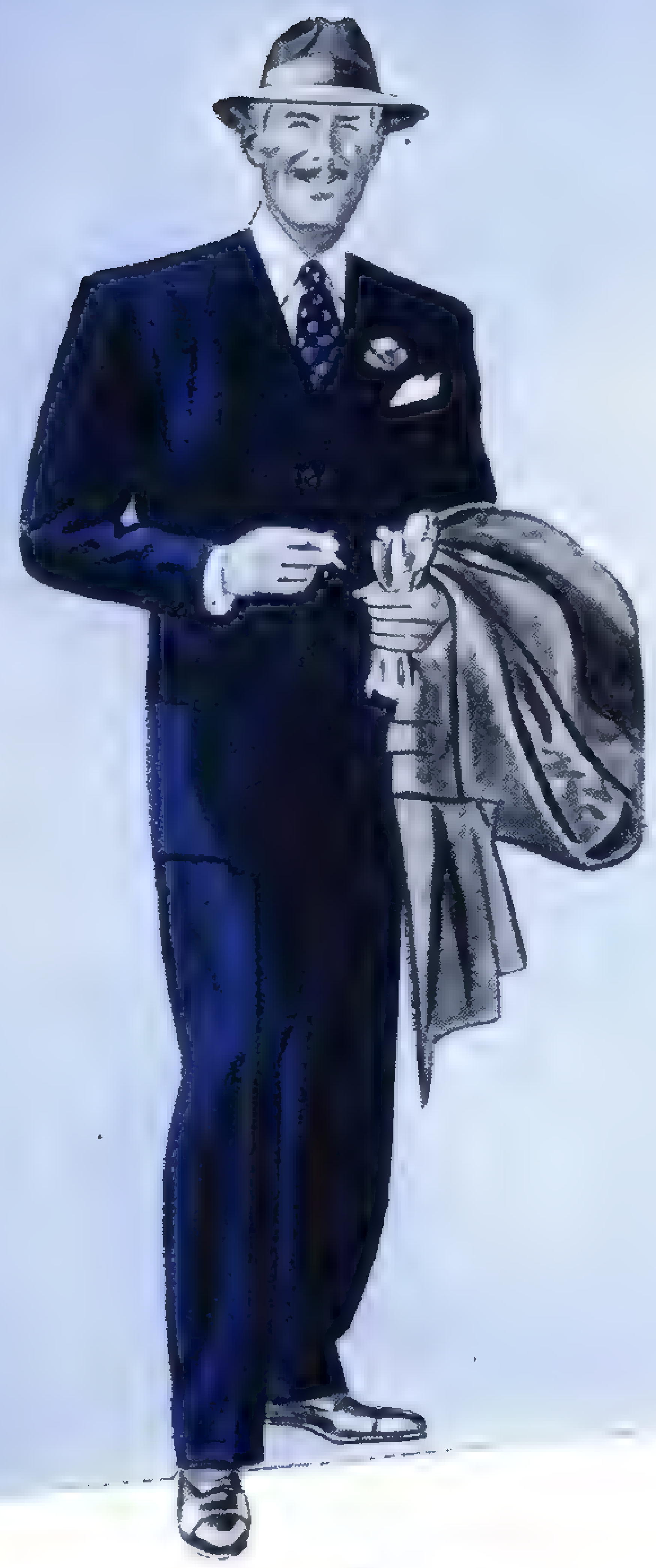

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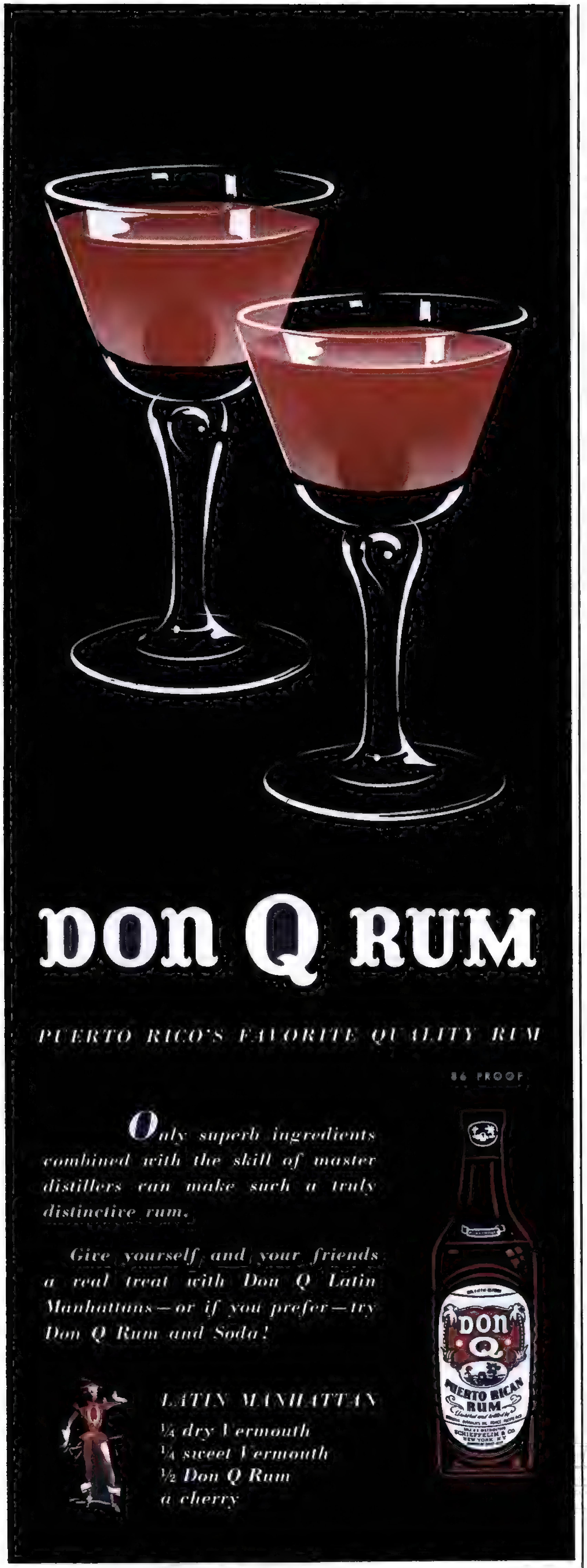

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Gertie and the Pied Piper

Continued from pages 45-123

play between the clarinet and trumpet and the treble of the piano."

"Morty's off again," Tom said.

"It really rocked me, gentlemen," Morty continued. "I shall never cease to be amazed by that miraculous sixth sense without which there could be no genuine group get-off. What you seem to take for granted is sheer magic, a gift of the gods."

"What a line," Joe said. "And it comes out like push-button talk."

"Bach, that's what it was, unconscious Bach," said Morty.

"You mean where you came in," Tom said. "Man, you certainly play a hot cue stick."

Morty was not amused. "If you only knew the music that's in my brain! A unique style of hot, very personal and original stuff that's never been heard before." Suddenly he bent forward and grasped himself by the head with both hands. "My head's full of it! Sometimes it seems there's a whole jazz band in there."

Joe snickered. "Yeah, what kind of a combination?"

"A whole jazz band," Morty said. "It goes on playing and it won't stop. Once in awhile I think my head's going to bust open."

"I know what you mean, Mort," said Joe, not joking now. "Something like that happens to me sometimes, too."

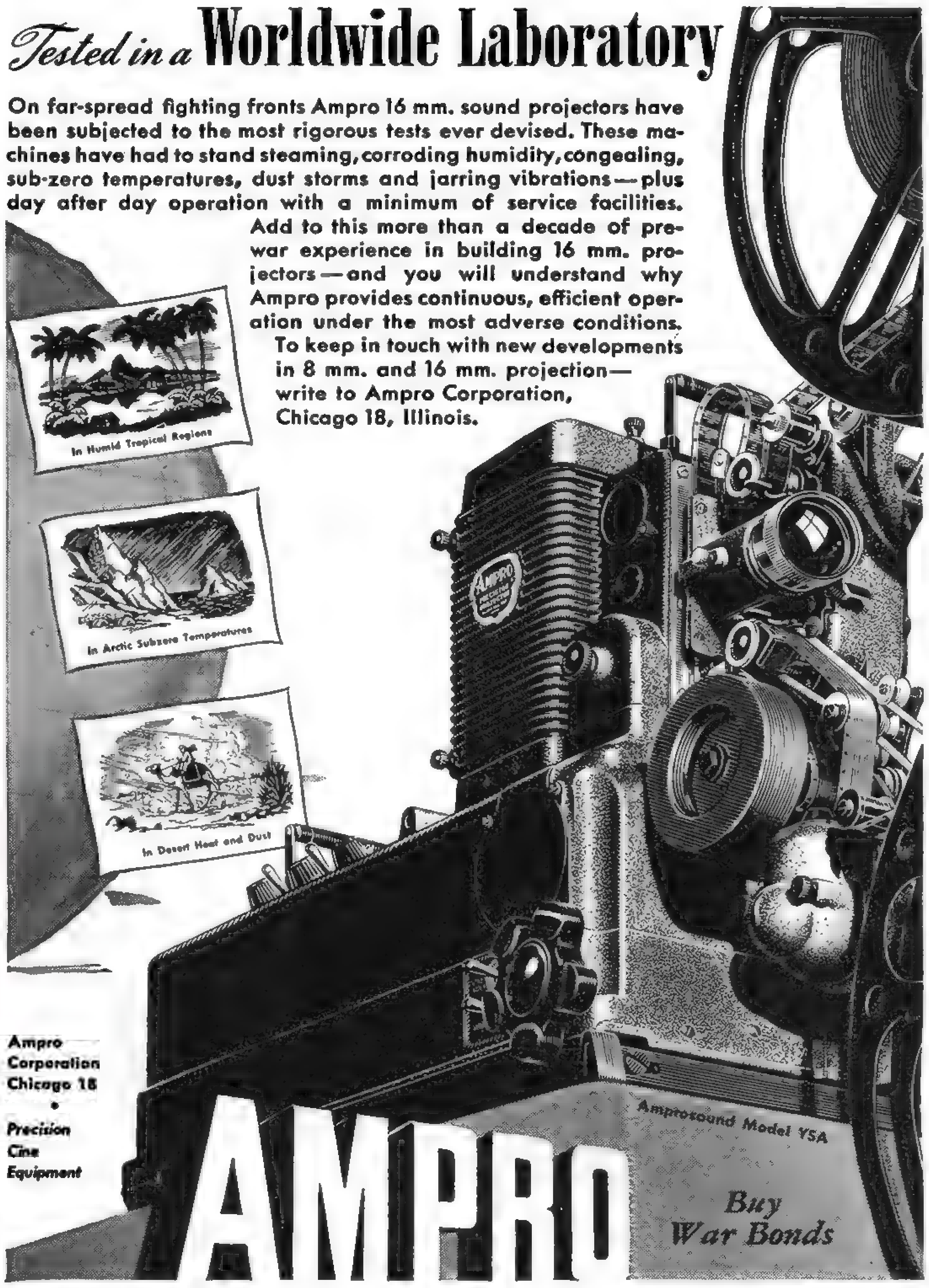
"But you get a release. You can get rid of it any time you want to. Me, I can't get rid of it and it's driving me crazy." Morty rapped himself on the head with his knuckles. "It's locked up in there and I can never get it out."

There was a strained silence and, as if realizing he had been acting extravagantly, Morty relaxed. "Tried everything from a fiddle to a harp," he said with a mournfully apologetic smile, "and I couldn't even learn to play a mouth organ, not so it meant anything. I'd give a year of my life to be able to do what any of you three guys just did. Only once. I'd give an arm."

"Tough, but if you ain't got the stuff, well, you just ain't got it," Sammy mumbled. He and Joe and Tom felt uneasy; there were times when they suspected that Morty really was a bit cracked.

Gertie, unnoticed, had been standing in the doorway to the back room, feeling, as always, like an intruder in the temple of an outlandish god. "Hey, Joe," she broke in now, making an upward motion with her thumb. "Time to get to work."

"Yeah, fellas," Joe said,



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"c'mon, back to the grind."

Gertie and Morty were alone again, she behind the counter, drinking strong coffee, he fidgeting at his desk. They could hear the musicians upstairs tuning their instruments. Soon the session would begin and then for six hours or more the ceiling would shiver to the thump of dancers' feet. Same thing night after night; what a life, Gertie thought, wondering when she'd see Joe again.

"Hey, Mort, you know what? You and me," she said with an unaccountable laugh. "You and me both, we're outsiders, we just don't belong."

"Yeah. Hell of a thing to find out, isn't it?" he said.

The band upstairs began playing *Muskrat Ramble*, and Mort leaned back in his chair, smiling expectantly at the ceiling, swaying slightly.

"Good-bye, pal," Gertie said, waving a hand at him. She got out her mirror and, tugging nervously at her face, tried to get a good look at a spot near her ear.

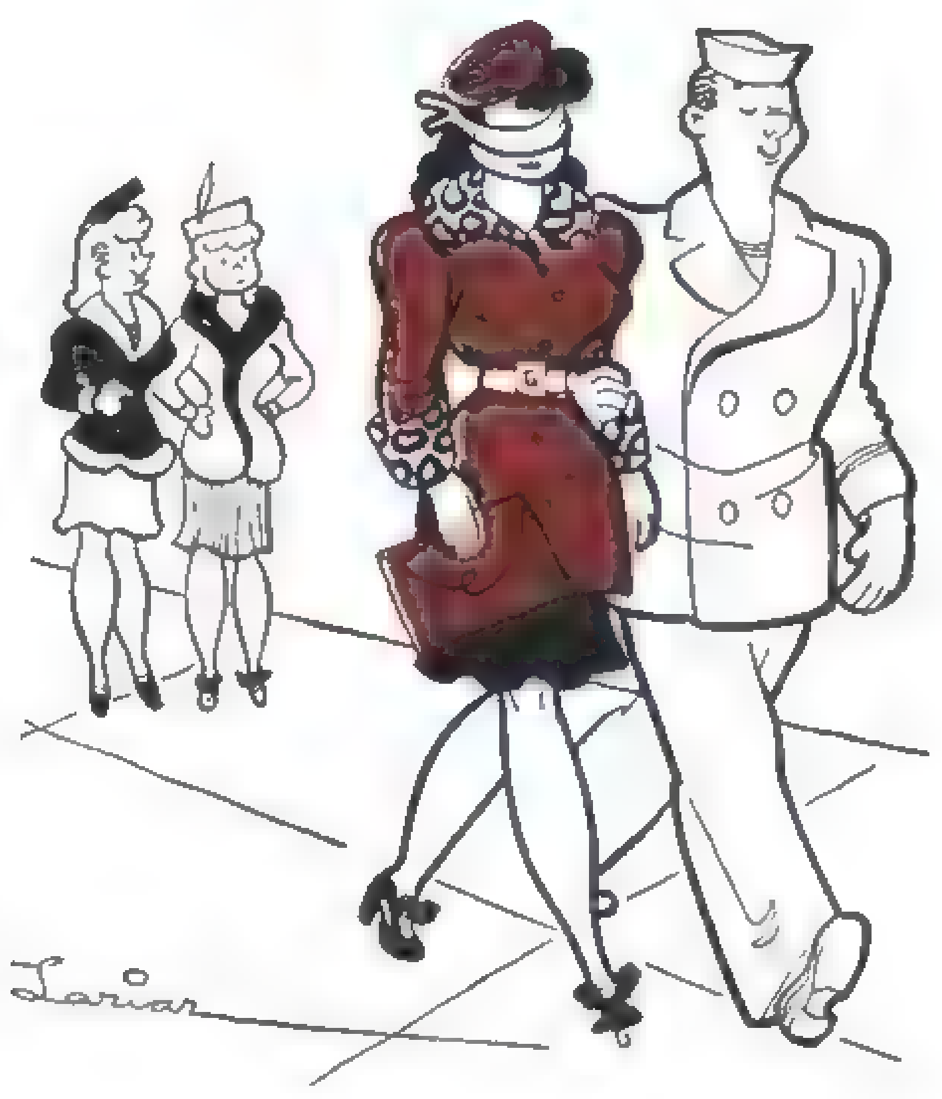
"Rack! Hey, Gertie, rack 'em up!"

Gertie slowly let go of her face and looked sidewise at Morty. He seemed oblivious of her presence. She went over to him and glared at him venomously. He was far away now and she felt utterly alone. She wanted to shake him, hit him with something.

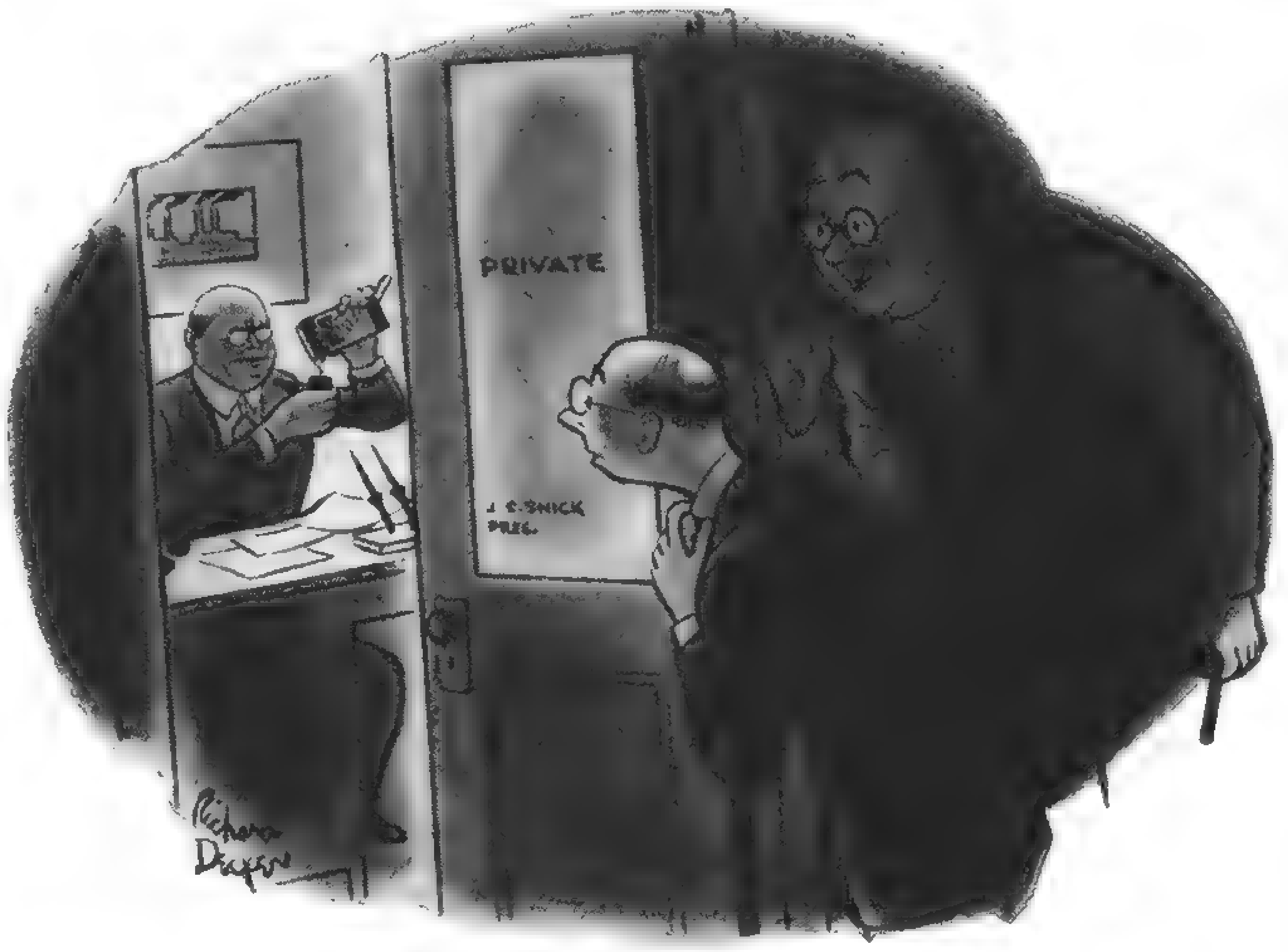
"Gertie, for crysake, service!"

For a long moment she was rigid with impotent rage. Then a tremor went through her; suddenly she turned and started for the back room. "Awright, awright, you lousy punks, hold on a minute! God's sake, shut up, Gertie's coming—"

On her way her voice rose to a near scream but it didn't reach Morty; all he heard was the music. It was getting louder and louder in a crescendo of drums and brass and it seemed to him that he was becoming part of it. Eyes glazed, jaw sagging, he was going into a headshaking, footstamping ecstasy, out of the world indeed. ⧺



"She promised her family she wouldn't see him any more!"



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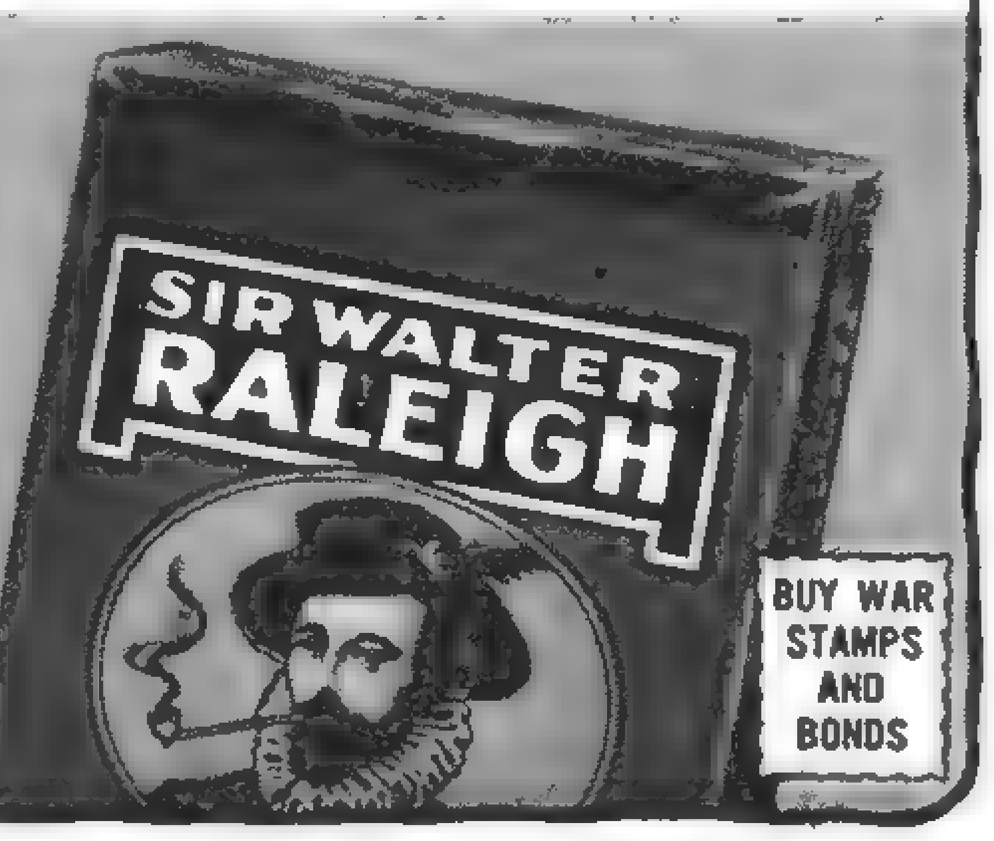

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 76

apply her gifts to the more reputable drama as represented by her last year's *Outrageous Fortune.*

She is also surely superior to the brand of much of the humor which she peddles on this latest occasion. When she places such stuff in the mouth of her pro-tem bachelor character as "The nearest I'll ever get to a baby is the Stork Club"; when she indulges in Hollywood jokes like the old one about people having two big houses and a swimming pool and living in hotels; when she follows it up with the wife's venerable jocosity to the effect that her husband is acting so amiably one would think he wasn't married to her; and when she fails to shave off the beard of the one about it making no difference whether a writer for the movies can write—when she offers such faded minstrelsy one is to be forgiven for spanking her apparent passion for easy money. After all, there is such a thing as personal pride, or should be.

If I didn't have respect for Miss Franken's past demonstrated dramatic ability, I should not go to the bother of writing as I do about her. I'd simply dismiss her play with one of those impolite words which I have reserved for such occasions. But I have that respect and I accordingly disrelish seeing her deliberately cheapening herself to financial ends. She should like me for that.

As for some of the above-mentioned impolite words which I keep in stock for those other occasions, herewith samples:

The Odds on Mrs. Oakley, by Harry Segall. Trash.

School for Brides, by Frank Gill, Jr. and George Carleton Brown. Guano.

Down to Miami, by Conrad Westervelt. Garbage.

Last Stop, by Irving Kaye Davis. Tripe.

The Day Will Come, by Leo Birinski. Junk.

Bloomer Girl, a musical show by the Messrs. Herzig, Saidy, Arlen and Harburg, got such notices as in the past were usually reserved for Richard Wagner and Vera-Ellen and is one of the season's big hits. Don't ask me why. The book, dealing with a feud between a rich manufacturer of hoop skirts and his sister-in-law advocate of bloomers, with his daughter rebelliously siding with her aunt, is resolved into little more than an extended revamping of some such time-dishonored musical show plot as the objection of a father to his daughter's marriage to the man of her heart, with the main theme itself confined largely

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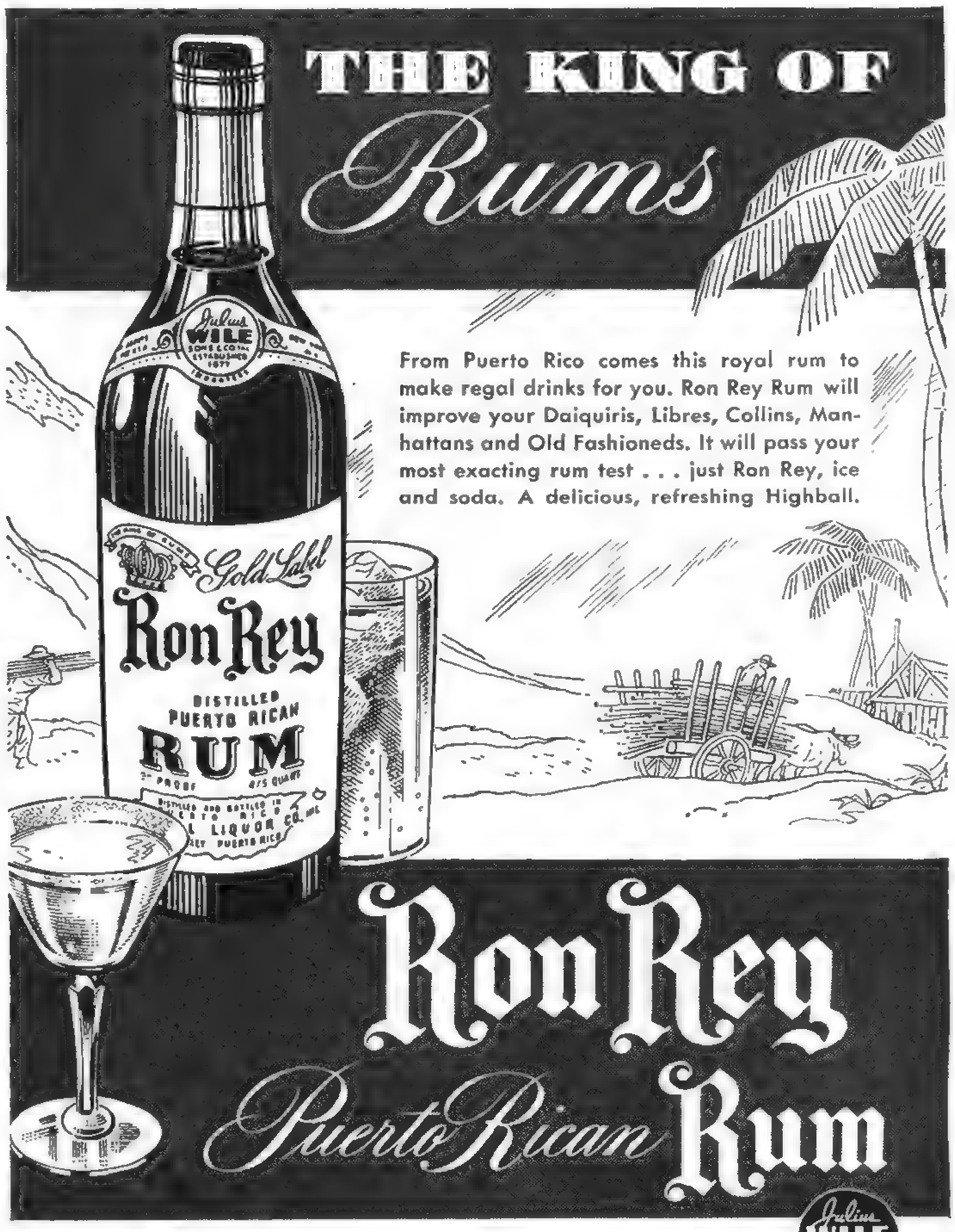

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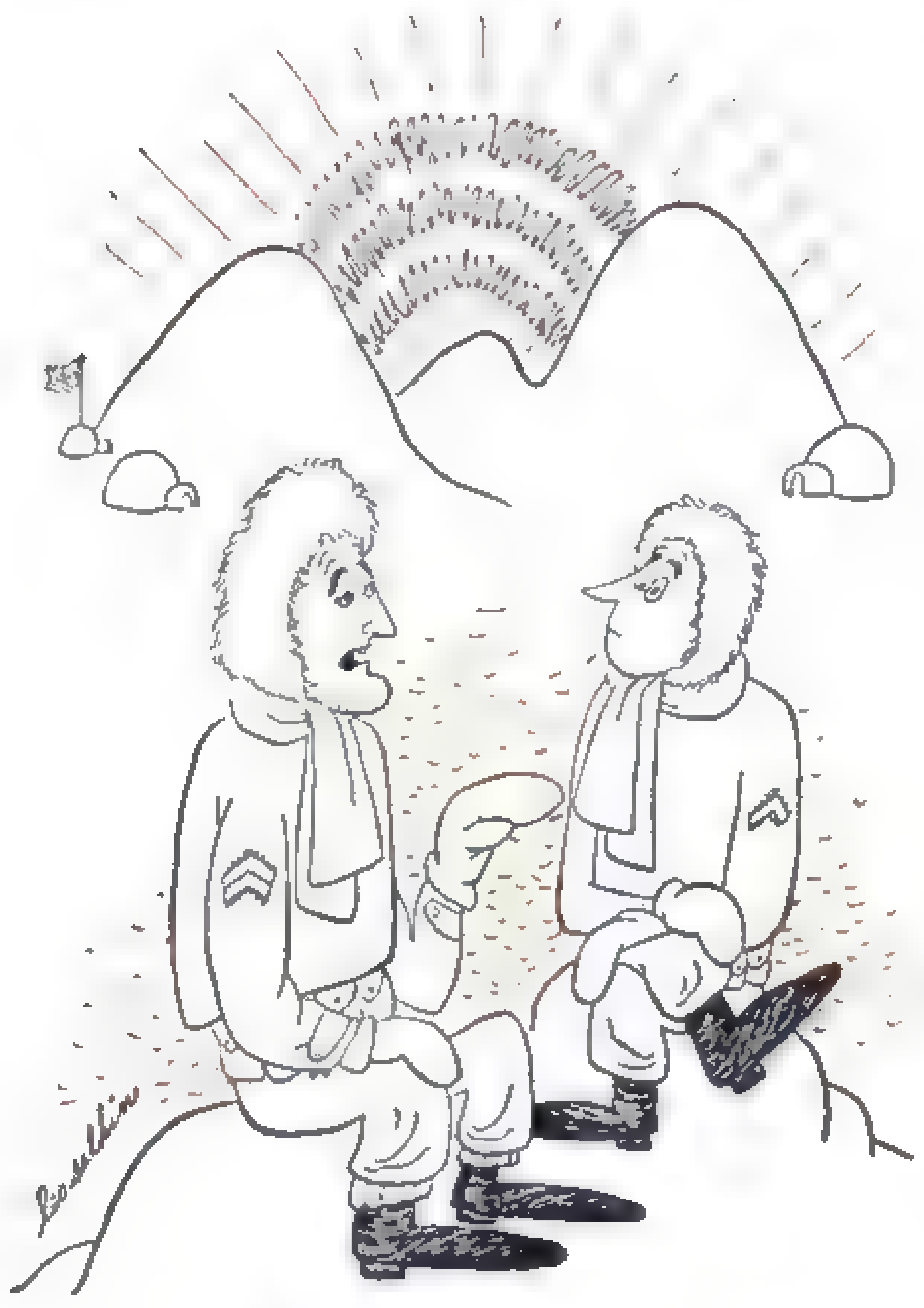
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

to the period costumes. In addition, the confectors have seen fit to overload their story with so considerable a sociological to-do about women's rights, abolition of slavery and such, that about the only thing they seem to have neglected is a consideration of Stephen A. Douglas' sponsorship of squatter sovereignty in terms of the New Deal. As a consequence, the evening takes on the aspect of an 1861 Dorothy Thompson holding forth at a Clare Boothe Luce tea party.



"If absence makes the heart grow fonder, my girl must be nuts about me now"

Nor do the music and lyrics help much. Arlen's tunes are mostly of the juke-box variety, and Harburg's lyrics may be recognized from such of their titles as *It Was Good Enough for Grandma, Rakish Young Man with the Whiskers, Farmer's Daughter, Man for Sale,* and *When the Boys Come Home.* The scenery and costumes are quite beautiful, and at one point in the evening a large colored man named Huey comes on and enlivens matters with a serio-comic song, but beyond that the testimonials to the show's wonders escape my powers of understanding. Figuring in the proceedings is the Joan McCracken who made a great impression in many quarters by falling on her face in *Oklahoma!* Here again she makes an equally deep impression with a performance that for frenzied cuteness, embracing everything from making mouths like a child movie actress to tossing her fundament around like a basketball, has not been matched since Ada Mae Weeks disappeared from the local music-show stage.

In the mystery department, neither Jane Hinton's *Meet a Body*—nor Kenneth White's dramatization of the Zugsmith-Randau novel, *The Visitor,* amounted to any entertainment. The former was a cheap botch involving multiple murders accomplished by poisons, electrical contrivances and an escaped lunatic and was approximately as mysterious and puzzling as *Uncle Tom's*

Continued on page 128

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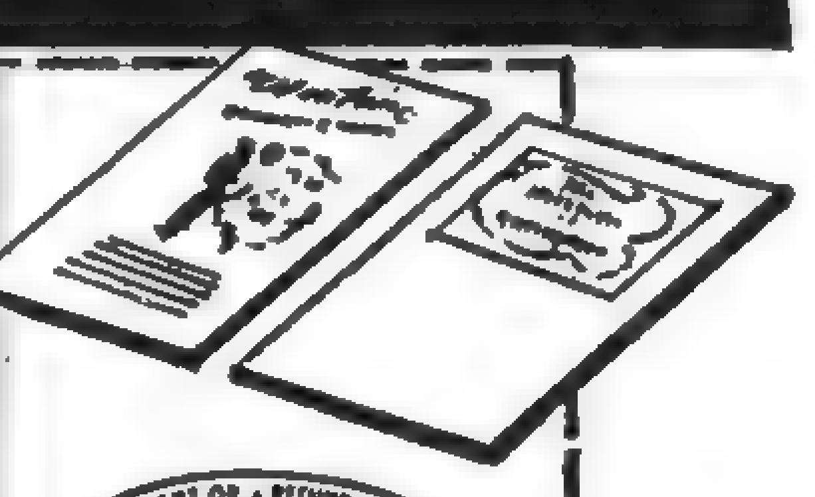

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 76-127

Cabin. The latter, which tried to make an audience believe that a mother would have doubts about her son's identity and suspect him of being an imposter upon his return home after an absence of only three years, was almost as bad and was, further, staged by Herman Shumlin with such portentous solemnity that the mother might have been forgiven for believing her son to be King Lear.

John van Druten's *I Remember Mama,* dramatized from Kathryn Forbes' book, *Mama's Bank Account,* is, however, something I may at last recommend to you. A simple chronicle of the daily life of a Norwegian-American family in San Francisco at the beginning of the century, it manages a gently warm theatrical effect and isn't too greatly damaged by the needless incorporation into it of a young daughter of the household who sits frowningly to one side of the stage and serves as a reflective commentator. The acting, particularly on the part of Oscar Homolka as the spurious reprobate uncle, is generally endorsable, and van Druten's direction is first-rate.

If *Life with Father* seemed to you the best doggoned play since Sophocles, *I Remember Mama* should be right down your alley. If you thought *Life with Father* only the best play since Racine, it should similarly be right down your alley. And even if perchance you considered *Life with Father* merely a very pleasant theatrical evening of no great critical shakes, it shouldn't disappoint you.

Whitfield Cook's *Violet,* on the other hand, calls for one of those previously mentioned impolite words, in fact, one of the most impolite of the lot. Backed by one of the Hollywood movie companies, it spat in the theatre's face with three acts of rubbish dealing with a brat who tries to untangle the problems of her much-married father. The acting, fore and aft, was almost as bad as the play.

As for *Snafu,* by the Messrs. Solomon and Buchman, which brings down the curtain on this month's disquisition, some funny stuff relieves the evening. The materials are hardly very fresh, since they concern an honorably discharged young soldier who returns home and has a time of it readapting himself to civilian life. But the authors have managed to make about half of them diverting, and George Abbott's direction of the stage has helped a lot. A boy named Redfield has the leading role and does a nice job with it. ###

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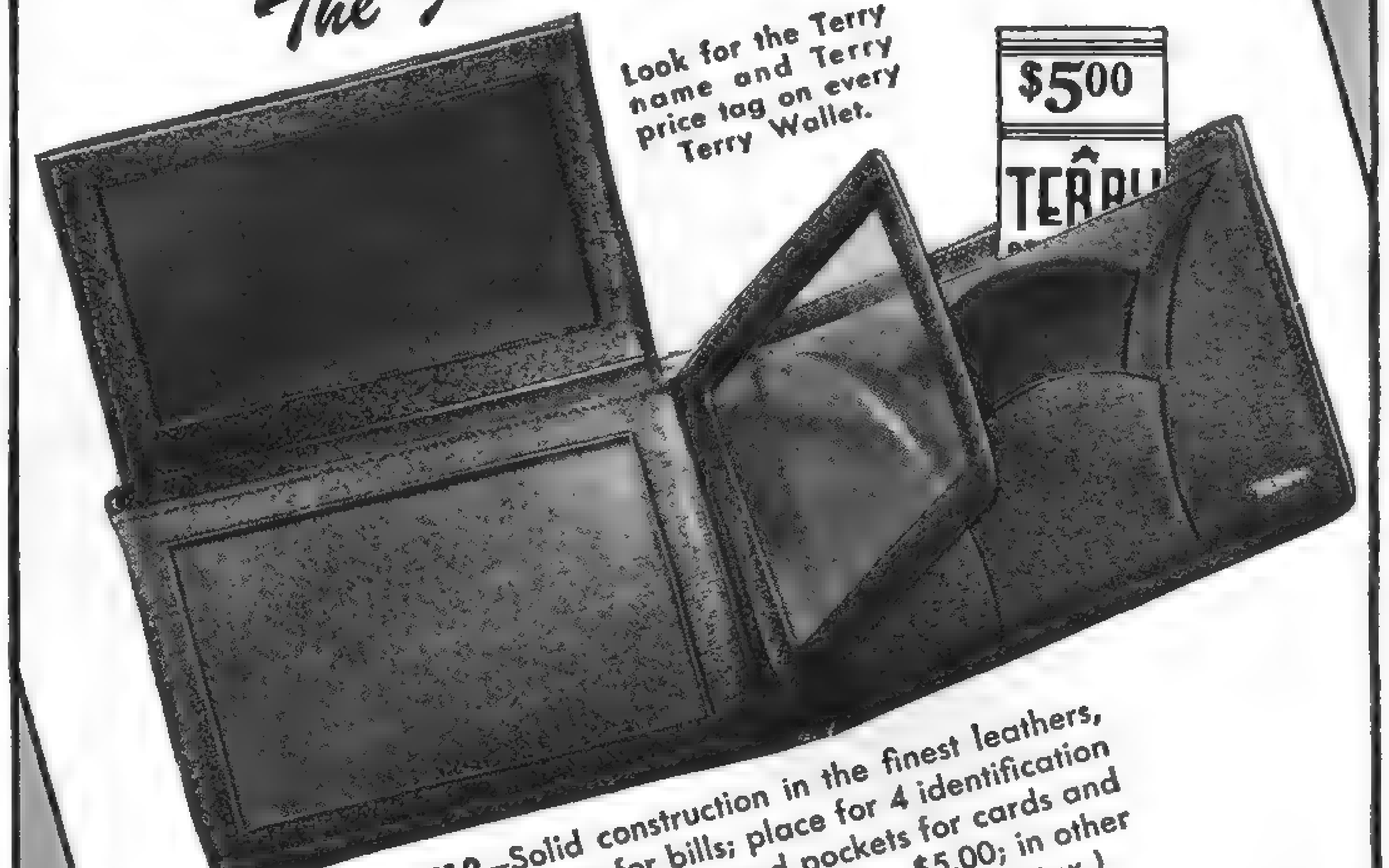

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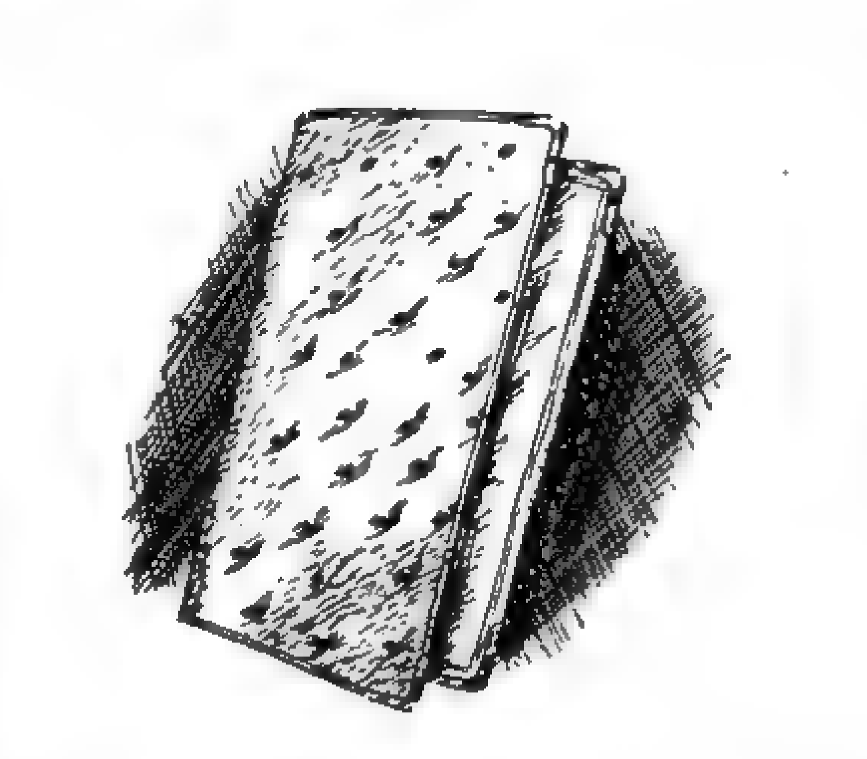
Black Sheep No. Five: Clarence

Continued from page 49



Ostrich wallet with many compartments is finished with gold edging at the corners.

ornate body had attained a new delicacy; the transition was startling—even in her personality. She became more alert, more aware of herself and of him, and he began to wonder about her. He knew that she was married, as well as he, but he felt that their respective marriages were not a state of being as much as a stage of development, and the potentialities of this woman, who was coming to life through his suggestion, excited him so that he fell in love with her. After she no longer had any need to consult him as a dentist, he arranged to meet her outside of his office.

Anna had no sense of guilt. She was not betraying Clarence, she told herself, because the woman who had married Clarence had ceased to be. She was a new person, moving in a new world, and her husband, with his exaggerated air of self-importance and his fatuous contentment with a life that now appeared to her to be sluggish, was so engrossed with his pretentious little world that he didn't even realize that she had changed. But it wasn't until she and the dentist started slipping away to the latter's cottage in the country that emotion got the best of her. He was bright and quick-thinking, the opposite of Clarence in every way, and when he held her like silk in his arms, all of her instincts demanded that she leave her husband. Furthermore, Dr. Moreland was becoming insistent. He was constantly urging that she get a divorce.

Clarence's mouth fell open when she told him.

"But we are happy," he kept saying foolishly, staring at her as if she were the name in gold letters on his desk. "You can't leave me. You don't know what you are saying."

"People change," she said, trying to be as patient as she could, and wishing she had not noticed how shoddy he looked in his olive-green suit. Had she had any basis for comparisons in the first place

Continued on page 130

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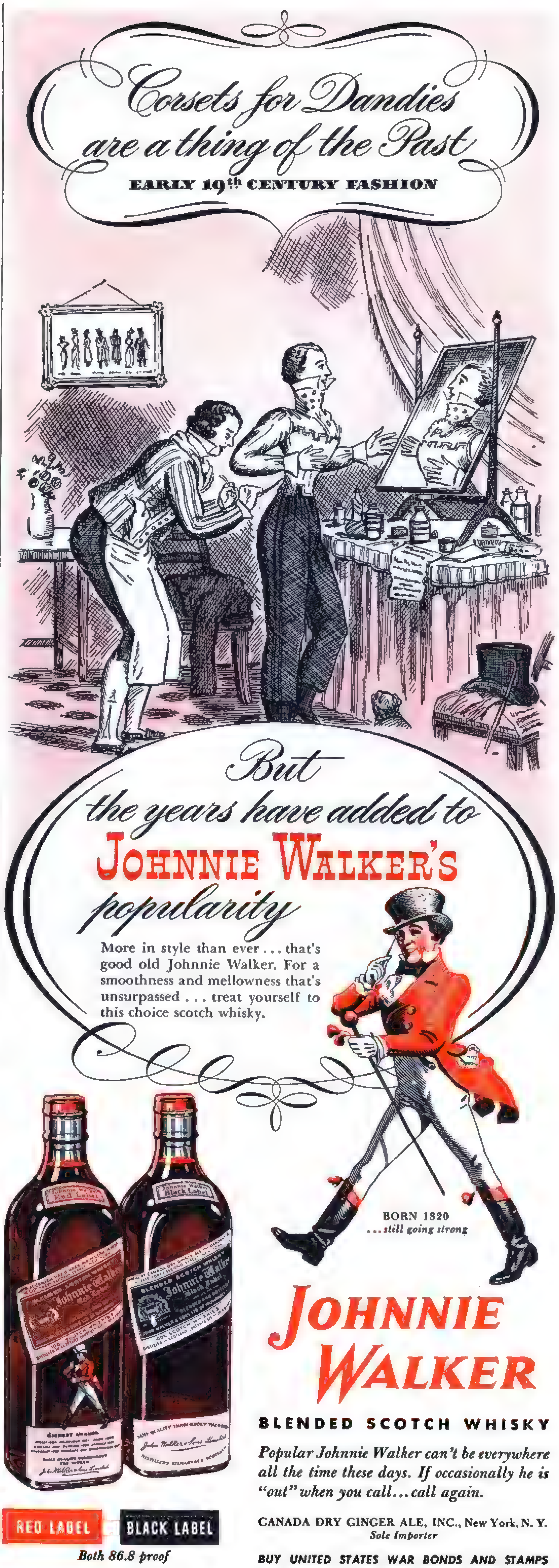

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Black Sheep No. Five: Clarence

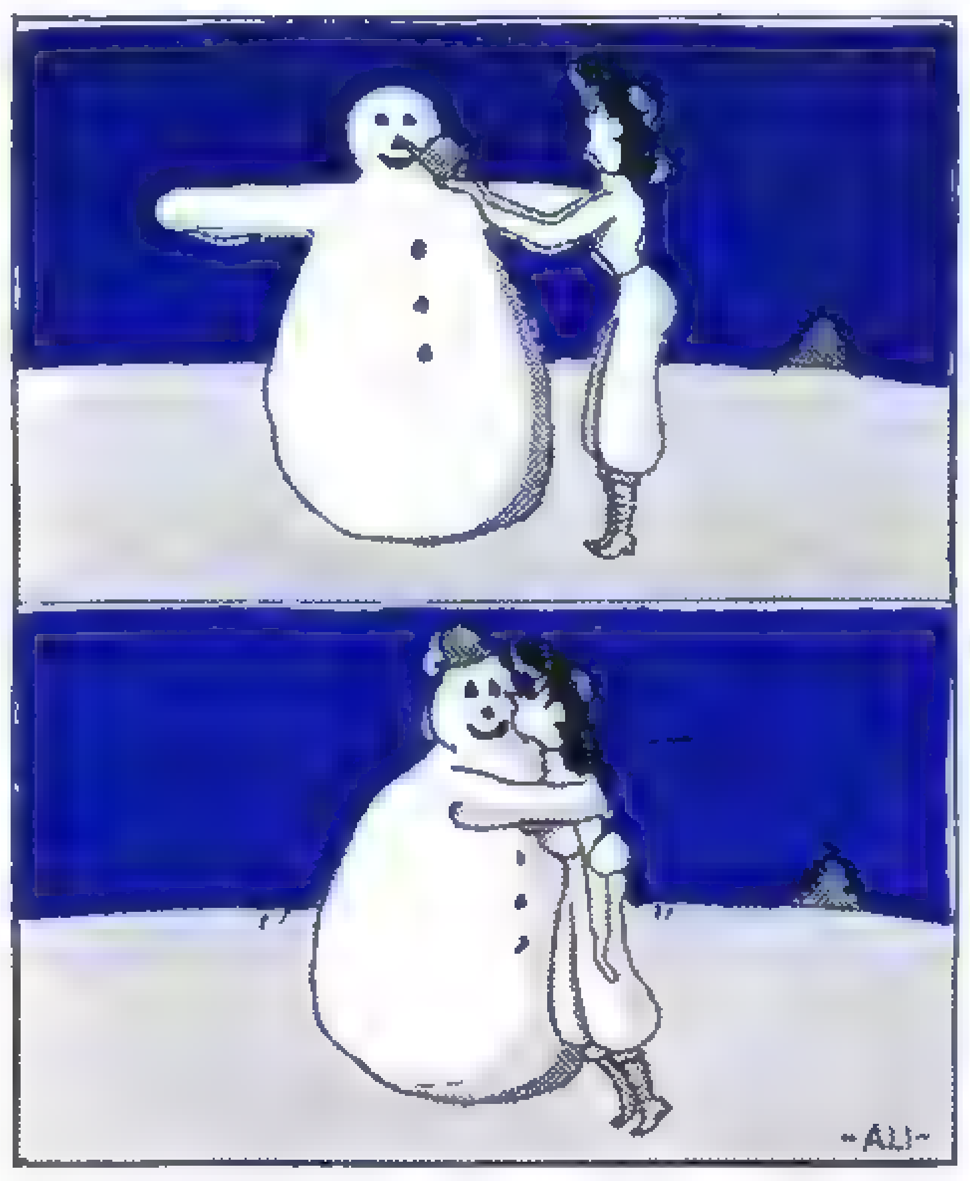
Continued from pages 49-129

she never would have married him, she told herself.

"I won't consider letting you go," Clarence said and tried to take her in his arms.

Anna thought that she would choke—her aversion to him had become so great.

The dentist was not greatly dismayed when she told him.



"Why don't we offer him money?" he proposed glibly. "I have plenty. I'll make out a check for 15,000 dollars."

"But that is bribery," Anna said with widened eyes. "And I know he wouldn't accept it."

But the dentist made out the check and Anna was amazed at Clarence's response when it was offered to him.

"I ought not to take it," he said dazedly. "But if I am losing you, I ought to have some recompense. Yes, I ought. When you take away a man's castle, you ought to give him something in exchange."

"Then you will give me a divorce?" Anna said, standing there in their living room.

"I suppose so," Clarence kept fingering the check confusedly.

Anna, unable to bear the discussion any longer, slipped on her coat and went out the door.

She did not even wish to have a farewell visit with the baby—it would be too painful.

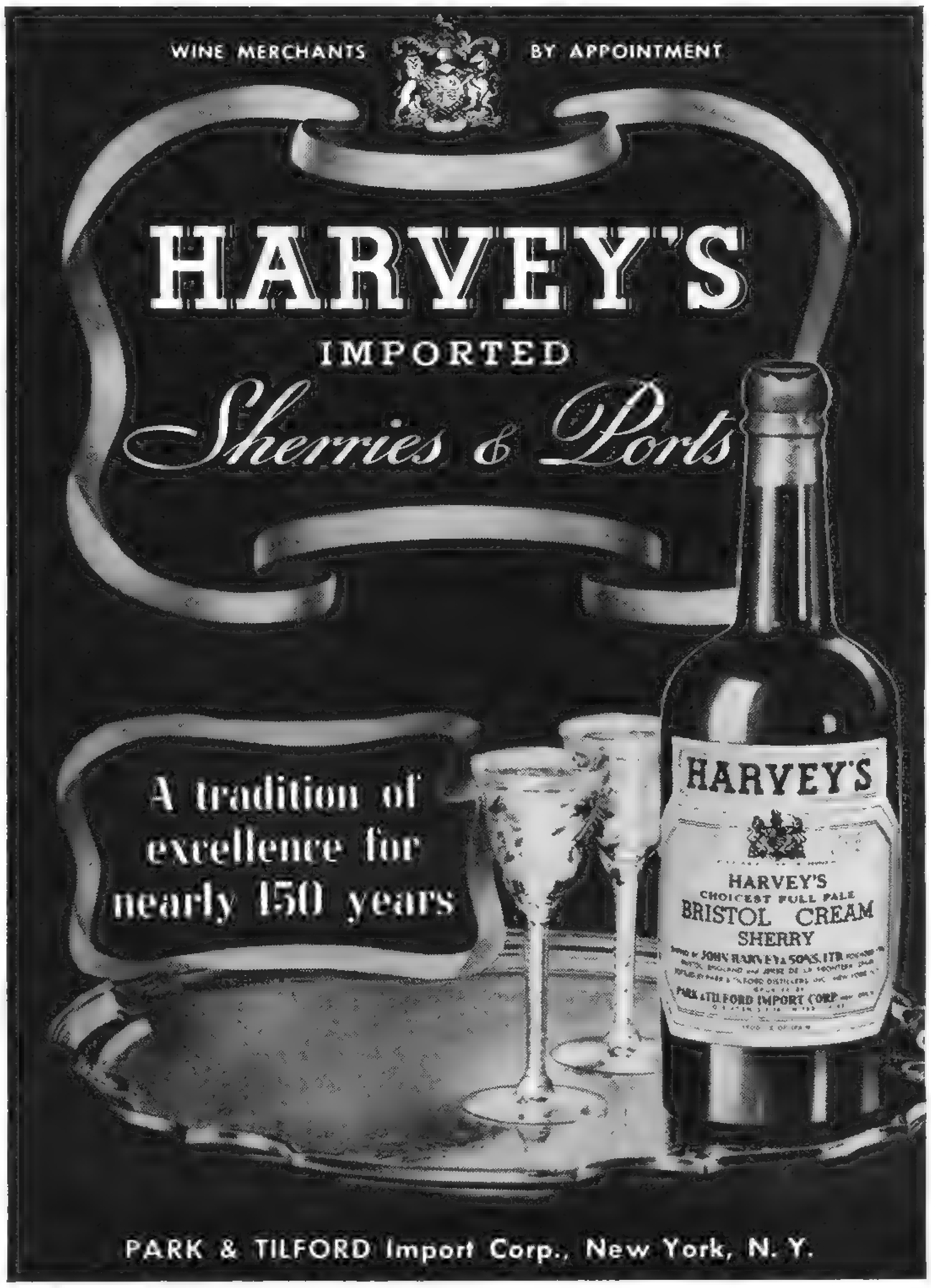
For a few seconds, Clarence sat there shaken with sobs. Then suddenly he rose and walked to the window.

He could see the svelte figure of his wife just turning the corner and then, with that final overwhelming flash of genius of which he had dreamed, he perceived the truth.

"Why, she's only another woman. That's all. Why did I think she wasn't?"

He threw back his shoulders as only a man can whose name is engraved in gold, and said to himself:

"But I have the fifteen thousand dollars." #



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Basketball Hits the Big Time

Continued from page 65

after all, colorful coaches are as much a part of the game as the play itself. On occasions the mentors often provide more entertainment than the game.

Dr. Red Carlson of the University of Pittsburgh leads in this respect. In a game with West Virginia a few years ago, Carlson admonished an official so sternly it cost his team a technical foul. When he repeated the act a minute later and tossed an assortment of sweat shirts into the official's lap with the naïve explanation that the gentleman had taken everything else away from the Panthers and might as well make it a grand slam, he was banished from the bench. He took refuge in the stands, sat with a pair of coeds, borrowed the girls' handkerchiefs to use as a headdress around his bald pate and kept up his attack.

One week later when the team went to West Virginia for a return engagement, Carlson expressed his disgust with each decision that went against his team by saying, "That burns me up." Shortly after the second half got underway he leaped from his chair again and shouted, "That burns me up." Two West Virginia students promptly poured a bucket of water over his head.

In addition to these woes, officials as well as coaches and players are troubled by the rapid growth of gambling on basketball games. This is particularly true in the East where the gamblers make themselves obnoxious at double-headers. They not only make nuisances of themselves, but almost precipitated a scandal last season. Fifteen years ago no one gambled on basketball. Then came the double-headers at Madison Square Garden. The man on the street began to take notice. Soon the papers published odds on the games. Bookmakers went into the business and today gambling on basketball is almost equal to that on football.

Agencies in Minneapolis, Cleveland and Birmingham get out weekly form sheets much like those in horse racing. They pay representatives at the various schools a weekly sum to keep them informed about new players, injuries to old, changes in style of play, anything that might affect the success of the team. Usually it is some student, but in some cases it has been the manager of the team, a member of the squad or one of the regulars.

Eastern colleges have tried earnestly to combat the evil and this year the N.C.A.A. has hired private investigators to take concrete steps to break it up, follow-

Continued on page 132

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INSULATED WITH GENUINE EIDER DOWN

I personally will fully recommend this jacket on the basis of 14 years of all-weather flying all over Alaska, and on experiences gained during the year I served with Sir Hubert Wilkins in the Antarctic, and on the strength of tests to which I have submitted Bauer Blizzard Proof Down Jackets.

J. C., Fairbanks, Alaska

Right at present we are up against the Siegfried Line in Belgium. It is raining constantly and it is cold. I am wearing the old Blizzard Jacket every day and tucking it under my head for a pillow at night. It is in use twenty-four hours each day. Some day I am going to personally hand you this jacket and let you see how well they stand up to constant hard pounding. This garment of yours is the best single piece of clothing I have ever owned in my life. It has given me more protection, more warmth and real comfort- - in other words been of more real value and worth to me than any clothing I've [illegible].

Major [illegible] A., Jr.

Your down filled jacket is certainly the answer for hunting comfort when [illegible] in comparison to the sweat one works up when wearing the usual heavy clothes. The features you have designed in the Yukon coat particularly to give arm and shoulder freedom almost makes it a "must" garment for any hunter.

W. F. L., Portland, Ore.

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P. R., State Dept. Sheriff, Grand Island, Neb.

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T. T., Memphis, Tenn.

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Basketball Hits the Big Time

Continued from pages 65-131

ing the pattern of the late Judge Landis in baseball.

Professional basketball, on the other hand, has escaped the gamblers, except for little cliques that gather in one corner of the hall and wager among themselves. This is because the pro game is not big stuff yet. After the war, however, the present magnates plan an expansion comparable to professional baseball. When they tried the game on a large scale fifteen years ago it flopped, because player salaries were too high, traveling expenses ruinous and the floors not large enough to carry the freight. Since then interest in basketball has increased many times and the same men feel they can make it go.

The old circuit was made up of Philadelphia, Washington, New York, Baltimore, Patterson, Fort Wayne, Chicago and Cleveland. It ran two winters and then gave up. Today there are two prosperous leagues. In the East, New York, Trenton, Wilmington and Philadelphia make up a prosperous circuit. In the West, Fort Wayne, Oshkosh, Sheboygan and Pittsburgh have made a go of it.

These men and others are ready to try it again. Robert R. N. Carpenter, owner of the Phillies, also operates the Wilmington basketball franchise. Ted Collins, manager of Kate Smith, would like to try it in Boston; Eddie Gottlieb, successful promoter of the Philadelphia S.P.H.A.S. for the past twenty-seven years, will put a team in that city. George Marshall, owner of the Washington Redskins, who had a team in the ill-fated American League fifteen years ago, has indicated that he would like to try again.

On top of all this we may have to face a Chinese invasion, according to dispatches from the South Pacific. Captain Ray Osborne, a former Texas sportswriter, declared recently that Yankee basketball is only a turtle race compared to the whirlwind game they play in China. "You may think the fans of the U.S. are 'Hoop Happy'," said Osborne. "Wait until you see the Chinese. They play for an hour and a half without stopping. Their stamina is amazing. I saw one American team play forty-five minutes and demand a rest. The Chinese demurred, but finally consented. After a couple of minutes rest the Chinese were up again, needling the Yanks to continue—and at the end of another forty-five minutes the Chinese won 97-60. As soon as the war is over they plan to come to the States."

It looks like a hot time in the old hall tonight—after the war! ⧺

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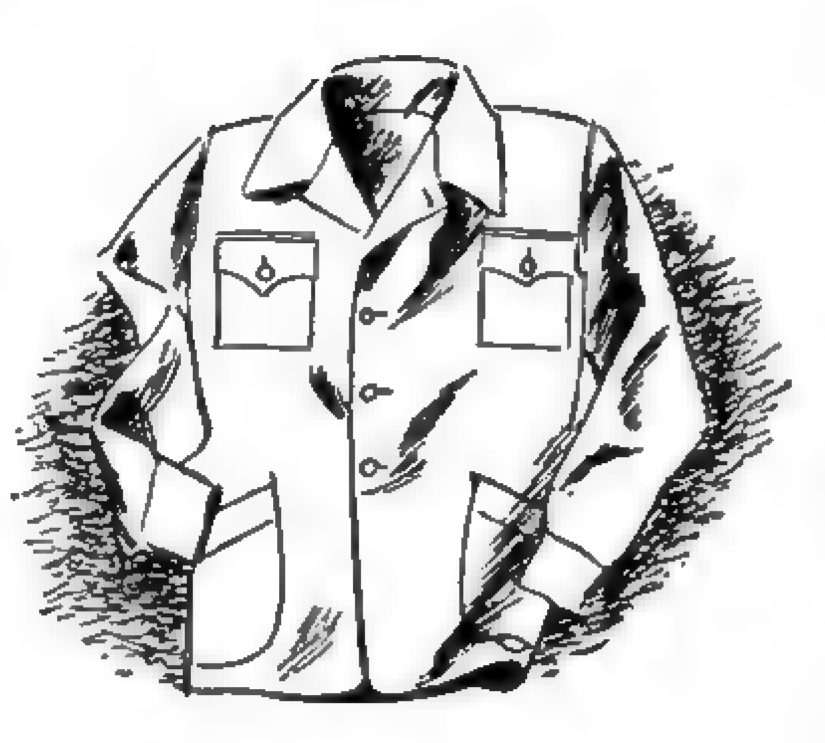
This Man's World

Continued from page 52

cigarettes, come back and remember he wanted to get something at the drug store and go out again and stay longer than it takes and when you ask him what kept him he'll get that exasperating far-away look as he replies, "Oh, I met a guy and stopped to talk to him."

It is at that point that you will begin to suspect that something is wrong and maybe he doesn't really love you. From then on, you will watch his increasing gyrations like a hawk and with growing suspicion. The climax and the seal set upon your distrust and doubts will come about eight-thirty, or maybe nine o'clock at night after dinner is over, when he suddenly pulls himself together with a kind of decisive motion, reaches for his overseas cap and says, "Honey, do you mind if I go down to the canteen for a while. There's a couple of guys I wanna see. Don't wait up for me, because we may get to chewing the fat, y'know how it is. I hear Joe Blow is back in town. I ran into him at Salerno . . ."

And that's where you make up your mind that the guy doesn't love you any more and you waver between staging the big renunciation scene with tears and reproaches, or going upstairs by yourself and dampening the pillow, because how could he really love you when he's only been back five days after not having seen you for two and a half years and he's tired of you already. And anyway, you don't believe he wants to see any guys. He's just like all men, and . . .



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Baby, just relax.

It's really guys he wants to see and talk to, and he's going to want to for quite a spell. That's the way it's going to be and no amount of sniffling or hollering or nagging on your part is going to change it. Because he really has another wife. For the last two or three years he has been married

Continued on page 134

GIVE YOUR FACE THAT
Professional
TOUCH!

He *scowled* when he rolled out to shave - but look at him now! A few smooth, clean, PROFESSIONAL strokes . . . and gone with the wind are his scraggy beard and morning blues.

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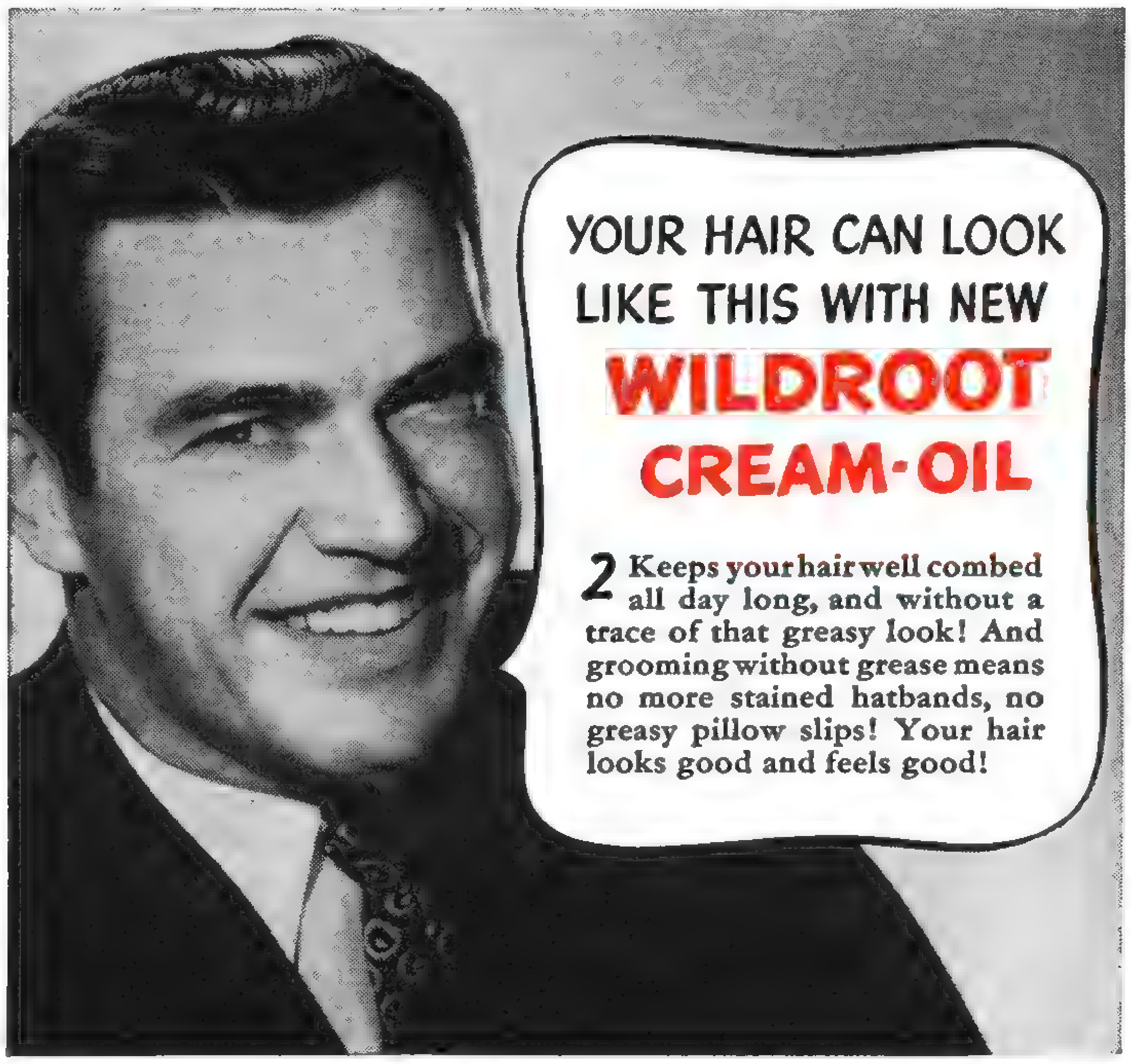

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This Man's World

Continued from pages 52-133

to the most exacting, exciting and demanding mistress in the world—the Army, the Navy or the Marine Corps. He's been hating her, fighting her and loving her to death. It's going to take him a little time to get over her. He still loves you best, but if he doesn't get to shooting the breeze with the service guys about how it really was over there, he'll go nuts.

It's a funny thing, but coming back on the transport he was ready to swear that if he never saw another GI. or a uniform in a hundred years, it would still be too soon. And now after five days he finds himself on the prowl for anyone, even a sergeant to whom he can talk—the way guys in the Army talk, and about the things that went on and that happened to them in the strange places they went, things, my pet, that you would never, never understand if you lived to be two hundred years old and became the wisest woman in the world.

But you could become the next thing to the wisest woman in the world if you would listen to Uncle Gallico at this juncture and let the guy go. Smile, damn you smile, pat his cheek, push him out the door and when he comes back don't ask questions.

Because he's a veteran. He's been a fighting man. He's been to hell and back again and he's got to unwind himself. He's got to get back to those guys who understand the language and talk until he bores them and in the end bores himself. Then the romance will be over. Then he'll be yours for keeps and he'll love you till the day you die for your forbearance and for your understanding.

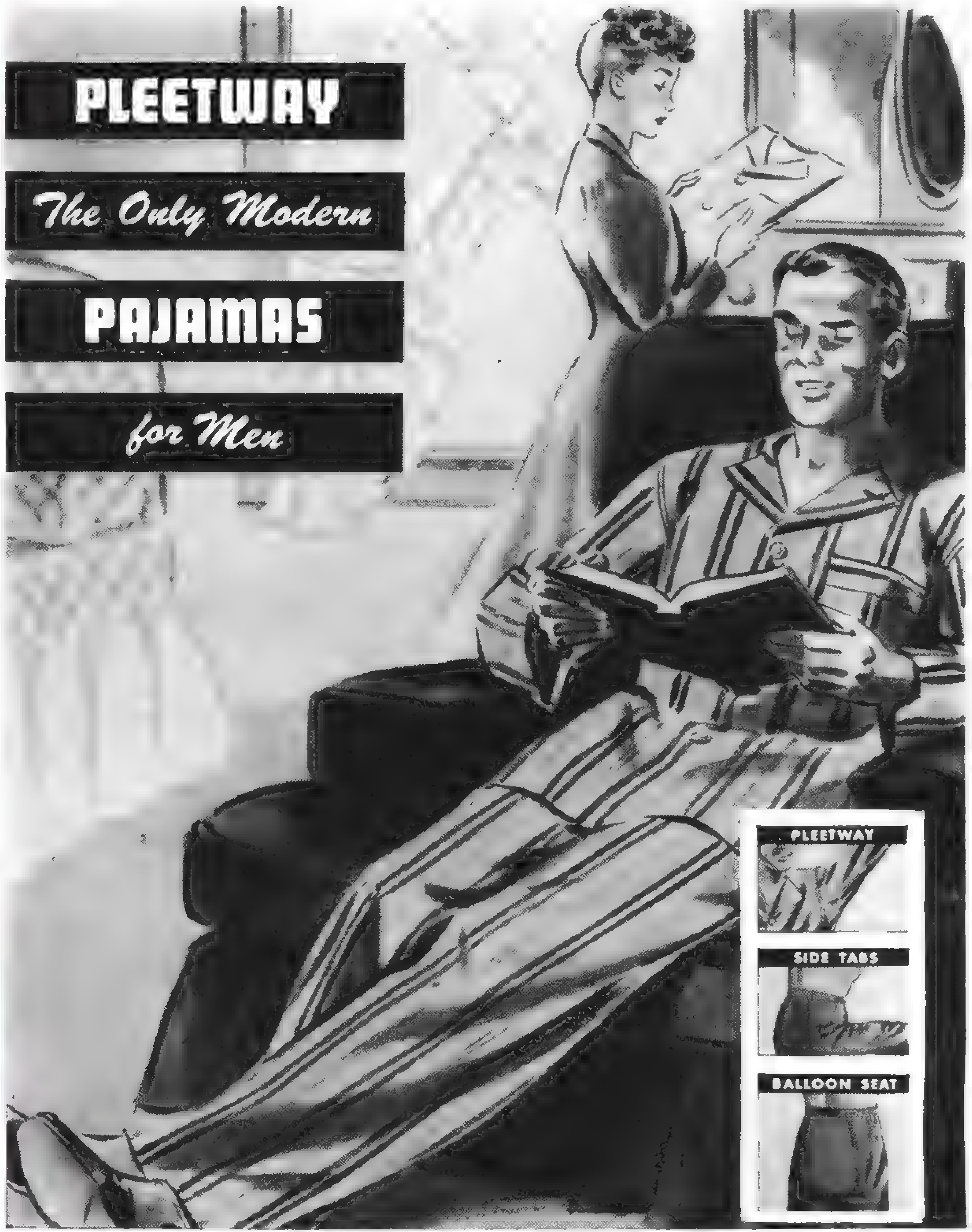
Get it?

In the Mail Bag—
The Deadly Martini

My small animadversion on the lethal effects of the Dry Martini has resulted in a bag of mail from clients eager to corroborate my suspicion that the mixture of three parts gin to one part Dry Vermouth is at the root of all evil, and I am pleased to offer you excerpts from these letters, especially since they enable me to get out of a good deal of work.

My own complaint that the Dry Martini acted as a kind of truth serum upon me and was costing me friends and business has brought forth a number of interesting clinical variations indicating that the D.M. is a kind of psychic block-buster.

From London, Lt. Commander



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Hugh Longden, a stanch prop of His Majesty's Royal Navy moans:

"...in fact, last time I had a mere four Martinis in New York, they had a lasting effect on my career. The effect of them on me was that I was rude to a prominent member of Café Society in Twenty-One, and this was overheard and reported by some kind columnist. The column reached our Naval Attaché in Washington and I was promptly banished to a remote outpost of Empire, where there were no Dry Martinis. There were of course, plenty of rum cocktails and such like, but they never had the same effect on me, which all goes to show how wise is His Majesty's Government.

"He's allergic to flowers"

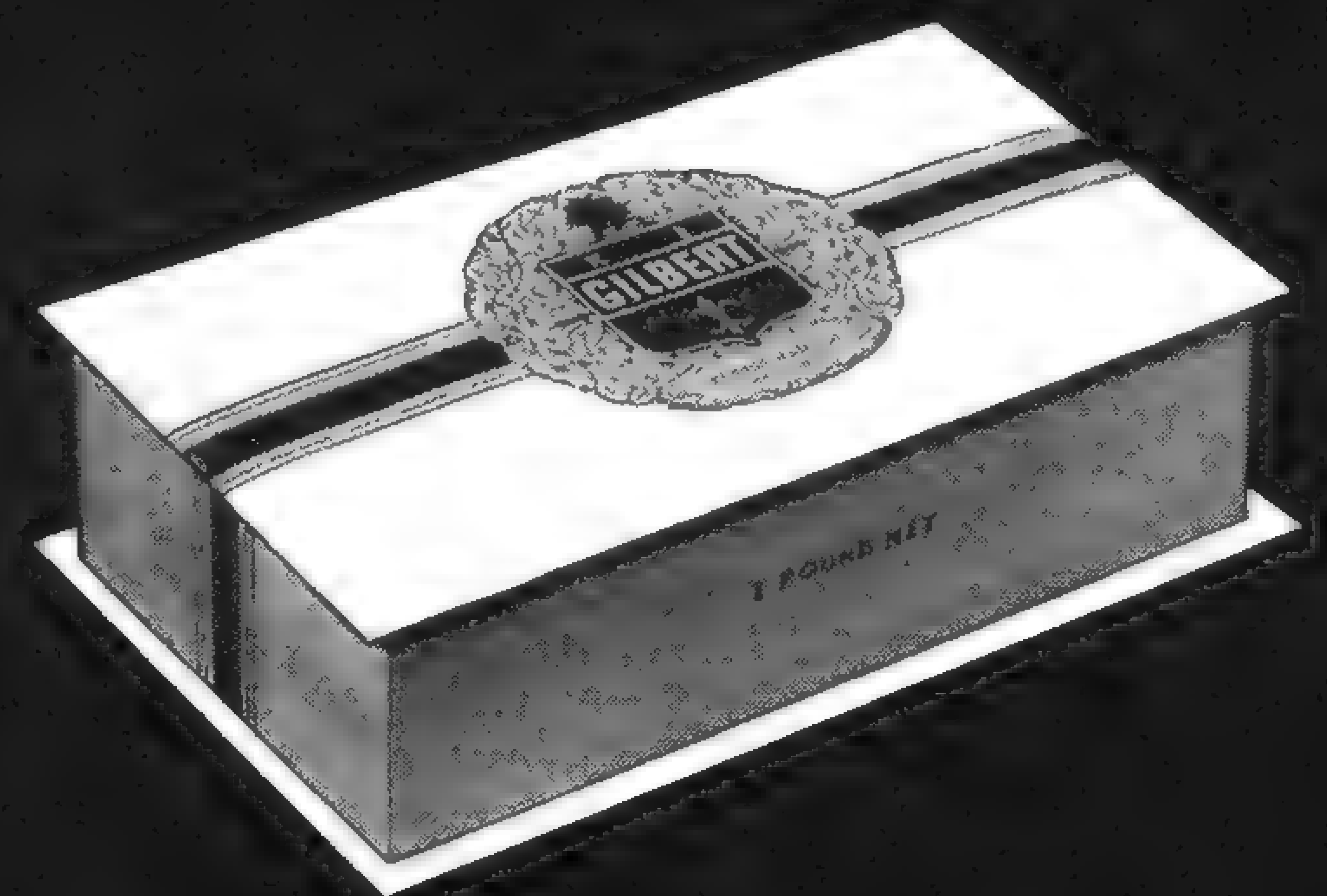
"It may interest you to know that it is now impossible to get a proper Dry Martini in England and the substitute, made of Votrix (a homemade kind of Vermouth) and gin, has nothing like the genuine kick or flavor."

Contained in Commander Hugh Longden's final sentence is the first hint that the devil in the drink lurks in that damned Dry Vermouth. My European scouts report that the English are now reduced to drinking replusive concoctions known as "Gin and Lime," or "Gin and Orange." Both the lime and the orange are artificial preparations that taste respectively like lye and kerosene, but the effect is mild.

None of the boys are being tossed out of their clubs, and you must admit England's war effort is progressing famously. Gin, per se, has few accusers. But hearken to Charles E. McLaughlin of Newark, New Jersey.

"The purpose of this letter is to inquire whether or not you are acquainted with a variety of Martini popular in the hinterland, known as a 'Perfect'? This little kiddie is put together in the usual way—except that *both* Vermouths are used. I had the honor once to introduce a citizen of Memphis, Tennessee, to three "Perfect" cocktails, after the last of

Continued on page 136



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This Man's World

Continued from pages 52-133-135

which he remarked, 'Listen, chum, suh . . . You Yankees beat the bejeezus out of us and whyinhell don't we-all admit it?'

"Well? You're known as a game man, Gallico . . ."

Look, Charley—don't start with me on variations. Let's keep this thing clean. We are discussing the plain and simple Dry Martini. But as long as you have brought up the subject and challenged my courage, I will match your "Perfect" with a little number locally entitled the "Meadowbrook Special," named apparently after the bistro which serves it.

This is the good old D.M., three to one, to which has been added six drops of Pernod, or similar variations of Absinthe. You might just as well say—"to three parts of Sulphuric Acid add one jigger of Cyanide of Potassium, sweeten with a dash of Curare, chill and serve."

I will hint only briefly on the effect of this charmer. Whereas the simple D.M. leads me to no more than a frank criticism of a hat a lady happens to be wearing, the six little drops of absinthe get up on their hind legs, take the hat off and tear it up. Okay, Charles, how about it? Try one on me.

I now ask you to observe the infinite variety of trouble instigated by the ordinary, common garden variety of Dry Martini as reported by Marcile Varian Starn of Joplin, Missouri, who writes:

"My problem, Dr. Gallico, is this; I am an Army wife and in the Army, Saturday night cocktails are an institution—and inevitably are Martinis. Come Saturday night I sally forth to cocktails at somebody's quarters, hoping against hope that I may be met at the door by a Manhattan, an Old Fashioned, or even by a 2nd Lieutenant. But the Martini, not unlike hope, springs eternal.

"And what is the result? Do I insult people? Oh no. Much worse. I invite people to dinner! Two Martinis and I invite colonels and generals, bartenders and trombone players, friends and foes. I invite anyone and everyone. And I set a date. Next week? Wednesday night? Perfect! And I'm off to invite someone else. Then I promptly proceed to forget them all.

"Life becomes considerably complicated when the dinner guests begin to arrive, particularly when the barkeep and the colonel are sure to draw the same evening . . ."

Marcile belongs. She has suffered.

We will now close this forum with a touch of poignant prose

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from the typewriter of John Warner of Culver City, California who deposes—

". . . I can take D.M.'s, doubles and otherwise. The drink that I cannot handle is the Zombie. Mother of seven little goats! I shudder when I think of them and the time I made a chapter in Culver City's history when I thought I could handle two of them. One Sunday morning, the Little Woman and I went to the local Gin Mill for a Transfusion, and an habitual bet me I could not drink two Zombies. Well, I got into the third one and the lights went out at high noon. I came to at seven o'clock the same evening, in bed.

"Well, we're reconverted"

"Now, I am an old drinker, sprung from a long line of old drinkers, and no two drinks could do to me what those Zombies did. The wife and I went back to the swill joint, and I put in my order for three of the same and vowed and damned that I would be there to see the bottom of the last glass. I don't even remember seeing the third Zombie this time. The local police, however, still have a record of the event.

"So much for my weakness, but I understand you're interested in the effect of the Dry Martini. The Little Woman loves D.M.'s before dinner. You praised the qualities of Jem Driscoll's shiftiness, but give the helpmeet two double Martinis and she could lay knuckles all over him. I weigh 210 pounds and spent some time in the ring myself, but she can rock me back on my heels and give away a hundred pounds. The wife drinks pure gin and nothing happens, but the touch of Vermouth to her is the stuff they charge third rails with. We just don't drink Dry Martini's any more. If we should, I'll keep you posted on the outcome."

Uhuh. It's like I said. Dry Vermouth! Has anybody got the guts, in the interest of pure science, to drink a beaker of the stuff straight and should he or she survive, drop me a line and let me know what happened? ⵉ

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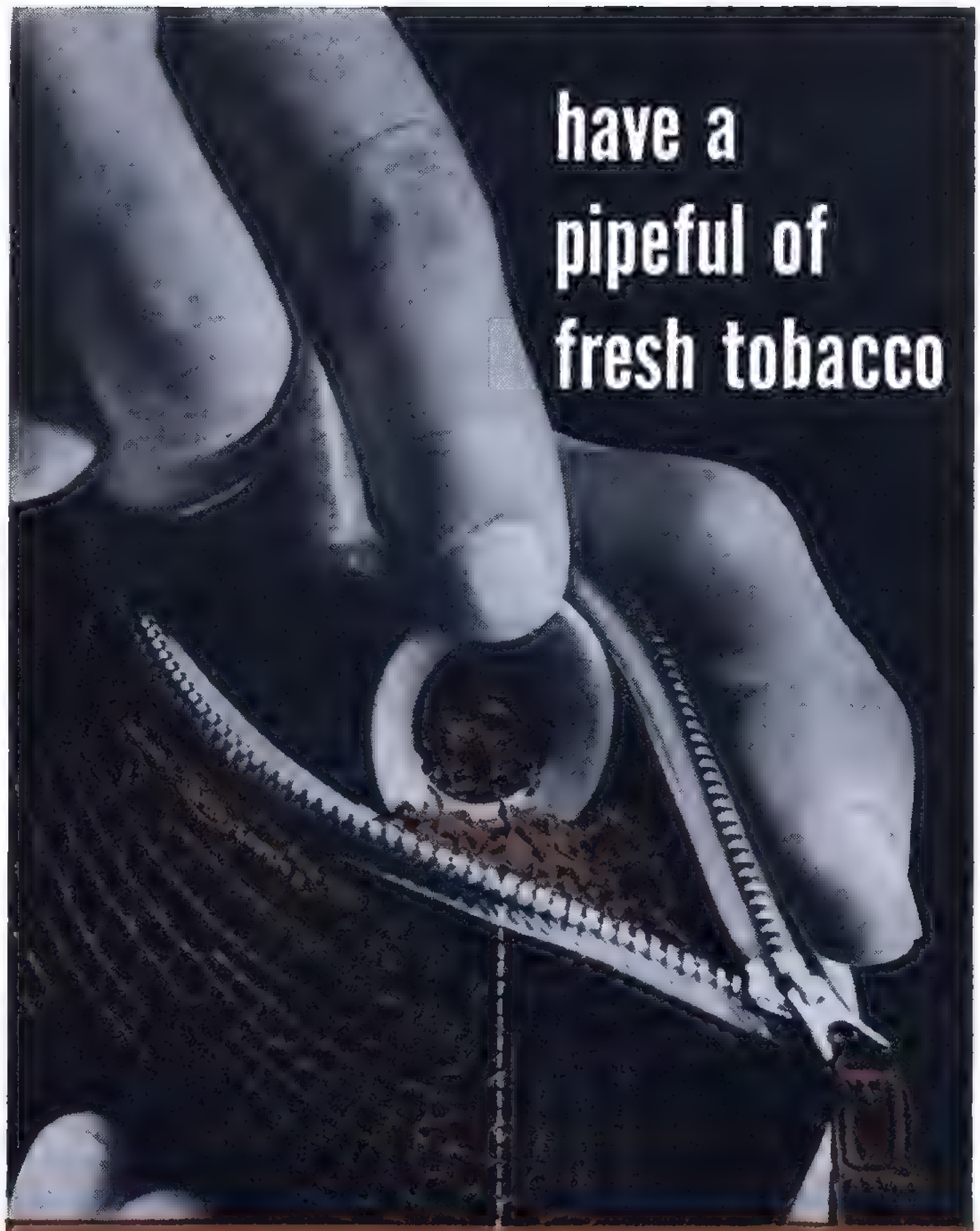

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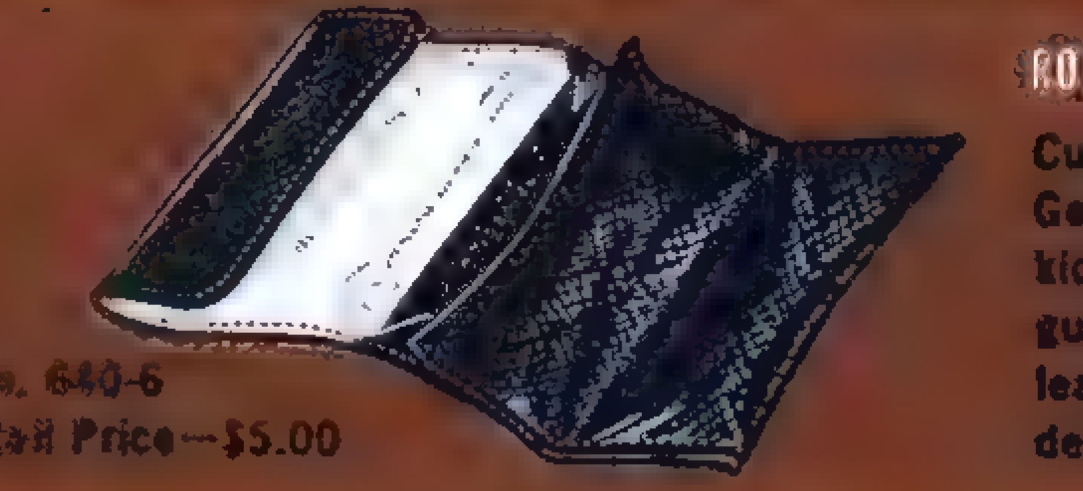

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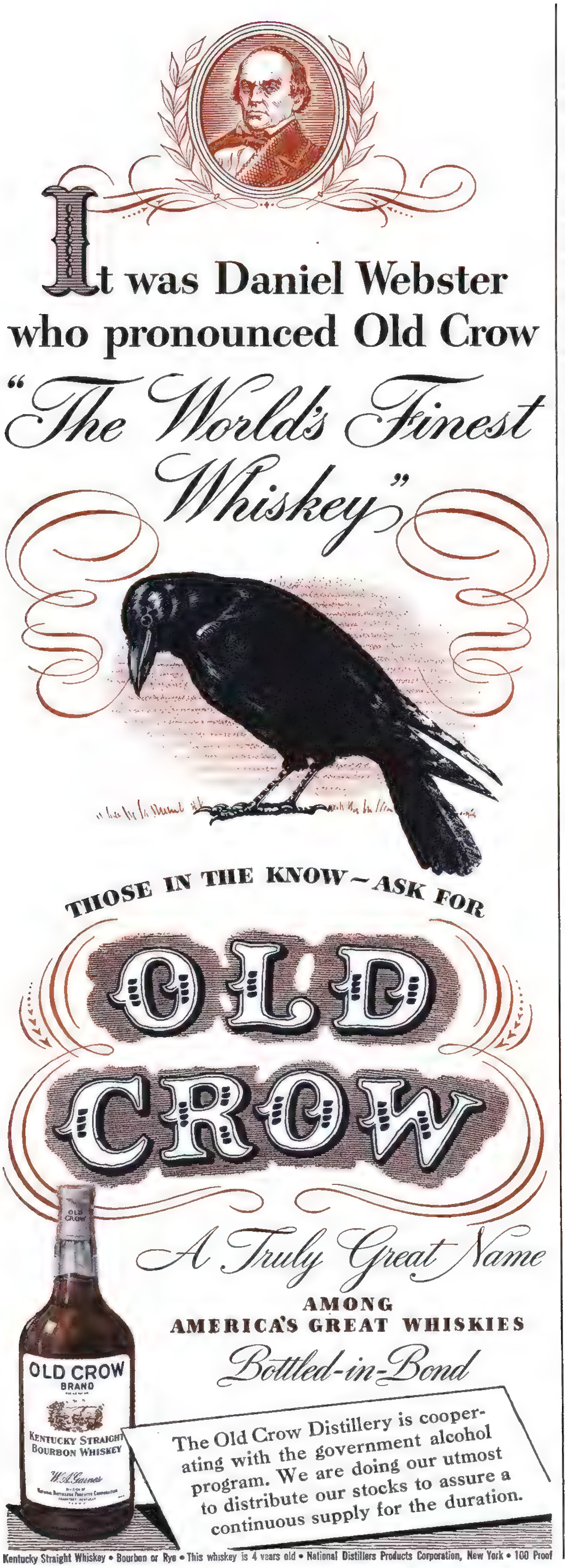

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Esquire's Jazz Bookshelf

Continued from page 73

ords have a real value for collectors, as they are cogently presented in this critique of jazz.

Jazz, from the Congo to the Metropolitan, by Robert Goffin, Doubleday Doran, 1944, $2.50 (in print).

The first book written by Goffin in America is of considerable interest, even though it seems to indicate what preconceived notions will do to one. The French-Creole influence on jazz was never the main one. Goffin gives it quite a play, as he does the Afro-American transition, at which he takes issue with *Jazzmen*. I shall have to be personal here, and say that in *Jazzmen* we did not hope to find an immediate transition from the Congo to early jazz. We tried to point out, rather, a simultaneous development in American music—the Congo dying out while the native and more powerful Negro idiom was already lusty enough to be called stomps and blues. My impression is that Goffin makes too much of the French influence. So, to me, this book represents some excellent research, some research that seems superfluous, and plenty of points of agreement and disagreement for bull sessions as distinguished from jam sessions. There is included a valuable bibliography.

Jazz, Hot and Hybrid, by Winthrop Sargeant, Arrow Editions, 1938, $5.00 (out-of-print).

Here we have an American academic seriousness, as distinguished from Panassié's French seriousness, that is refreshing. It shows the universality of the academic mind. This mind seeks the approach, the formula, and though it is often annoying to those who want to trace it to Buddy Bolden and his red undershirt, it is stimulating to critics and informative to connoisseurs. As an example, the references to Bessie Smith's singing style. There is much else of the same. And it's a shame that this *Hot Jazz* and other important books in jazz have to be traded at exorbitant prices when they deserve reprint just as much as Muggsy's Bluebirds.

The Real Jazz, by Hugues Panassié, Smith & Durrell, N.Y.C., 1942, $2.50 (in print).

Panassié changes his mind drastically, and says so. A lot of people don't like it. A lot disagree. But he still has a probing mind. Not a moderately-tempered one. In fact, his extreme opinions in this book have aroused quite a bit of controversy. But with Panassié around one expects controversy, some of it extreme. One expects history, some of it speculative. One expects sociological attitudes, some of them those of a

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SPORTSWEAR HOSIERY

writer thousands of miles away. Some of them of a writer so close to us that he is neck to neck with the bell of a jazz trumpet.

Historical-Critical

American Jazz Music, by Wilder Hobson, W. W. Norton, 1939, (out-of-print). $2.50 if in your bookstore, if not double that, plus.

This still remains one of my favorite books on jazz, and I put it in the Historical-Critical category because Wilder Hobson knows his musicians and their backgrounds from way back, with the intimacy that comes of sitting around listening to dull choruses and exciting ones, talking like mad or just taking it easy on an easy night at the Onyx. His stuff on New York is especially good, because that was his beat, but that covers much territory from a jazz point of view. The first magnet after New Orleans was Chicago, the second New York, and that's where Wilder comes in.

Esquire's Jazz Book, edited by Paul Eduard Miller, Esquire, Chicago, $1.00. Cloth edition, Smith & Durrell, New York City, $2.00.

If you're a collector you'll want both of these editions. First of all, the *Jazz Book* presents its own impressive contributions to jazz literature, beginning with a 1933 article and offering articles written during the subsequent decade by Miller, E. Simms Campbell, Goffin and many others, including myself. There is considerable record information, summaries by Miller to tie in the separate articles, historical charts of bands and influences—an amusing parlor game at which diverse critics get surprisingly similar results. There is always something new for those who have an approach and a knowledge of what they're about. Far from incidental are the generous pages of photographs.

The French Quarter, by Herbert Asbury, Knopf, New York City.

For a knowledge of the locale where jazz was born, this is strongly recommended. There is little about jazz, but there is much about Congo Square, the French Quarter, Storyville, etc.

Jazzmen, edited by Frederic Ramsey, Jr., and Charles Edward Smith, Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York City, $3.50. Authors in addition to above are William Russell and Stephen W. Smith, who were also in on the editing job, Otis Ferguson, E. Simms Campbell, Wilder Hobson and Edward J. Nichols.

Jazzmen has been praised especially for its New Orleans and Chicago sections. Up to the time of its publication, the credence of New Orleans as the birthplace of jazz had not been thoroughly documented. As one of its editors, I think I can say that it shows jazz in its historical framework of time, place and musical style. It is the only book to include any writing

Continued on page 140

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Esquire's Jazz Bookshelf

Continued from pages 73-137-139

by the late Otis Ferguson. There are excellent photographs, many of them extremely rare. *Jazzmen* was one of the books selected for distribution by the Army.

The Jazz Record Book, edited by Charles Edward Smith, co-authored by Frederic Ramsey, Jr., Charles Payne Rogers and William Russell. Smith & Durrell, New York City, $3.50.

Oliver Durrell wanted a companion volume of *The Record Book*, a compilation of records in the concert field with critical evaluations. In compiling *The Jazz Record Book*, however, we found it essential to devote opening chapters to history, not merely as a setting for the chapters on records, but in order to put in print new documentary material, such as the section of St. Louis ragtime. The chapters on records list and describe some thousand or so discs. Included in the categories are sections on New Orleans, on Chicago, on New York, on blues and boogie-woogie, on name-band jazz and on modern jazz of small instrumental groups, up to and including Commodores, and a section on piano as well.

Negro Folk Songs as Sung by Lead Belly, by John A. and Alan Lomax. MacMillan, $3.50. The folk roots of jazz are in Negro music, and Lead Belly's life shows what a range of material this includes. It also presents a vivid picture of blues background and includes many songs.

Yearbook of Swing, by Paul Eduard Miller. Down Beat Publishing Co., Chicago. Out-of-print and much in demand by collectors.

It is interesting to note that this was published in 1939, the same year *Jazzmen* and *American Jazz Music* were published. Jazz writing was at last coming to maturity. The record listings are accompanied by prices, some of which stagger the imagination, others of which have been doubled in collecting circles. There is also a valuable bibliography.

Yearbook of Popular Music by Paul Eduard Miller. PEM Publications, Chicago. $3.00. Obtainable through *Down Beat* Magazine. Valuations of over 3,000 collectors' records; an essay, *How to Listen to Hot Music*; and information on over 600 musicians, mostly in the field of hot jazz.

Autobiographies

Father of the Blues, by W. C. Handy. MacMillan, $3.00.

The blues weren't all in honky-tonks nor was jazz background all Basin Street. Mr. Handy does not profess to be a jazz writer, but he describes such things as minstrel background, the levee

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section of St. Louis and much else that will be of interest to jazz fans.

Kingdom of Swing, by Benny Goodman, with Irving Kolodin. Stackpole Sons, New York City, (out-of-print).

I found this book most interesting for its factual account of Benny Goodman and his associates, both in the 1920's in Chicago and in the Pollack band that was the forerunner of the better name bands of the Thirties.

Swing That Music, by Louis Armstrong. Longmans, Green, New York City, (out-of-print).

Louis' priceless remarks, all too few of which are included, make this an invaluable book. (In writing *Jazzmen*, readers may note, we stuck as closely as possible to the verbatim speech of the men themselves.) As with the Goodman opus, the autobiography is most valuable for its details about Louis and his associates.

Forthcoming. Goffin is doing an Armstrong book that will be published by Doubleday Doran.

Technical

Blues, by W. C. Handy, with an introduction by Abbe Niles. A. & C. Boni, (out-of-print). A book dealer may laugh at a ten dollar offer but there's no harm trying.

Most of the blues are by Handy. All of his better-known ones are included—text and music. Aside from its reference value, *Blues* is a handsome book job with fine illustrations by Covarrubias.

Duke Ellington Piano Method for Blues, edited by Leonard Feather. Robbins Music Co., New York City. $1.00.

Among jazz fans there must be many who like to doodle on the piano. Even if you don't care to follow the Duke's hands over the keyboard, there are historical and critical references. And if you can "play it on your piano" so much the better.

Incidentally, there are many "method" folios available for various instruments: transcriptions of Meade Lux Lewis and his fellow boogie-woogie pianists, for example. If you're studying jazz as a musician you might want some of these to supplement other studies.

Hot Discography, edited by Charles Delaunay, Commodore Music Shop, 136 East 42nd Street, New York City. $2.50.

It's no longer news that a Frenchman living in France has compiled the most comprehensive discography. There may be others to supplement it—Orin Blackstone is working on a record index that will be a "must" for collectors—but *Hot Discography* is a reference work of importance. There must be over five thousand records listed, especially with the chapters Milt Gabler had added.

It has an index of *all* musicians listed, a compilation in itself! In-

Continued on page 142

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By Peter Arno

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Esquire's Jazz Book Shelf

Continued from pages 73-137-139-141

dividual records are listed with master numbers, record numbers, including such necessary addenda as additional master or record numbers and other label information.

Fiction

There isn't much here yet. *Piano in the Band*, by Dale Curran, is one of a few honest attempts to show jazz musicians as they really are. *Send Me Down* is another. The latter, by Henry Anton Steig, has some excellent writing in it but the earlier chapters appeal to me as being the best. *Young Man With a Horn*, by Dorothy Baker, is the book Hollywood has been on-again off-again for the last year. The book suggests the life of Bix, even conjecturing about his thought processes (if you accept the main character as having been inspired by Bix). There are some very good chapters in it even though the writing is sometimes abstruse.

The "Little" Magazines

The *HRS Rag* and *Jazz Information* are out-of-print. They pioneered in this field, trying to do for Americans what Panassié's magazine, *Le Jazz Hot*, did for Frenchmen. Both have considerable material of interest to dyed-in-the-wool fans. Jake Trussel's and Judy Downs' *Jazz Quarterly* has moved from Texas to Chicago. Copies may be obtained from The Session Record Shop, 125 N. Wells, Chicago.

Jazz, ed. Bob Thiele. P.O. Box 147, Forest Hills Station, New York. 25 cents per copy. Publication resumed.

Like other "little" magazines this is interesting in that it includes articles, sometimes of too specialized a nature for a magazine of general circulation, and occasional record bibliographies such as the one Thiele ran in his Ellington issue. Back numbers such as that one are hard to get.

The Record Changer, ed. Gordon Gullickson, Fairfax, Va., 20 cents.

This magazine has fast grown into the collector's handbook. Its monthly lists of records for sale and records wanted, indicate the rapid rise of collecting. Gullickson has worked out a swell system for listing discs and evaluating them. The magazine also has articles, record reviews, etc. My advice is get on the mailing list now.

The Jazz Record, ed. Art Hodes and Dale Curran. 236 W. 10th St., New York City 14. $1.50 year, 15 cents per copy.

Run by a musician, this magazine also has occasional articles by musicians. Some of them are both good reading and good documentation. There are also critical articles and, as with *The Record Changer*, sometimes late bulletins from critical battlefronts. The sign of a healthy art is a healthy fight about it in printer's ink. Some-

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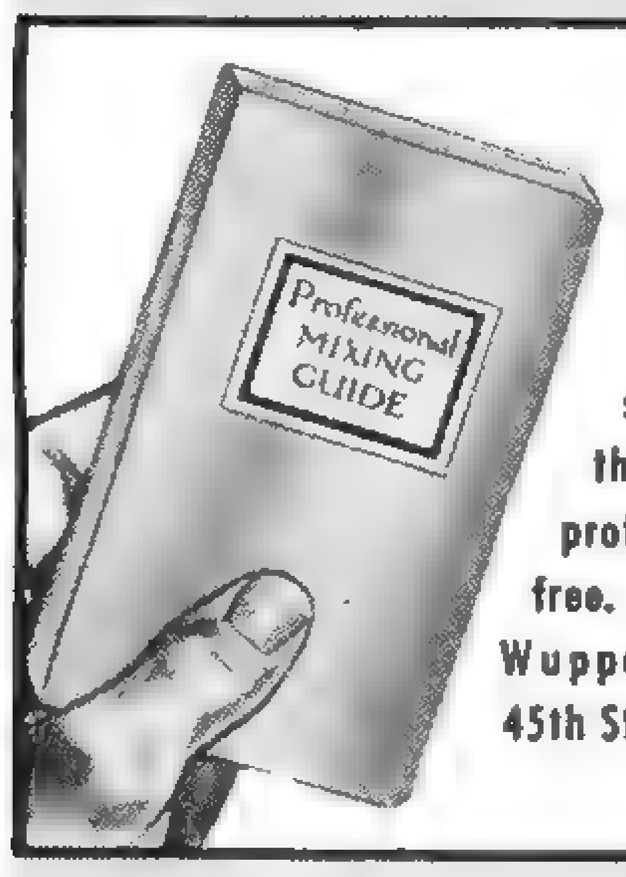

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times the ink splatters and makes little sense; then again it seems to have a reason for being.

The Needle, ed. Bob Reynolds. P.O. Box 52, Jackson Heights, New York City. Herman Rosenberg is also a staff member. The first issue of this magazine looked as though it was inspired jointly by *The Record Changer* and *HRS Society Rag*. My own preference goes to *The Record Changer*.

There are other, more local magazines. There's one published up Westchester way called *The Chicago Rag*. It's one of hundreds. And it's indicative of the fact that not only oldsters but teenage kids are giving jazz a big play.

We haven't heard from the Paris sector yet but probably will very soon. If memory serves me, there is a jazz magazine published in Geneva; I'm not sure of Stockholm. Moscow has had several critical articles on jazz, but these appeared in magazines covering the cultural field generally. In England paper shortage has limited the supply. *Melody Maker* is still going strong. This is a somewhat general publication roughly corresponding to *Metronome*.

The Jazz Bulletin, Jazz Sociological Society, Nearden Lane, London, N. W. 10 England, now issued only as a pamphlet series, is in the vanguard for English hot followers. They've published an excellent issue on Jelly Roll Morton. Their latest issue is devoted to Fred Ramsey's *Chicago Documentary*—a literary adaptation of the radio-writing technique. *The Record Changer* is issuing it here.

The "Big" Magazines

The "big" magazines are *Metronome*, *Down Beat* and *Band Leaders*. I won't discuss these in great detail since you can invest 15 or 25 cents at your own newsstand. *Metronome's* preponderant wordage is given over to the name-band field, though the smarter bistros of the 52nd Street type have lately gained considerable space. In *Metronome* you'll also find satirical and sober critical pieces about that feudin'. There are analyses of radio shows, bands at theatres, bands on records, etc.

Down Beat was the first magazine to plug hot jazz seriously. They've had articles by Frazier, Hammond and others, written as their authors pleased. Some of Frazier's were gems of their kind. Today they have a darn good record review section. I prefer it to *Metronome's*. They have George Hoefer, Jr.'s excellent column for collectors and Frank Stacy, their New York editor, turns in interesting articles. *Band Leaders* is in a transitional state, but they plan to place more emphasis on hot jazz as such, run articles about jazz greats, etc. ⧻

**Boletin Latino-American de Musica, Vol. 5, Montivideo, Uruguay, Available at Foreign & International Book Co., 110 East 42nd St., New York City. Includes long articles about all phases of American music—all in Spanish text, however. Sponsored here by leading composers, including Charles Seeger of the Pan-American Union.*

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Man the Kitchenette

Continued on page 84

another with tomato, spinach, etc. They are highly spiced and appetizing. The chicken *en papillote* is delicious and your mouth will water as the waiter takes the chicken and mushroom filling from the paper bag in which it was cooked.

Broussard's orange *brulot*, is a wonderful after-coffee drink. To make it, use a thin-skinned orange and cut through the skin right around its circumference, taking care not to touch the fruit. With a teaspoon handle, turn the skin back till it forms a cup. Do this at both ends and you have a peeled orange with a cup at each end. Place one cup on your plate, pour some brandy in the upper cup, put a lump of sugar in the brandy, light it and as it burns, stir gently. When the flame dies, drink it. The flavor of burned brandy, sugar and orange peel is heavenly.

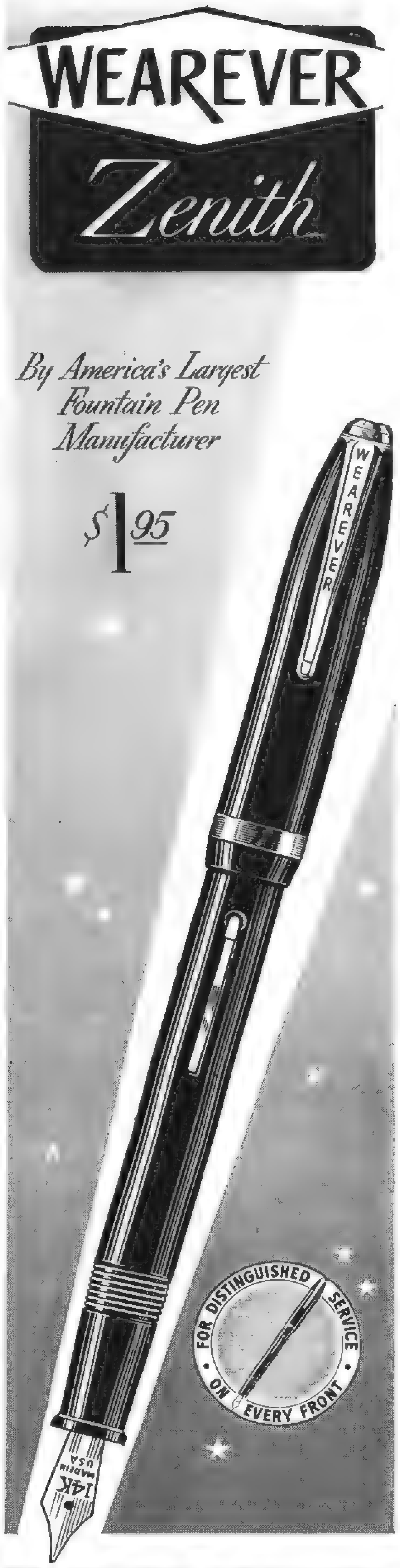
Broussard is a jovial, heavy-set man. He has diamonds on his fingers and one in his tie, and his eyes behind his glasses shine with added glow for life and its gastronomical pleasures. When he enjoys a Gargantuan meal with his guests, his watchful brother serves. When he says: "Brouss, you've had enough wine," Broussard sighs in resignation. He is a Napoleon enthusiast and the restaurant has a lighted statue of the emperor. Waiters, as they serve crêpes Suzette or old brandy, salute the statue.

Solari's is a large grocery department store, but they also give you an excellent light luncheon. Once I had scrambled eggs and brains there which impressed me very much. They have more complicated dishes too: hot stuffed crab, roast stuffed turkey, steaks, chops, liver ramekins, brisket mariné and wonderful ice creams.

When the crowds in the French Quarter get too large, restaurateurs simply close their doors. Customers out of luck should at once adjourn to Kolb's, in the business section, not far from the Vieux Carré. It resembles an Austrian *Weinstube*, and the cooking seems Austrian too. Try meatballs with spaghetti, beef goulash, baked short ribs of beef, the wonderful corned beef hash, and beer. Kolb's is inexpensive; dinner is served only up to seven p.m.

At Maylie's, near the Mississippi river, they give you a good eight-course dinner for little money. It is well worth a visit. So is the Roosevelt Hotel bar, where drinks are intricately mixed.

In New Orleans I did not find a restaurant dedicated to gourmandizing which had a jazz band. Had I found one, I would have passed it by. Dinner music must be soft. So I eat first, then go and listen to jazz. I guess I'm not really "hip." But if everyone preferred jazz to eating there would be no reason for food articles. ⧺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But the war's not over for *him—not by a long sight!* And he's just one of a few million or more that will stay over there until they finish the bloody mess. Or kill time for a few months—or years—in some hospital.

What about *you?*

This is no time to relax. No time to forget the unfinished business. It's *still* your war, and it *still* costs a lot.

So dig down deep this time. Dig down till it hurts, and get yourself a hundred-dollar War Bond over and above any you now own—or are now purchasing. This 6th War Loan is every bit as important to our complete and final Victory as was the first.

Don't "let George do it"—get *yourself* that *added* bond and help finish a magnificent job *right.* The quicker you reach down deep, the better you do *your* job for war, the more you'll contribute to ending the fight. And the quicker they'll come back—the guys that can *still* be killed.

After all, you're safe and sound and *home. That's worth another hundred-dollar bond to you, isn't it?*

Buy at least one extra $100 War Bond today!

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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The Well-Trained Cat

Continued from page 51

blackboard. At the finish, Izzy gets up from the piano and bows.

"Why, Anna," O'Leary said, "sing for the nice gentlemen, sing *Shine On, Harvest Moon, Sunday, Monday or Always,* anything."

Anna's pretty paws clutched the microphone desperately, her whiskers brushing against it. She looked around with an anguished expression, and then she opened her mouth again and gave out with high-pitched shrieking meows, strictly in the backfence groove.

"What is this," Conrad said, "a rib?"

"I can't understand it." O'Leary said, "she never did it before."

Anna suddenly seemed paralyzed. Her paws shook convulsively, and then she began to rub her neck as if her throat had gone dry. It looked to me like she had all the symptoms of mike fright.

"Honestly," I said, "I heard her sing *Old Man River.*"

"Do me a favor and disappear together with the cat," Conrad said with an unfriendly snarl.

"Please Archie," I begged. "You heard her talk yourself."

"I'm a nervous man," Conrad said. "I hear all kinds of things. I see all kinds of things. Frequently, I am seeing small billiard balls revolving in front of me and when I am putting out my hand there are no billiard balls there."

Can you imagine a guy like Conrad? He's such a big shot, he doesn't see spots in front of his eyes; with him it's billiard balls!

"Oh, you poor, poor pussy," O'Leary said. He had taken her in his arms. Two big tears were rolling down her furry face. "Oh, you dear, dear Anna. You tried your best. I understand. This hasn't changed my feeling for you in the slightest. Now you need me more than ever before."

"Get out," Conrad said.

"That's what they always tell me, get out," O'Leary said, with bitterness. "I thought, you, William Morris, with all your influence in the amusement world, would win me a hearing."

"Who's fooling who around here?" said Conrad.

"Archie," I said desperately, "give her a chance. I saw her play the fife with my own two eyes. May my children's children be drama critics if I didn't hear her sing. So she's got mike fright. It could happen to any—"

Mr. Conrad missed me with the ash tray.

I went out and lost O'Leary. I went back to the Palace and watched Father Duffy. I was trying to figure it out. Could be that Conrad was right. When you have not eaten a square meal for two days, you hear and see all kinds of things, but they aren't there. On the other hand, I could have sworn—. Ah, this mike fright, it's a terrible thing.

Believe me, it shouldn't happen to a cat! #

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Church Spires and Flying Steeds

Continued from page 81

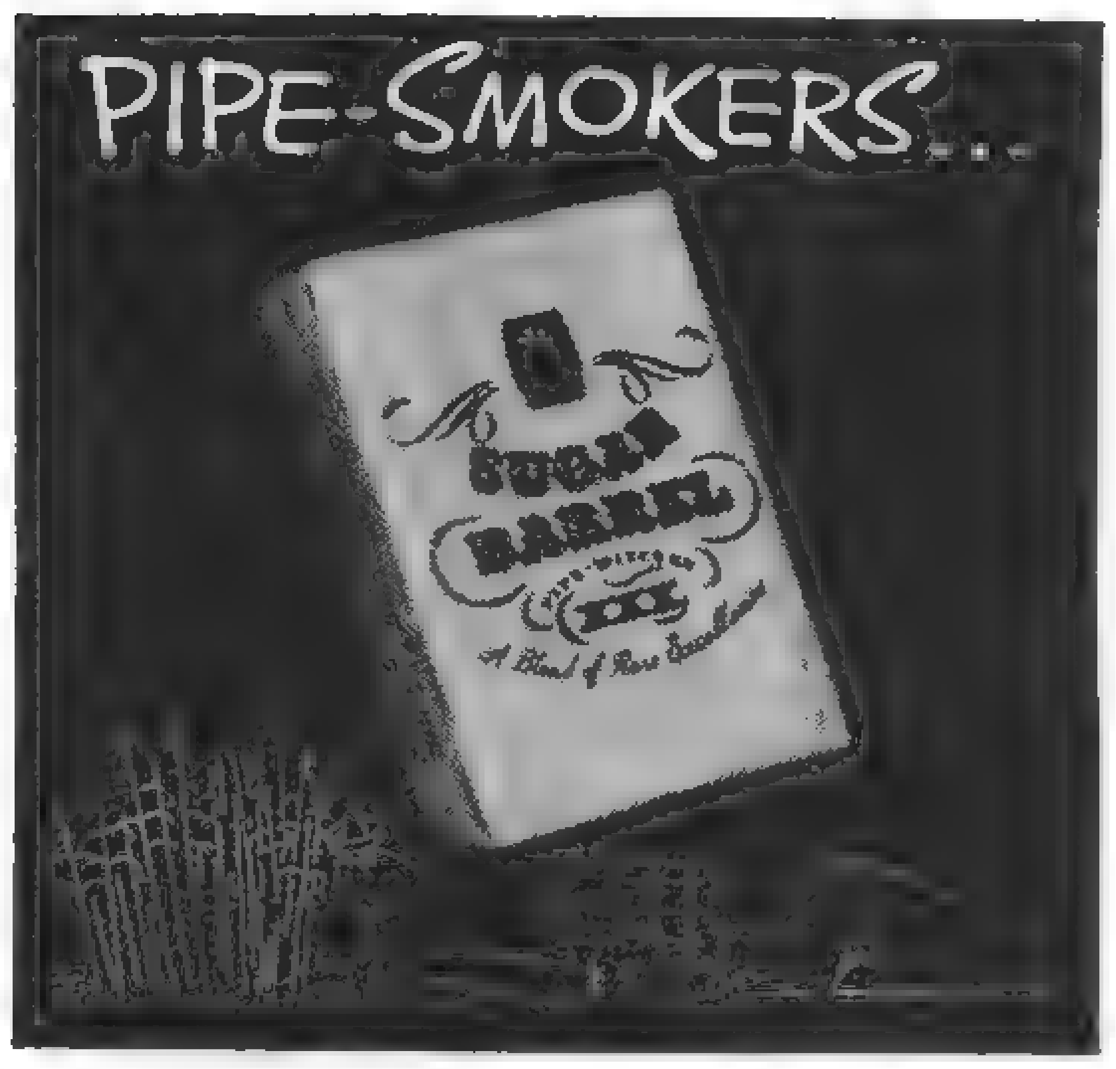
Vitebsk and came to America thirteen years later. Vitebsk is situated on the Dvina. Among my earliest memories are pictures of the city stretching for miles before me, the horizon an almost continuous silhouette of churches, cupolas and bell towers. I feel that the atmosphere of that place still persists in my present-day thoughts . . . the white cupola-topped Russian churches towering in Byzantine majesty over the white houses; the market place, colorful with peasant wares; the band in the park playing waltzes to evening promenaders; visiting gypsies"—and then the war, and revolution. Now in all the cities, city vistas, houses and embankments he has painted, he has referred to the firm constructions his memory retains, but for onion-towered churches he has substituted the steeples of American churches.

He writes: "My father was a fairly well-to-do tobacco merchant. His trips covered Russia from Petrograd to the Crimea. On his return he would recount interesting incidents, and invariably he mentioned having visited this or that famous art gallery. . . . When I was eight, I was enrolled as a regular student with the city's foremost artist, Uri Pen, (a disciple of Russia's famous Repin). I spent every hour of every day in his studio; my general education was conducted haphazardly by a series of tutors. After I had been under Uri Pen's instruction for about two years, I studied for three years at the newly formed Academy of Fine Arts, organized by the painter, Marc Chagall. I was very happy there.

"The school of thought dominant at the Academy was that of the French rebels, *les fauves*, and the proven methods of the older masters were not stressed. I had to solve most technical problems through tedious experimentation.

"With the war and the revolution, my father found it difficult to carry on his business. Being considered bourgois, I was among the last to be permitted paint, brushes, canvas, etc. I was delighted when my father announced that he was contemplating emigrating to America.

"We arrived in this country in 1923. The next two years were filled with the struggle to learn English and generally to fit myself into the American pattern. In my last school year, which incidentally was the first year of high school, I won a first prize, against statewide competition, a poster to be used for an appeal for funds for the Near East Relief. I planned to use the twenty-five-dollar prize for a new suit, but instead of a check came a friendly letter informing me that the money had been donated, in my name, to the Near East Relief. To add to my chagrin, the winner



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of second place, a girl (with prettier legs than mine) was photographed with my poster for the papers.

"Financial problems at home made it imperative that I go to work. I became an apprentice lithographer, photographer's assistant, hotel elevator operator. I also designed posters. When funds permitted, I attended life classes at the Chicago Academy of Art.

"The Depression years were difficult. During the Century of Progress, in 1933, I sketched portraits on the grounds in front of one of the concessions. Afterward the government-sponsored art program (W.P.A.) was begun and I was one of the artists employed.

"I was reluctant in those years to exhibit my work. However, the W.P.A. selected a group of paintings by artists from various parts of the country for a traveling exhibit. Through this show my work came to the attention of Mrs. Edith Gregor Halpert, director of the Downtown Gallery in New York. Largely due to this association with her I have been enabled, these last nine years, to devote all my time to painting.

"The question of why I paint in the way I do is extremely difficult for me to formulate. I am not what one would call a primitive in my expression; as that would belie the fact that I am intensely interested in the works of other artists, both ancient and contemporary. No doubt, during the course of my development, I was influenced by the many prevailing trends; but so far as I can judge, most of that has since given way to my personal feeling toward the ceaseless poetry of life. I draw on Nature, as I sense it, for my material. If there is any honesty in my work, it is largely due to the fact that I do not paint any aspect of Nature with which I have little acquaintance. I have learned that no emotion is taboo in art. I find that any emotion is potential material for a picture. The logic of art, in my opinion, lies not in recognizable objects but rather in the spirit of those objects.

"Just to what degree naturalism is present in my work concerns me very little. I am not an abstractionist, as can be readily seen in my paintings—but I use all the abstract means within my knowledge to augment the force of my statements. I do not subscribe to the schools that lean to any one certain style. The critic may state that I belong to some definite movement, but I do not consciously follow any one popular trend of thinking. What I do represent is answered, after all, in my paintings.

"I should like to add that while it is quite possible that the impressions left upon my memory because my childhood was spent in Russia may be detected in my work, nonetheless, all my adult years, my years of serious thought and study have been spent here in the environment of America. I therefore consider myself an American painter." ꟻ

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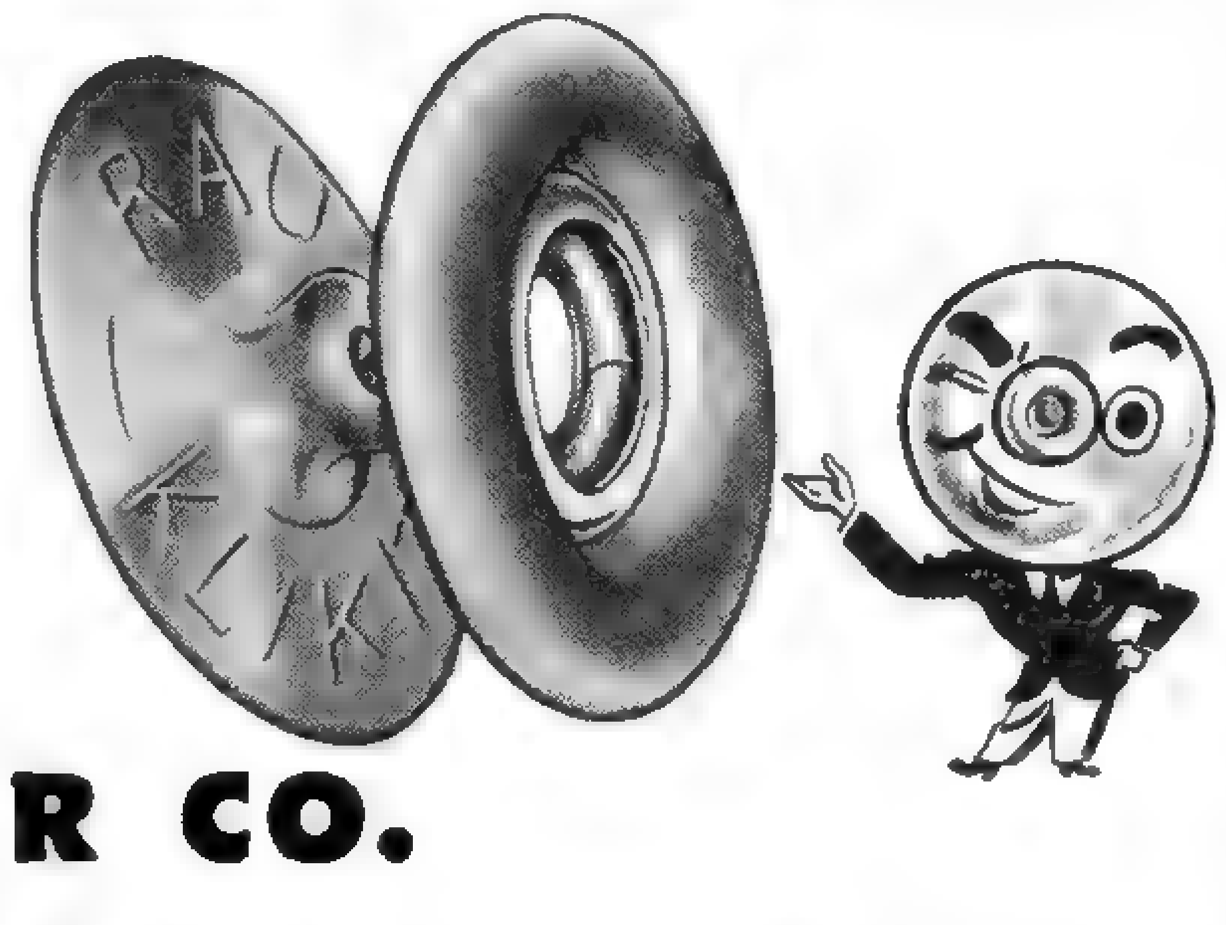

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Ace Bentley Is Dead!

Continued from page 67

first-class nervous collapse," said Hap, thoughtfully. "They still have doctors, you know. Specialists for just what you've got. A whole new science in the last fifty years. Clayt, I'm getting you an ooch-doctor."

"If you're going to be so constructive—get me a drink."

But he agreed to see Dr. Putsch too.

Yes, Dr. Putsch—C. Beran Putsch, M. D., erstwhile of Vienna, Zurich and Johns Hopkins, author of the celebrated *New Contribution to the Psychosomatic Hypothesis*, neuropsychiatric consultant to half the important institutions in the East, collector of walloping fees, and altogether one of the keenest men in the whole international field. Hap spent a confused half hour with him, in which he did most of the talking and all the paying. At the close, the shrewd, bird-like little man nodded pensively.

"Much as I hate to agree with a layman, there's unquestionably something there worth exploring. What light might be shed on the carbonized relics of the late Mr. Jughead—if any—I have no idea. I'll know more after I see him. The nurse will take the fee on the way out."

Clayt never suspected Dr. Putsch had heard part of his story before. He found himself, presently, telling all about his obscure fears, his dreams of the cremation of Ace Bentley, his opinion of Jughead's mental powers. Suddenly, Dr. Putsch interrupted:

"When is the last time you walked in your sleep?"

"Huh? Why, not for— Who told you I ever walked in my sleep?"

"Characteristic indications." That answer meant nothing and always satisfied. "When did you last catch yourself at it?"

"Oh, ten years ago, maybe more. Used to sleepwalk a lot when I was a kid, the folks told me. Only how does this—?"

"And one night about three weeks ago you had another dream of Ace Bentley falling into the volcano. Except that this time you pushed him yourself."

Clayt jerked upright. He was bug-eyed with wonder.

"That's right. Damnation—I'd forgotten about it myself. And I *did* push him. This is awful. And what a dream."

Dr. Putsch laughed genially.

"Except that it wasn't a dream. Or it was more than a dream. Then and there Ace Bentley was murdered. And—" Dr. Putsch stared hard. "You murdered him."

"*I* did? Why should I want to murder the creep? He was the money in my mattress, the meal ticket, the—"

"You hated him. In hating him you hated yourself, but you couldn't admit that. I'd surmise you never wanted to draw him

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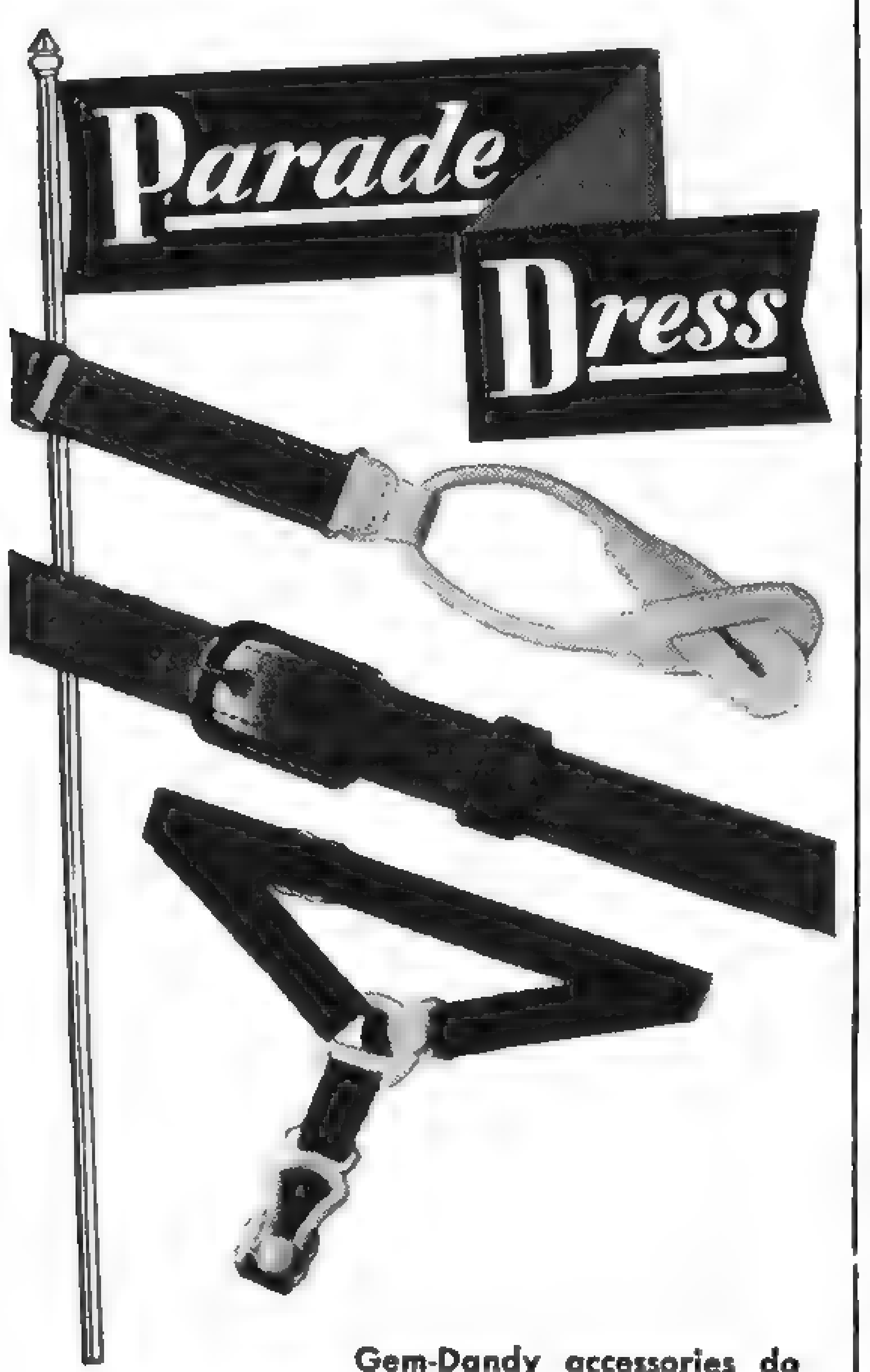

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very much in the first place, held a grudge against him, in fact, for throwing you off the true course as you saw it."

"I always wanted to paint seascapes," murmured the creator of Ace Bentley. "Gentle, soothing seascapes."

"But you were nailed down by the logic, the propriety of things—the money, the prestige, the contracts. You wanted desperately to pull out, but you didn't dare let yourself know it. Threatened your whole security. So you assassinated Ace Bentley in your dreams. The wish and the fear came out together. The fear was felt more, but the wish was stronger. One night the wish broke loose for a ninety-yard run and it was all over. That night you got up, drew the strip, slipped it onto the reception desk when the clerk wasn't around—that was probably sheer accident—and phoned the syndicate office. All while you were sound asleep. An elaborate performance, but there are precedents. Of course—"

The doctor frowned and looked severely at Clayt for a moment before continuing:

"Of course, it all goes far deeper than Ace Bentley. It's between you and yourself. But you don't want to go into that now, do you?"

"No," sighed Clayt, walking shakily to the door. "Not this time. I've heard as much as I can take already."

He was very somber when Hap found him packing a suitcase at his studio. He made no bones about telling the whole story, but he was still punchy from surgical shock.

"Now that you know all about it," insinuated Hap, "well, that's the cure. I was thinking this morning, you could pick up the sequence again with services for Ace Bentley—corpse in absentio, so to speak—and the real Ace Bentley shows up in disguise at his own funeral, and from there on—"

"Ace Bentley," said Clayt in a flat voice, "is the deadest duck this side of the slaughterhouse. I'm going up to Maine to paint ocean pictures, serene, solitary, soothing—"

"But Buzz Bigstaff. Jumping blue blazes, what am I going to tell big-yap?"

For the first time since the murder of Ace Bentley, Clayt glowed with human cheer.

"Tell him," he said, "that in the entire twelve years I was exposed to his benevolent influence I did only one smart thing—and I had to be asleep to do that. Tell him I'm free, free. And tell him that as I lay down the pen that fondly traced the vaulting destiny of Ace Bentley, one thought, one memory remains to make me very, very happy—that I killed the s.o.b. at last. Today I am a man. Ahead lies peace. Goombye."

But Hap, recalling Buzz's rending furies, saw only the ground plan for another murder. ⧺

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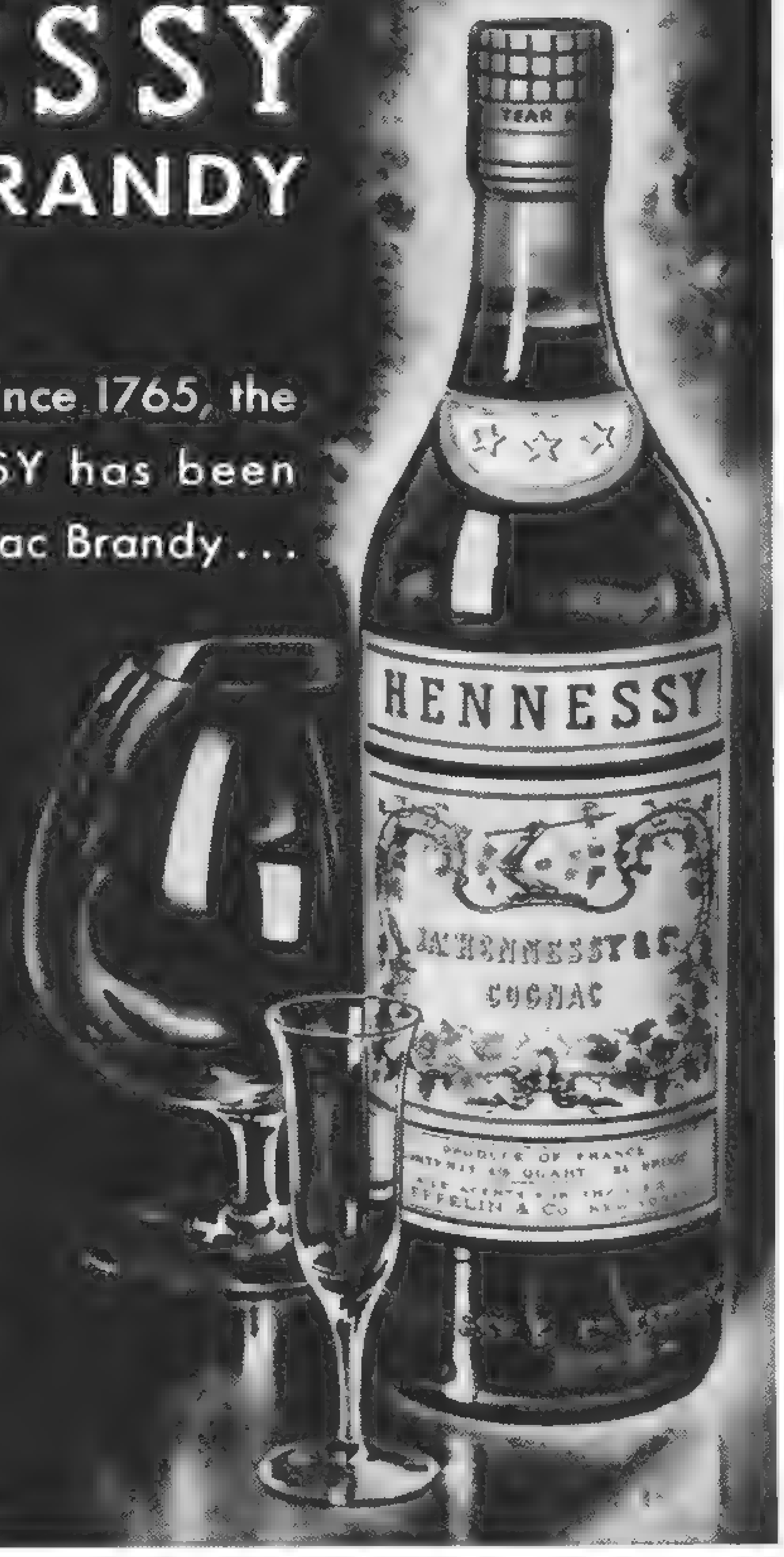

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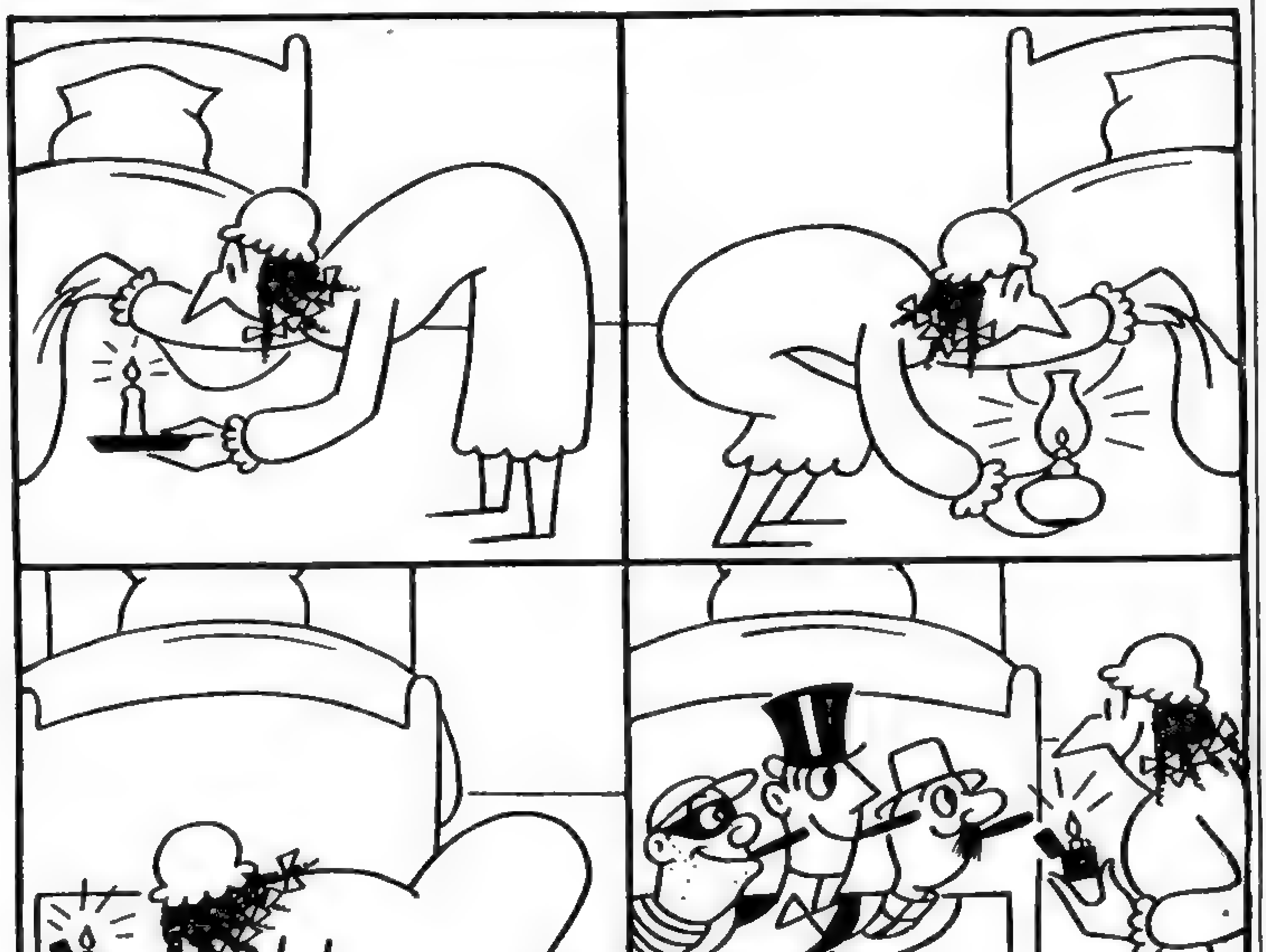

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

FEBRUARY 1945

Abels, Robert.............. 16
Adler Shoes for Men....... 17
Allen Edmonds............ 151
Alligator Co., The......... 101
American Airlines, Inc...... 13
American Safety Razor Corp. (Gem).................. 141
Ampro Corp............... 124
Angostura-Wuppermann.... 143
Apple Jack (Speas Co.)..... 148
Arlington Mills............ 123
Arrid..................... 106
Arrow Ties (Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.)............. 97

B.V.D. Corp., The......... 130
Bancroft Cap Co. (Pak-Cap) 145
Bauer, Eddie.............. 131
Bell Watch Co............. 8
Blatz Brewing Co.......... 139
Book-of-the-Month Club.... 7
British Walkers (J. P. Smith Shoe Co.)............... 143
Brown-Forman Distillers Corp. (King)............ 109
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp. (Sir Walter Raleigh) 125
Brugal Rum (Park & Tilford Import Corp.)........... 116
Burdine's................. 135

Calvert Distillers Corp. (Lord Calvert)........... 100
Camel (R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.)........IV Cover
Cameo Vineyards Co. (Croix Royale)................ 18
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc:
  Johnnie Walker.......... 129
  Water & Ginger Ale...... 114
Chris-Craft Corp........... 25
Claristine (Leroux & Co., Inc.)................... 152
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow Ties)........... 97
Columbia Wales Craft Co. (McGregor Billfold)...... 17
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc.................. 20
Coopers, Inc. (Jockey)...... 104
Coronet Brandy (Cresta Blanca Wine Co., Inc.)... 136
Cortina Academy.......... 17

Delapenha & Co., Inc., R.U. (Myers's Rum).......... 122
Dennis Co., The Martin (Lexol)................ 15
Detective Book Club....... 21
Disney Hats.............. 140
Distinctive Creations, Inc... 8
Dobbs Hats............... 19
Don Q Rum (Schieffelin & Co.)................. 124
Dorset Foods, Ltd.......... 18
Drueke & Sons, Wm. F. (Play-a-Way)............ 148
DuBouchett (Many, Blanc & Co., Inc.)............ 141
Dunhill, Alfred............ 139
Dutch Masters............ 122

Elgin American............ 12
Eunice Novelties........... 16
Expanso (Knothe Bros. Co., Inc.)............. 118

Fat Men's Shop........... 16
Fieldclub (Galey & Lord, Inc.).................. 129
Fields & Co. (Readinjack)... 8
Flagg Bros. (Pintos)........ 147

Continued on page 151

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association 142
Florsheim Shoe Co., The . . . 4
Ford Motor Co. (Lincoln) . . . 115
Frankfort Distillers Corp. (Four Roses) 11
Frost Co., George (Boston Braces) 16

Galey & Lord, Inc. (Fieldclub) 129
Gantner & Mattern Co. (Wikies) 17
Gar Wood Industries, Inc. . . . 147
Gem (American Safety Razor Corp.) 141
Gem-Dandy, Inc. 149
General Motors (Oldsmobile) 111
Gilbert Chocolate Co., John O. 135
Gilbey's Gin (National Distillers Prods. Corp.) . . . 26
Gleneagles (Lamm Bros., Inc.) 151
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc. (Kentucky Tavern) . . . 23
Globe Aircraft Corp. (Swift) . 105
Globe Novelty House (Royal London) 17
Glover's 8
Great Western (Pleasant Valley Wine Co.) 146
Green Co., Ward 15
Grelva, Inc. (Krashe) 17

Harley-Davidson Motor Co. . 149
Harper, I. W. (Bernheim Distilling Co., Inc.) 14
Harvey's (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) 130
Hennessy (Schieffelin & Co.) . 150
Holland-Racine Shoes, Inc. . . 137
Hollis Co. (Klipette) 15
Hollywood Polish Co. 15
Hollywood Rogue Sportswear 121
Home Equipment Co. 15, 17
Hudson Hotel, Henry 20
Hull Mfg. Co. 17

Jockey (Coopers, Inc.) 104

Kahn, Inc., David, (Wearever Zenith Pen) 144
Kaye-Meyers Co. (Terry) . . . 128
Keepsake Diamonds (A. H. Pond Co., Inc.) 128
Kelly's, Jimmy 18
Kentucky Tavern (Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc.) 23
King (Brown-Forman Distillers Corp.) 109
Kings Men (Windsor House, Ltd.) 132
Klikit (Rau Fastener Co.) . . . 148
Knothe Bros Co., Inc., (Expanso) 118
Krug Winery, Charles 20

Lamm Bros., Inc. (Gleneagles) 151
Leon & Eddie's 20
Leonard & Thomas, Inc., Henry (Royalton Crown) . 16
Leroux & Co., Inc. (Claristine) 152
Lido Luggage Co., Inc. 16
Lilianelle (Pinaud) 126
Lincoln (Ford Motor Co.) . . . 115
Linguaphone Institute 15
Literary Guild of America, Inc. 9
Lord Calvert (Calvert Distillers Corp.) 100

Continued on page 152

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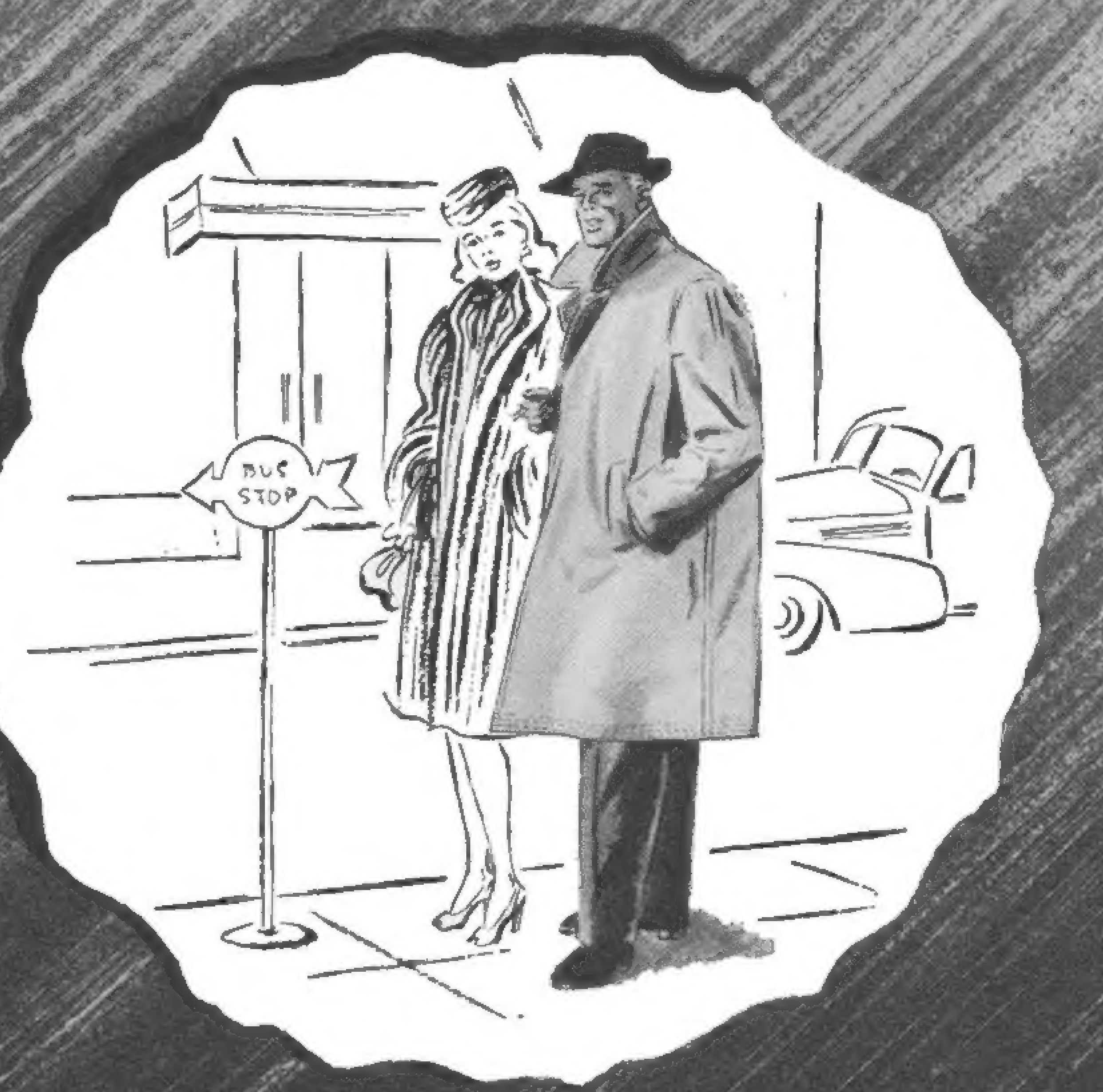

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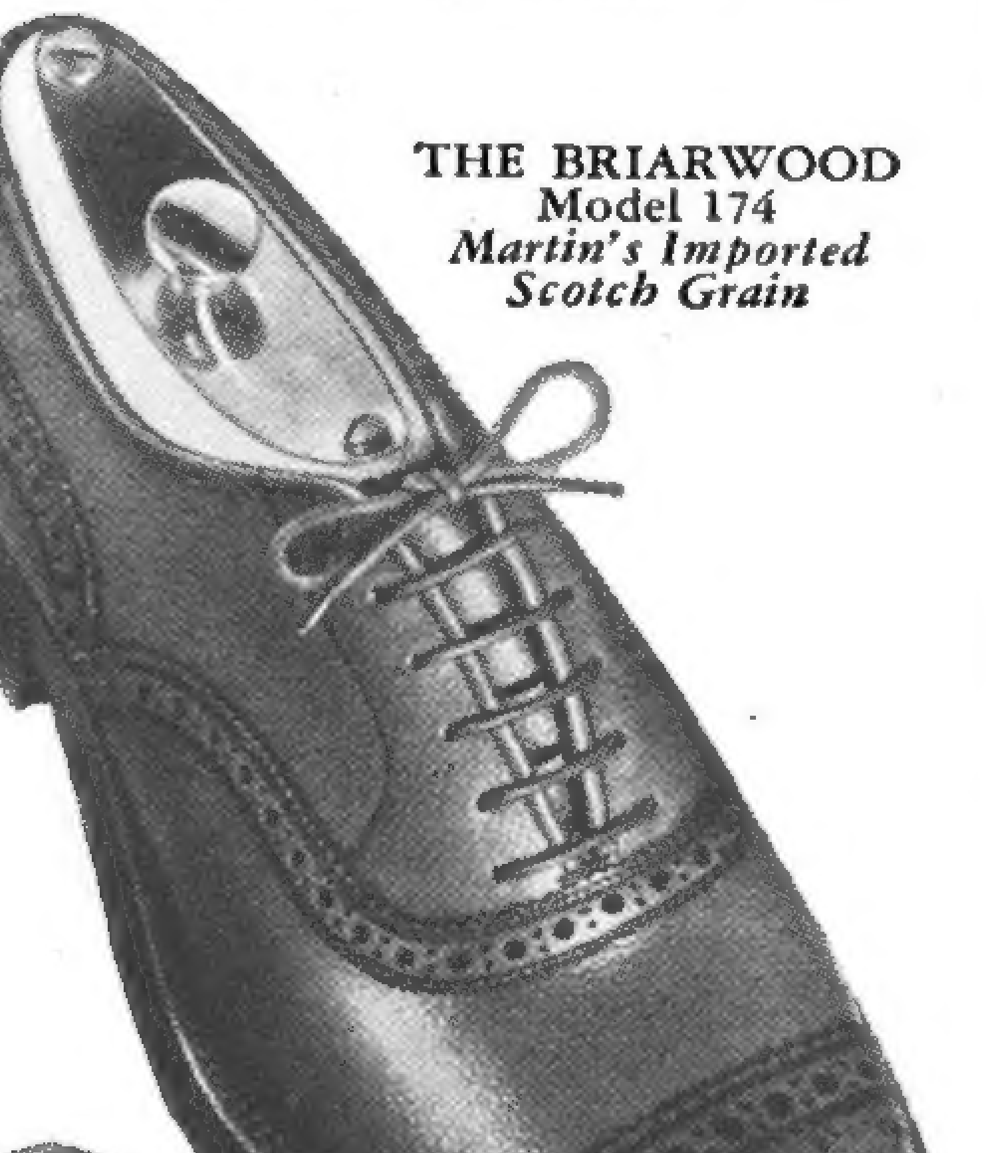

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Many, Blanc & Co., Inc. (DuBouchett) 141
Marlboro Cigarettes (Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.) 121
Marxman Pipes 150
Meeker Co., Inc., The 136
Merit Clothing Co., Inc. (Style-Mart) 146
Merito Wines (National Distillers Products Corp.) 147
Moore, Inc., John Hudson (Sportsman Tobacco) 16
Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., Philip:
  Country Doctor 8
  Marlboro Cigarettes 121
  Philip Morris 102
Myers's Rum (R.U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.) 122

National Distillers Products Corporation:
  De Kuyper's Delecta 18
  Gilbey's Gin 26
  Merito Wines 147
  Old Angus 142
  Old Crow 138
  Ron Merito 134
National Magic Co. 8
National Premium Beer 20

Old Angus (National Distillers Products Corp.) 142
Old Crow (National Distillers Products Corp.) 138
Old Fitzgerald (Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc.) 151
Oldsmobile (General Motors) 111
Old Spice (Shulton, Inc.) 125

Pak-Cap (Bancroft Cap Co.) 145
Paris Suspenders (A. Stein & Co.) 108
Park & Tilford Distillers, Inc:
  Booth's House of Lords 18
  Brugal Rum 116
  Harvey's 130
  Private Stock 132
  Reserve 144
  Vat 69 120
Parker Pen Co., The 3
Patek Philippe Co., Inc. 120
Peper, Christian (London Dock Tobacco) 20
Personna Precision Blades 151
Phillips-Jones Corp. (Van Heusen) 103
Pinaud (Lilianelle) 126
Pintos (Flagg Bros.) 147
Play-a-Way (Wm. F. Drueke & Sons) 148
Pleasant Valley Wine Co. (Great Western) 146
Pleetway (Stadium Mfg. Co., Inc.) 134
Pond Co., Inc., A. H. (Keepsake Diamonds) 128
Portage Shoe Mfg. Co. (Div. of Weyenberg Shoe) 152
Private Stock (Park & Tilford Distillers, Inc.) 132
Professional Blade Co. 133

Rabsons 17
Raleigh, Sir Walter (Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.) 125
Rau Fastener Co. (Klikit) 148
Reeves (W. Harris Thurston, Inc.) 149
Reis & Co., Robert (Scandals) 138
Revere Knitting Mills, Inc. (Travelo) 127
Reynolds Tobacco Co., R. J. (Camel) IV Cover
Rissman & Son, John 150
Rogers Imports, Inc. 137
Ron Merito (National Distillers Products Corp.) 134
Ron Rey (Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.) 126
Ronrico Corp. 18

Samsonite (Shwayder Bros., Inc.) 127
Scandals (Robert Reis & Co.) 138
Schieffelin & Co:
  Don Q Rum 124
  Hennessy 150
Schlitz Brewing Co., Joseph III Cover
Schnefel Bros. Corp. (LaCross) 8
Schranck & Shaw, Inc. (Cistercienne) 20
Seggerman Nixon Corp. (Ron Oliver) 20
Sellers Co., Ltd. (Van Merritt Beer) 131
Shulton, Inc. (Old Spice) 125
Shwayder Bros., Inc. (Samsonite) 127
Smith Shoe Co., J. P. (British Walkers) 143
Sonora Radio & Television Corp. 24
Speas Co. (Apple Jack) 148
Stadium Mfg. Co., Inc. (Pleetway) 134
Stein & Co., A. (Paris Suspenders) 108
Stetson Shoe Co., Inc., The 123
Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc. (Old Fitzgerald) 151
Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc. 15
Studebaker II Cover
Style-Mart (Merit Clothing Co., Inc.) 146
Sugar Barrel Associates 146
Sugar Mfrs'. Assn. (of Jamaica), Ltd., The 18
Swift (Globe Aircraft Corp.) 105

Terry (Kaye-Meyers Co.) 128
Theodore's 20
Thurston, Inc., W. Harris (Reeves) 149
Timely Clothes, Inc. 113
Travelo (Revere Knitting Mills, Inc.) 127

U. S. Rubber Co. 117
Universal Geneva Watch Co. 140

Van Heusen (Phillips-Jones Corp.) 103
Van Merritt Beer (Sellers Co., Ltd.) 131
Vat 69 (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) 120
Venus Corp 16

Walker, Johnnie, (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.) 129
Wearever Zenith Pen (David Kahn, Inc.) 144
Weber & Co., C. B. 15
Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co. (Portage Shoes) 152
Wiesenfeld Co. 16
Wildroot Co., Inc. 133
Wile Sons & Co., Inc., Julius (Ron Rey) 126
Windsor House, Ltd. (Kings Men) 132
Worthington 8

Yale, George 8

Zippo Mfg. Co. 150

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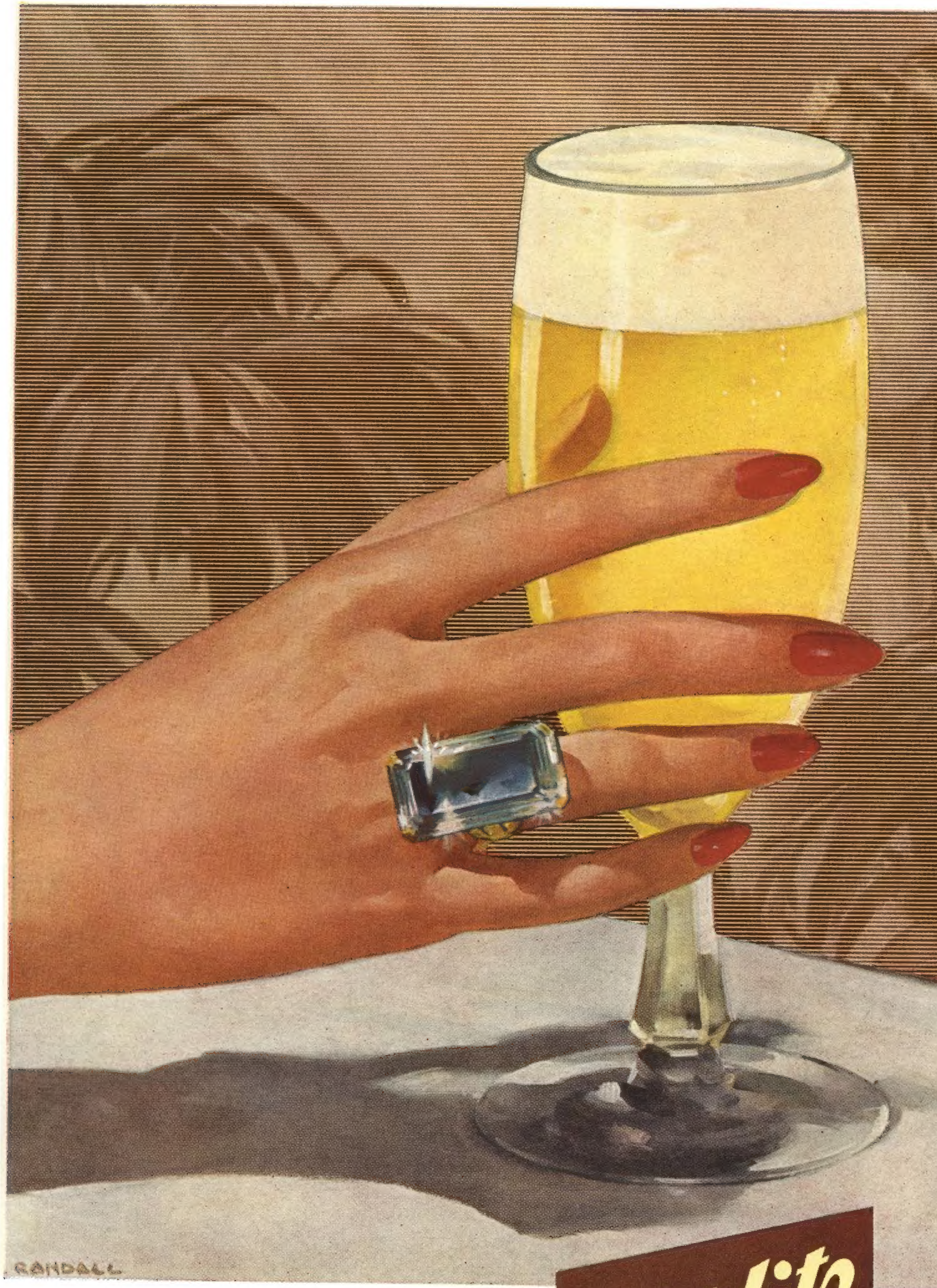

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THE *kiss*
OF THE HOPS
...no bitterness

Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Schlitz

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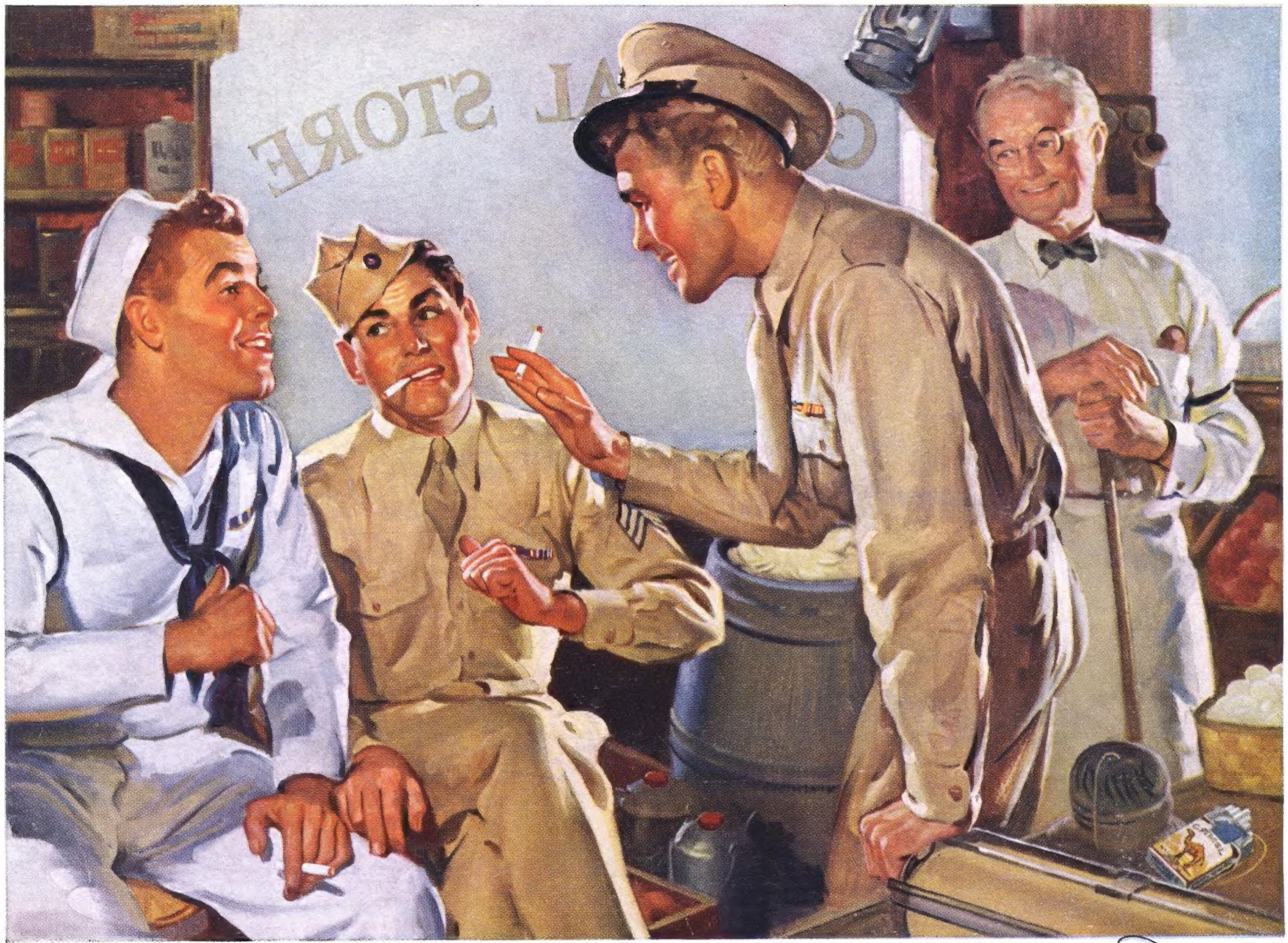
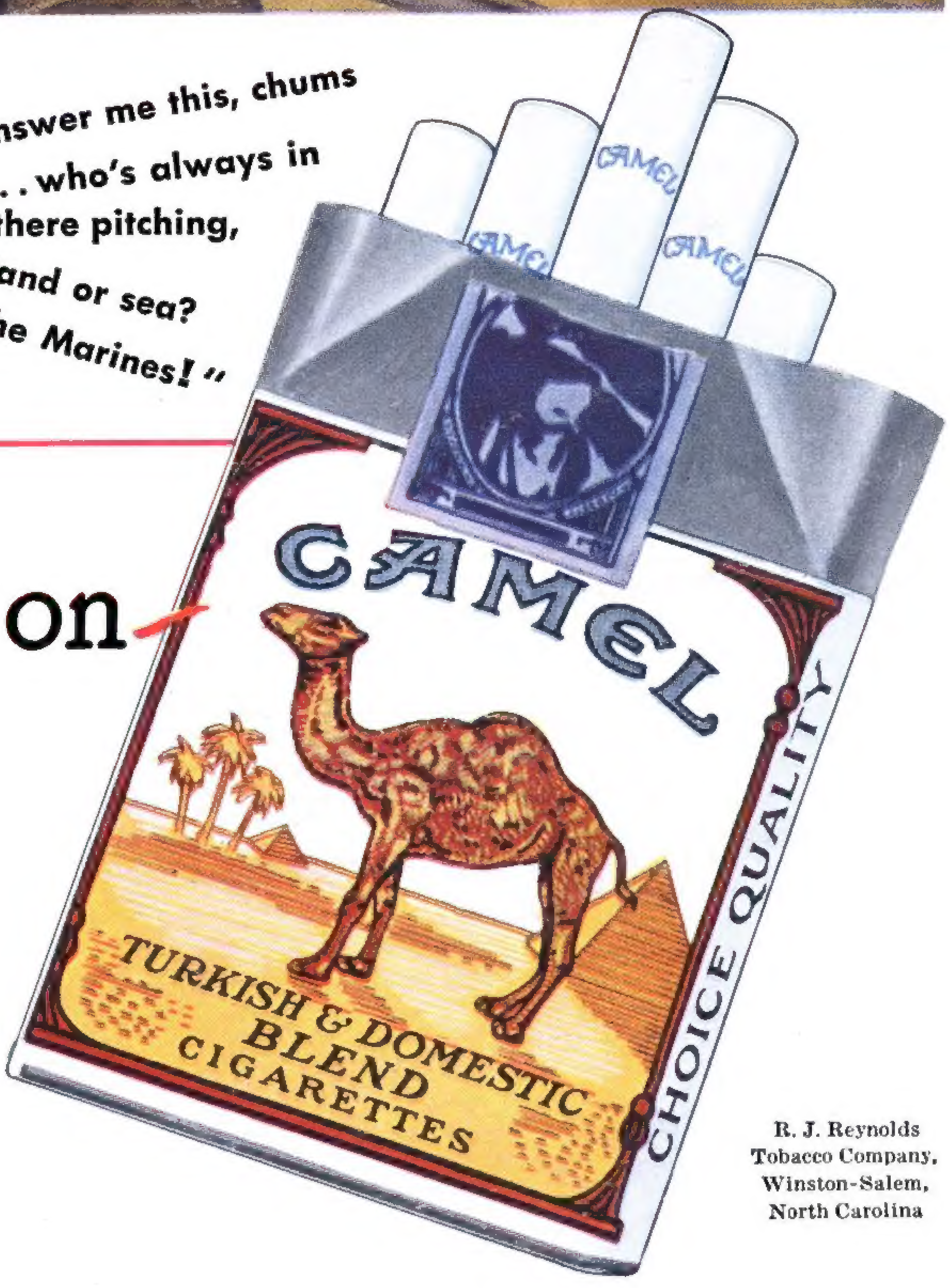


"Yeah, but who took you men to where you were going? The Navy!"

"Okay, wise guy, but who went in and took over from there? The Army!"

"Answer me this, chums . . . who's always in there pitching, land or sea? The Marines!"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